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Prize for the
Fourth Latin
awarded to

John Charles Mnyan
by

Charles Mnyan B.A.
Principal

H. Loring School,
July 1875

CDK
50-101









Yours Sincerely
Chas. New

Life, Wanderings, and Labours

IN

Eastern Africa.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE FIRST SUCCESSFUL ASCENT OF THE EQUATORIAL
SNOW MOUNTAIN, KILIMA NJARO,

AND REMARKS UPON

EAST AFRICAN SLAVERY.

BY

CHARLES NEW,

OF THE LATE LIVINGSTONE SEARCH AND RELIEF EXPEDITION.

WITH MAP AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

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PREFACE.

THE substance of this volume would probably have seen the light more than a year ago, but for the occurrence of circumstances which the author either could not foresee or could not avoid. In the early part of 1872 he was returning to England for the purpose, among other things, of publishing some such work, when his homeward career was suddenly stopped by his meeting, at Zanzibar, with the "Livingstone Search and Relief Expedition," which he was invited to join. His connection with that unfortunate undertaking delayed him some months; and when he did reach the shores of England, he was so besieged with correspondence and calls upon his time and labours in behalf of missionary anniversaries, anti-slavery meetings, etc., etc., that book-writing, for the time, was rendered quite impossible. As he had opportunity a few sentences were jotted down, but no great progress was made.

The object of the work is to give as accurate a view

of a portion of Africa and its peoples, and of pioneer missionary work, as possible ; not to draw *a* picture, but *the* picture ; abjuring *couleur de rose*, making no attempt to magnify difficulties or to exaggerate adventure, but stating *the truth* regarding everything, relying upon *reality* and *veracity* for the interest we aim at exciting.

The part of the country over which we have to conduct the reader is entirely distinct from that which has been so exhaustively dealt with by Burton, Speke, Grant, Livingstone, and Stanley ; the only information upon it before the public being that which has been supplied by Krapf, Rebmann, and Von der Decken, the two former in a volume which, from its price, we believe has not circulated widely, and which is now out of print, and the latter in a work which has only been published in German. Moreover, some portions of the country we describe had never been visited hitherto by any European whatever. The present work may therefore claim something on the score of novelty, the land, peoples, scenes, circumstances, and experiences portrayed being almost entirely new ; and, to indicate an additional attraction, we may express the opinion that no part of Africa possesses characteristics of greater interest than that which it is our endeavour to bring before the notice of the reader.

Some changes have taken place in Eastern Africa

since the former part of these pages was sent to the press, or some alteration might have been made in a few of the expressions. The changes alluded to are those connected with the action the English Government has taken in regard to East African slavery, and if the reader will bear them in mind all misapprehension will be avoided.

References to slavery and the slave trade will be found interspersing the narrative throughout, and we fear that, notwithstanding what has been done by England to abolish the traffic, they are as necessary and as applicable now as they were when they were first penned. Our further remarks upon this dark subject we have compressed within the limits of one short chapter. We should have been heartily glad had it not been necessary to allude to it at all; but, alas! the evil still exists, and will continue to exist until something more than treaties and cruisers be brought to bear against it. It is only a few days, as it were, ago, that all England was horrified at the intelligence that a slaver had been captured near to Seychelles, in which, of about 300 human beings that had been shipped, only some fifty remained, the rest having fallen the prey of small-pox and the other hardships of the passage. *This has happened since the mission of Sir Bartle Frere.* Such a fact must speak for itself.

One word upon the Orthography adopted in this

volume. We have followed the system—similar to that of Dr. Lepsius—applied by Dr. Krapf to the languages and dialects of Eastern Africa, and which, despite some few inconsistencies, is a marvel of simplicity and accuracy. We have avoided all hair-splitting distinctions and diacritical signs for the sake of plainness, and in disputable instances we have followed sound rather than strict science. If the reader will remember that the vowels are continental, and that the accent—except in rare cases, which are marked—falls upon the penultimate, the words can scarcely be mispronounced. In the word *Muham-mad* and its derivatives, after the example of such an oriental scholar as Dr. Wilson, we have followed the pronunciation. With regard to the prefixes, it may be explained that *U* denotes locality, as *U-nika* ; *M*, a man of the country, *M-nika* ; *Wa*, men of the country, *Wa-nika* ; and *Ki* is an adjectival particle, corresponding to our *ish* in English, and always, but not exclusively, applied to the language, as *Ki-nika*.

Our life in East Africa has not been favourable to literary pursuits and studies. We went to the country at an early age, to a forlorn hope, and have ever since been engaged in the stern realities of our work, having neither had time nor conveniences for paying attention to the art of literary composition, and in that department, therefore, we make no preten-

sions ; our great aim being to tell a simple, plain, unvarnished, and truthful tale.

In conclusion, we commend our portraiture of Africa and Africans to missionary societies, philanthropists, practical statesmen, men of science, merchants, and our Christian countrymen generally, in the hope of deepening the interest already felt in the country, and of increasing that sympathy for the people which has been so largely evoked, chiefly by the unparalleled and self-denying toils of Dr. Livingstone ; and to contribute, in however small a degree, to such a result will gratify more than anything else the leading ambition of our life.

LONDON, *October*, 1873.

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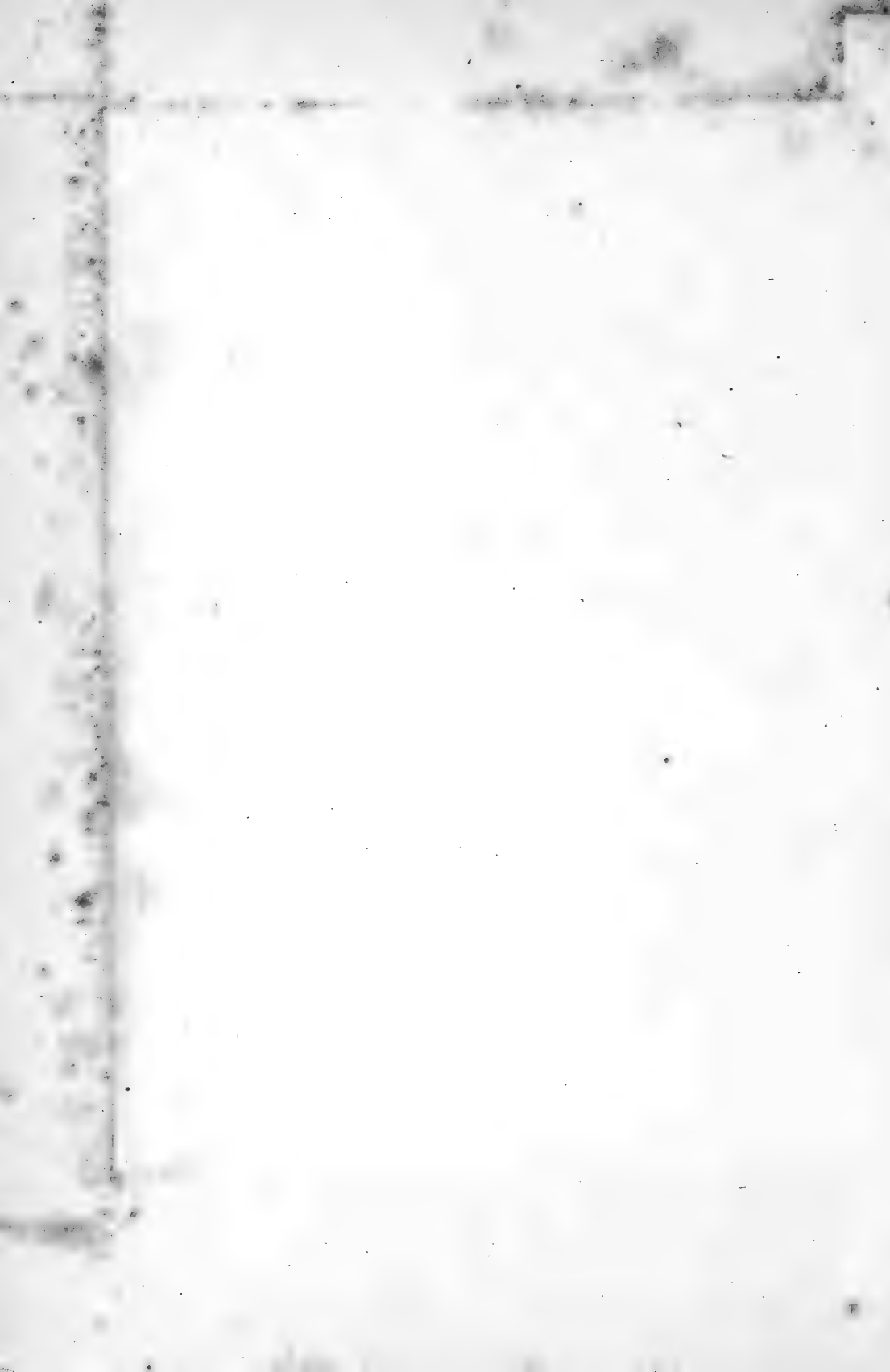
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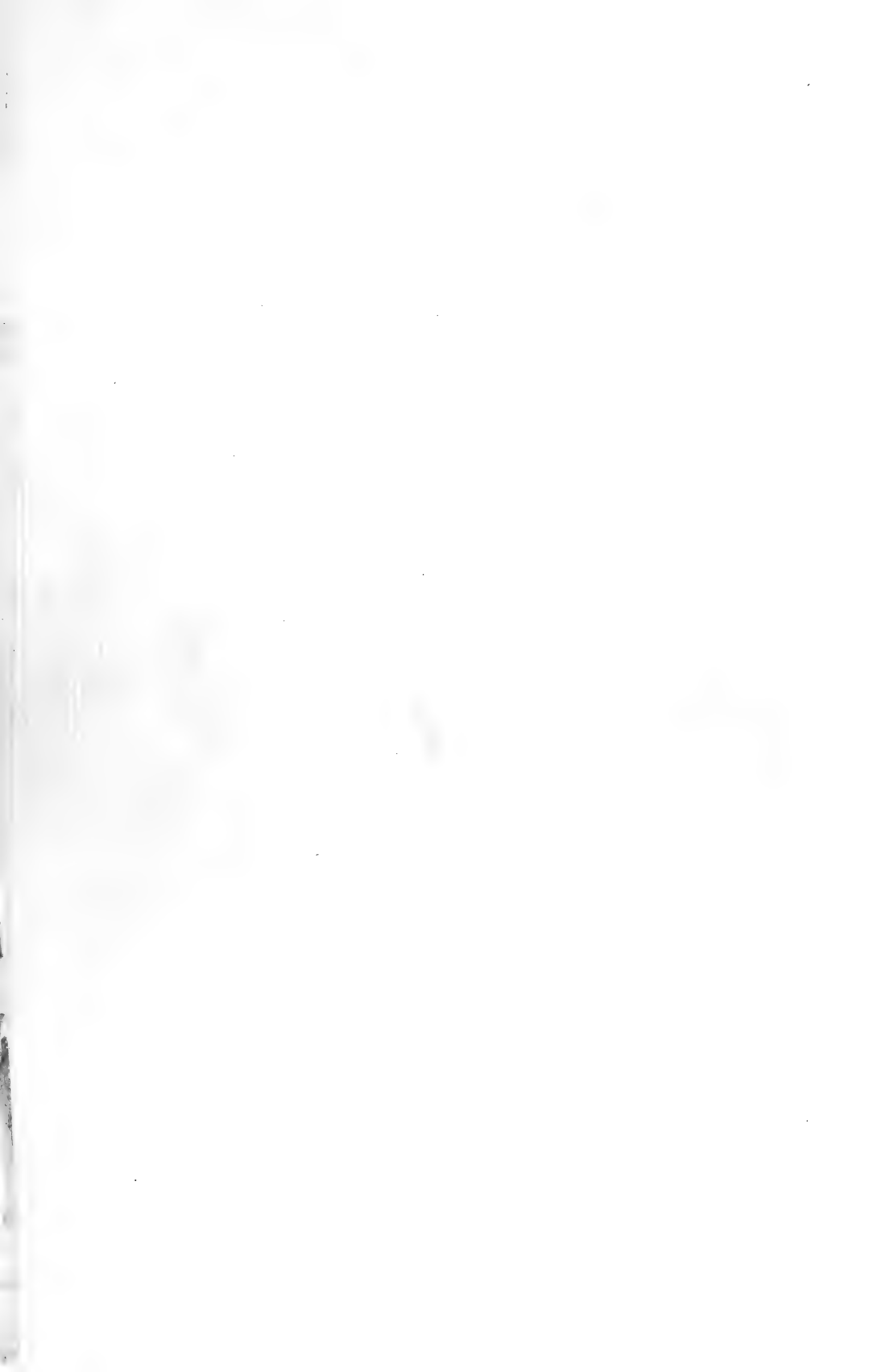
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WANDERINGS IN EASTERN AFRICA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

EASTERN AFRICA, thirty years ago unnoticed and almost unknown, has now been brought so prominently before the public that the deepest interest has been excited in its condition, and anxious inquiries are made on all hands for more information. We purpose, from our own experience, to contribute our *quota* towards the elucidation of this most interesting subject.

Before entering, however, upon the particular labours in which we have been engaged, it may be desirable to give a brief sketch of the origin of the work.

The honour of its inauguration belongs to the Rev. Dr. Krapf, at that time a missionary of the Church Missionary Society. To the courage, enterprise, and missionary zeal of that gentleman the world is indebted for the opening up of the almost hermetically sealed coast of East Africa. Whatever may have

been accomplished by others, either in the way of exploration or missionary endeavour, to Dr. Krapf must remain the honour of having pioneered the way, of having revealed to us the state of the country, proved the practicability of doing something for its welfare, and of turning to advantage its immense resources. To Dr. Krapf's book, published by Trubner & Co. in 1860, the reader may be referred for full information regarding his labours and travels. We can only refer to a few of the most salient points.

Dr. Krapf had previously been engaged for about four years as a missionary in Abyssinia. There he undertook several important exploratory journeys, by which he was brought into contact with the northern Gallas. He became deeply interested in this people, who, though a very wild and savage race, commended themselves to him as greatly superior to the surrounding nations, and occupying a most important position in Central Africa. He deemed them also highly susceptible of civilizing and christianizing influences; indeed, their whole condition and circumstances excited his deepest sympathy, and fired his soul with an uncommon ardour to do something for their amelioration and benefit. An unforeseen combination of events, however, ultimately necessitated his retirement from Abyssinia, and the hope of benefiting this people seemed for the time to be cut off. But he was not the man to accept a defeat at the first repulse, and hence he determined not to abandon his project without another effort. It occurred to him that he might reach the Gallas from the East Coast. He therefore proceeded at once, with Mrs. Krapf, to Zanzibar, where he arrived in the year 1844.

Sayid Said the Sultan, also called the Imaum of Muscat, then resident at Zanzibar, gave to the Doctor a kind and cordial reception, and showed an unexpected readiness to assist him and to further his aims. He furnished him with a passport through his dominions, and recommended him to all his subordinate Governors and Sheikhs, as "a good man who wished to convert the world to God."

Dr. Krapf next made his way to Mombasa. From Mombasa he visited the Wanika, which in the end resulted in the selection of Rabai Mpia (in Kinika, Mudsi Muvia, New Town), New Rabai, as the spot on which to establish the first Christian mission in East Africa. Thus was originated what has been called the "hapless Mombas mission," a misnomer in more senses than one. Mombasa never has been missioned. The mission thus established was to the Wanika, and would be more properly called the Kinika mission. As to the term "hapless," we beg to alter the expression, and to use the word "*happy*," that mission being, in our opinion, the happiest event that has taken place in the history of Eastern Africa. Viewed in connection with what must be its ultimate outcome, there is something about it truly sublime. It marks an era in the history of that portion of the country on which shall be inscribed, in unmistakable characters, Christianity, Liberty, and Progress.

Direct missionary labour could not be commenced at once. It was necessary first to acquire the languages, and to reduce them to form. Dr. Krapf was the man for this work. In two years he had written a Kisuahili grammar, compiled extensive vocabularies in Kisuahili, Kinika, Kikamba, and had done some-

thing in the translation of the Scriptures into some of these dialects,—an almost Herculean achievement.

In the meantime Mrs. Krapf and babe had succumbed to African fever, and the husband and father's brave heart had been torn and racked with these painful bereavements. Still he worked on.

In 1866 the mission was reinforced by the arrival of the Rev. J. Rebmann, who, after twenty-seven years' labour, is still at his post. After a while commenced those exploratory journeys which have made this mission for ever famous. Mr. Rebmann made four journeys to the west, one to Kadiaro, one to Kilema, and two to Machamè, the last two places being in Chaga. On Mr. Rebmann's journey to Kilema, eastern Chaga, he made the discovery of the equatorial snow-mountain, Kilima Njaro. On his two subsequent journeys to Machame, western Chaga, he saw more of the mountain. His journals, giving an account of his discoveries, were published in the "Church Missionary Intelligencer," and were also incorporated in the book published by Dr. Krapf.

Mr. Rebmann thus exploring the west, Dr. Krapf turned his attention to the north-west. Twice he visited Ukambani, on the last occasion pushing his way as far as to the banks of the Tana, and catching a glimpse of another gigantic snow-mountain several days north of his position, and called Kenia. This journey terminated somewhat disastrously, and it was only after many narrow escapes of his life that the Doctor returned to the coast.

Dr. Krapf also made two journeys to Usambara, a district immediately north of the river Pangani, a

mountainous country of great beauty and fertility, and in the possession of a most interesting people.

In addition to these personal explorations, the missionaries gathered a vast amount of information from the natives regarding the far interior, particularly of certain vast lakes, or as they were then designated, "inland seas." Maps embodying this information were drawn up and presented to the public. Geographers were taken by surprise. Beautiful lakes and fertile lands now took the place of scorching sands and desert wastes! Ptolemy was taken from the shelf and pored over as he had never been before. There were those who thought they saw in these lakes the "coy sources" of the Nile. The mystery of ages was to be solved. Exciting discussions ensued; discussions which did not end in mere words; something was to be done, and something was done. Captains Burton and Speke were sent to the "lake regions;" the public knows with what result. Another expedition followed, under Captains Speke and Grant. These gentlemen, with indomitable courage, made a track from Zanzibar to Egypt, one of the most marvellous feats of modern exploration. Then followed the work of Baker. Lastly we have the greatest traveller of them all, the Rev. Dr. Livingstone, now plodding away at the core of the matter, suffering and doing untold things, with a fair prospect, it is hoped, of settling the great problems at issue, and of opening a door through which Christianity and civilization may proceed to the very heart of Africa. All this is the result of the "hapless Mombas mission."

Dr. Krapf left the east coast of Africa in 1853, leaving Mr. Rebmann in charge of the mission.

The attention of the United Methodist Free Churches was called to Eastern Africa by the following circumstances. Dr. Krapf's book had been read by Charles Cheetham, Esq., of Heywood, who was at that time treasurer of the Free Churches. A deep impression had been made upon Mr. Cheetham's mind by its contents, and his sympathies were drawn out largely towards Africa, but he felt particular interest in the Gallas. Mr. Cheetham opened a correspondence with Dr. Krapf, and brought the matter before the missionary committee. The Doctor was invited to meet the committee; an invitation to which he responded with great cordiality and earnestness. The meeting was held in Manchester, on the 14th of November, 1860. Dr. Krapf urged the committee to action. A deep feeling was excited in favour of a mission to Eastern Africa, and eventually it was resolved that the enterprise should be undertaken. Dr. Krapf recommended that four men, at least, should be selected for the work, and he nobly offered to accompany them to East Africa, instruct them in the language of the country, advise them in the selection of localities, introduce them to the chiefs, and assist them to commence their operations.

He also recommended that two of the four men required be taken from the Missionary Training Institution at St. Chrischona, Switzerland, an institution that has been the means of doing immense good, having furnished able men for all parts of the world. The missionary committee having endorsed this recommendation, the Rev. Robert Eckett and Charles Cheetham, Esq., were deputed to visit the institution, and, if they thought it advisable, to select

from the students the two men required. Accordingly two young men were chosen, and brought over to England, that they might make some personal acquaintance with the members of the churches under whose auspices they were to go forth as the messengers of the Gospel. Their apparent piety, biblical knowledge, and general deportment made a good impression wherever they went, and ardent hopes were excited that they might prove true and useful men.

In the meantime an appeal had been made to the Free Churches for the services of other men from their own ranks. To this appeal eight young men responded, five of whom were already engaged in home mission work, a proof that there was no lack of missionary zeal in the Free Churches. But two only of the eight were needed, and Messrs. Wakefield and Woolner were appointed.

After a slight preliminary training under Dr. Krapf, at Kornthal, they left Europe on their way to Africa, and on the 19th of August, 1861, arrived at the city of Cairo, in Egypt. There they made a short halt, but they were not idle. Kisuahili, Kinika, and the Arabic languages engaged their attention during their stay. Here Dr. Krapf received cheering intelligence regarding the condition of the country to which they were proceeding. He had been apprehensive that he and his party might not receive so hearty a reception at Zanzibar as could be desired. Complications had previously occurred, which had seriously involved the interests of mission work in East Africa, Dr. Krapf himself having been unjustly charged with having meddled with the political affairs of the country. In

1854 a ship arrived on the east coast of Africa with a large band of Hanoverian missionaries, whose object it was to open up missions among the Gallas. They were not received with favour by the authorities at Zanzibar. Still they proceeded to Mombasa, apparently determined, despite all opposition, to carry out their purpose. The Governor of Mombasa, however, had been instructed not to allow them to land, and they were ordered to leave that port in twenty-four hours. Notwithstanding this, some members of the party went ashore, with the intention of proceeding overland to the Galla country. They did not, however, go beyond the Mtoapa; for reaching that creek they turned towards the Wanika, and made their way through some portion of the Wanika land to the missionary station at Rabai Mpia. Thence they returned to Mombasa, and were after all compelled to leave the coast.

Such having been the case, it was natural that Dr. Krapf should feel somewhat anxious as to the reception he and his party might meet with when they should arrive at Zanzibar. At Cairo, however, he received a letter from his old colleague, the Rev. J. Rebmann, in which he was informed that a colony of Jesuits and Sisters of Mercy had been received into the country at the instance of the French consul; that her Britannic Majesty's consul had thereupon demanded the same rights and privileges on behalf of British subjects; and that they had been at once conceded. Dr. Krapf and party were greatly cheered by this intelligence: all seemed clear before them. God in His wonder-working Providence had gone before them and opened up their way.

From Cairo the party proceeded to Aden, where they met with much kindness from Colonel Playfair, who was then assistant political resident at that place. Colonel Playfair had engaged for them an Arab baghala, and he rendered them substantial help in many other ways. On the 12th of November they set sail for Mombasa, but they had a very trying voyage before them. An Arab baghala and a Peninsular and Oriental steamboat are very different vessels, and the missionaries were to prove this by painful experience. After a very tedious and perilous voyage along the Arabian coast, extending over nearly two months, they reached Zanzibar on the 5th of January, 1862.

They were received kindly by Colonel Pelly, then her B. M.'s consul there. An introduction to the Sultan, Sayid Majid, followed. The Sultan treated the party with great kindness, favouring them with a passport through his dominions, and recommending them to the care of his subordinates.

Nothing remained but to commence operations. The missionaries began to look about them for suitable localities in which to pitch their tent. Usambara and Unika seemed to present the most inviting prospects, and after due consideration it was determined to commence a mission in each of these countries. It was arranged that the two missionaries from St. Chrischona should endeavour to establish missions at the latter place, and Messrs. Wakefield and Woolner at the former.

Dr. Krapf, therefore, accompanied by the Swiss, proceeded without delay to the Wanika. They reached Mombasa on the 20th, and thence made

their way to the Church Missionary Society's mission at Rabai Mpia, where Dr. Krapf met with his old colleague, Mr. Rebmann. The question to be decided upon now was, among which tribe of the Wanika the new mission was to be established. Circumstances led them to fix upon Kauma, the most northern of the Kinika tribes, and on the borders of the Galla land. It was hoped that a mission at Kauma would prove a stepping-stone to the Gallas. In a few days we find the party *en route* for Kauma. They reached the place in two days, and Dr. Krapf thus describes his reception: "Six or seven chiefs of Kauma came to decide our case. I first explained to them that my Christian friends at home had sent me, with my two companions, to teach the Wanika and Galla the Word of God, just as I had formerly instructed the people at Rabai. If the Kauma people were inclined to receive teachers, my two friends would come and reside among them."

To this the principal chief, Mashenga Manga, replied: "The country is yours. You can do whatever you please. You have our permission to build and teach. Whoever is desirous of entering your book may do so; we have no objection against it."

At a subsequent interview the chiefs expressed themselves in the same manner, and wished to emphasise their declaration by performing the ceremonies of the "Sadaka," and the "Kiapo," the "sacrifice and the oath."

All this looked very promising. But the missionaries were not in a position to commence their work at once. They needed to know more of the languages than they had yet acquired, and on this

account it was arranged that they should return to Mombasa, prosecute their studies at that place, and return to Kauma as soon as they should be able, with some ease, to hold intercourse with the people in their own tongue.

But Dr. Krapf had other work to perform. Leaving the Swiss at Mombasa, he sailed again for Zanzibar. Preparations were commenced at once for a prospecting expedition to Usambara, where it was hoped Messrs. Wakefield and Woolner would be able to locate themselves. All was ready by the 14th of February, 1862. On the morning of that day they embarked in a small boat in which they proposed crossing the channel. That night they lay to not far from the town. Presently a small cargo of slaves was shipped. On the following morning Dr. Krapf insisted that the slaves should be sent back to Zanzibar, which was done. But in a short time the missionaries themselves were to be sent back. Badly managed, their craft had been anchored in shallow water, so that when the tide fell she was left almost high and dry on the bank. On the return of the tide the waves broke over her, and in a few minutes she was completely swamped. The missionaries lost some valuable property, and were in awkward straits, but they were picked up by Captain Cruttenden, of the *Zenobia*, and kindly provided with a night's lodging on board that vessel. On the 16th they got another boat under weigh; the wind was favourable, and on the evening of the same day they anchored before the town of Pangani. They called upon the Governor of that place and presented their papers, but were not favourably received. The Governor would

not look at the letter of the English consul, declaring that Sayid Majid alone was his master. The general letter of the Sultan he did not deem satisfactory, and asked for one specially addressed to himself. He would not allow the party to proceed further without special instructions from the Sultan.

This occasioned a delay of several days. Dr. Krapf, deeming it unnecessary that he should remain longer, embarked at once for Mombasa, leaving it to Messrs. Wakefield and Woolner to examine the country, and to decide as to its eligibility or otherwise for mission work. In a few days a special letter from the Sultan was received, in which the Governor was rebuked for his treatment of the missionaries, and they were allowed to proceed at once.

They made two short trips, the first to Kipumbui, south of Pangani, and the second to Chogue, about two days' journey up the course of that river. At Kipumbui they saw nothing to induce them to select it as a mission station, and at Chogue they were treated very roughly. They were anxious to make their way to Tongue, but, despite the Sultan's letter, they were not allowed to do this. Having done their utmost, they returned to the coast, and on the 24th of March they joined Dr. Krapf at Mombasa. Now it was decided to visit the Shimba mountain, in the Wanika country, hoping to find there a more eligible field. On the 27th the party set out on this tour, but before they had gone far, Messrs. Wakefield and Woolner both became so ill as to be unable to proceed, and they returned to Mombasa. For many days they continued in this state, and it seemed as though the mission was to come to an untimely

end. The other two missionaries were also suffering severely from the climate.

Just at this time a skirmish occurred in the harbour of Mombasa, between the officers of one of our cruisers, the *Ariel*, and some Suri Arabs. The latter had freighted a vessel with slaves, with the purpose, as was well known, of proceeding with this human cargo to one of the ports of South Arabia. Two of the *Ariel's* boats put off to the rescue. As soon, however, as they were seen to approach the harbour, the Arabs disembarked their slaves with all speed, and sent them ashore. On came the English, but they sprang on board the slaver a little too late; she was empty. The captain, however, was conducted to the governor of the fortress, and asked to produce his papers. This he was unable to do, and the English considered they were authorized to seize the vessel. They were proceeding to do so when the Arabs opened fire upon them. The English returned the fire briskly, but thought it best for the time to retire.

Great excitement prevailed in the town during this encounter, from which, as may be supposed, the missionaries were not altogether free. Ill as most of them were, it must have been an exceedingly trying time for them. One bullet passed through the shutter of the room in which the two Swiss were lying, and struck the wall slightly over their heads. This, at any rate, could not have been a comfortable situation. Yet this was not all; the missionaries could not be certain that the exasperated natives would not turn and wreak their vengeance upon them. What was to have prevented their doing so? They had already broken free of the trammels of the law, they were not

wanting in animosity, and the missionaries were altogether defenceless ; the latter were, however, mercifully preserved.

Upon the retirement of the English boats the natives cooled down ; complacent feelings perhaps crept over them at what they no doubt considered a great victory. To have repulsed the "fire-eating" Wazungu, must have greatly elated them, though the victory was only imaginary. Such indeed proved to be the case.

The English boats in retreating were simply practising a ruse. At four o'clock next morning they returned to the fray. They pounced upon a large Arab baghala, and a sharp contest ensued. The Arab captain and several others of his crew were killed, and one of the sub-lieutenants on the side of the English was wounded. The noise of firing roused the people of the town, and great consternation reigned. The vessel was of course taken, then tugged outside the harbour she was set on fire.

The missionaries escaped all harm, but the Swiss began to exhibit decided dissatisfaction with their position. Life in Africa did not suit them. Perhaps they had not previously counted the cost. Fever and other trials produced a most unfavourable effect upon their minds, and, in the end, it became evident that they had mistaken their calling. On the 14th of April they left Mombasa, for Europe ; and thus ended their connection with the mission.

Dr. Krapf and the two Englishmen remained at Mombasa. Both the latter continued very ill for a long time, but eventually Mr. Wakefield so far recovered as to continue his work. Mr. Woolner, however, sank lower and lower. At length it was

deemed necessary, to save his life, that he should go to Zanzibar for medical advice and assistance. Accordingly, in an almost dying state, he left Mombasa on July 28th, in a native dhow, and after a rough passage of eight days he reached Zanzibar in such a state of weakness that he had to be carried ashore. Col. Pelly, the consul, treated him kindly, and procured him admission into the hospital of the French Roman Catholic mission. The medical men did their best for him, and he was kindly and assiduously attended by the Sisters of Mercy. After about three weeks' nursing, he found himself able, with the assistance of a stick, to walk across the ward. His case, however, appeared so hopeless, that to remain in Africa was out of the question, and his medical advisers recommended his instant return to Europe. On the 15th of September, therefore, he sailed from Zanzibar for Bombay. The Rev. Dr. Wilson, of the Scotch Free Church, and the Rev. D. Williamson, of the United Presbyterian Church, treated him with the utmost kindness; lodged, nursed, and befriended him in every way; caring for him, as for a son or as a brother. From Bombay Mr. Woolner returned to England, round the Cape of Good Hope, and, after his long voyage, reached the fatherland a mere wreck of his former self.

Dr. Krapf and Mr. Wakefield were now all that remained of the original five. Had these failed, the mission would have been at an end. But they resolved to hold out to the last. Mr. Wakefield continued to suffer from illness, so it was not much that he could do; but the Doctor's iron constitution bore him up better, though he too was often ill. However, some-

thing had to be done. Two stations could not be established now, one was all that could be thought of. Where should that be attempted? Kauma, the Shimba mountain, and Duruma had been talked of; which of them should be selected? Neither was. Dr. Krapf took other tours through the Wanika country, and he finally decided upon Ribe, sixteen miles north-west of Mombasa, as the most eligible situation. Early in July Dr. Krapf and Mr. Wakefield went to Ribe, and pitched their tent. They were both in a very weakened condition, but it was necessary that they should go to work. They needed a house. They had taken a small iron one with them, and this they now had to put up. It occupied them about a month, their accommodation in the meantime being only such as the wretched huts of the natives afforded them. The iron house up, they set to work to build a row of wattle-and-dab cottages, for the convenience of servants, etc. This done, Dr. Krapf considered he had completed his task, and he decided to leave the mission in Mr. Wakefield's hands, and return to Europe. He had intended to have remained longer, but the state of his health he considered would not admit of his doing so. Affections of the head and spine, brought on by excessive labour and mental anxiety, compelled him to leave the work earlier than he had purposed. Accordingly, on the 7th of October, he left the coast for Europe, and Mr. Wakefield remained alone to grapple with the work.

It will be readily understood that when the intelligence reached the authorities at home that of the five missionaries sent to Africa only one remained on the field, a feeling of great disappointment was pro-

duced. It could hardly be otherwise. Some satisfaction would no doubt be felt that all had not failed, that one at least remained ; but even this would be greatly marred by the apprehensions which it would be impossible to allay regarding the probability of his remaining.

The missionary committee at home was greatly tried. The mission had been originated with great spirit ; no reasonable expense had been spared ; the utmost care had been taken in the selection of the men ; everything that human foresight could suggest to secure success had been done ; confident expectations of the Divine blessing had been cherished ; hopes the most sanguine had been entertained ; and yet the enterprise now seemed on the verge of failure. Feelings were excited almost amounting to suspense.

But "man's extremity is God's opportunity." When man is reduced to the greatest straits, then God displays His might and skill, evolving order out of confusion, and turning even bitter disappointment into cheering success. The Missionary committee of the Free Churches had not lost confidence in God ; its faith had been severely tried, but it was not shaken ; it had rather taken firmer hold on the Divine promises. No thoughts were entertained of giving up the mission, but it was resolved to prosecute it with greater vigour. It was necessary, however, to obtain other men. Mr. Wakefield was alone ; he had suffered severely in health, was yet far from strong, and the climate was as threatening as ever. It was most important that one man, at least, should be sent immediately to the rescue. Dr. Krapf urged this upon the attention of the committee ; Mr. Wakefield himself appealed

earnestly for a colleague, and the committee was anxious to comply. The need was pressing and paramount. The position was a most critical one. Delay might have proved fatal to the cause, yet undue haste might have been equally disastrous.

The committee again appealed to the churches for offers of service, at the same time looking abroad themselves, if haply they might find the man they required.

In July, 1862, the Annual Assembly of the Free Churches opened its sittings in Bristol. At this critical period another trial befel the mission. The Rev. R. Eckett, the able missionary secretary, died suddenly. He was a man of extraordinary ability, and had taken a special interest and a leading part in the organization and fitting out of the East African Mission. His death therefore at this juncture was felt to be particularly trying. This loss, however, was supplied by the appointment of the Rev. S. S. Barton to the vacant post. Mr. Barton entered into the work with great spirit, and did his utmost to meet the exigencies of the case. The great need now was a man who could be sent out to the support of Mr. Wakefield.

I had watched with great interest the progress of the mission up to this point, but had no idea that I should be called upon to take an active part in its operations. In the providence of God, however, I had the honour to attend the sittings of the Annual Assembly. On my way thither I met with an accident by rail, which made a powerful impression on my mind. We came into collision with a luggage train. It was a terrible crash ; many were injured,

but I was unharmed. I felt that a life thus spared should be devoted to God.

On my arrival at the Assembly, I found Mr. Barton anxiously looking out for a man for the East African Mission. He appealed to me, but so important a matter was not to be decided in an instant, and I hesitated. Having given the matter, however, my most serious consideration, I placed myself in the hands of the missionary committee.

A severe trial, however, awaited me. Just as I was preparing to meet the committee I received the startling intelligence of the death of my brother, who had been labouring as a missionary in Sierra Leone. It was a heavy blow to me, and I could not help thinking of a mother whose heart I knew would be rent in twain by this bereavement, and to whom the prospect of my own departure would now become doubly painful. My affliction was intensified by the thought of hers. I hastened at once to her side, that I might share, if I could not relieve, her sorrow. I found her greatly bowed down by grief, but meekly submitting herself to the Divine will. She interposed no obstacle to the course I was taking, so that my duty was plain. I met the missionary committee, and was assigned to the work in East Africa.

The committee was anxious that I should leave as soon as possible, delay for many reasons being undesirable. The overland route was chosen as speediest. It was hoped that I might meet with a vessel at Aden, bound for Zanzibar; otherwise I was to proceed to Bombay, and from thence, by any opportunity that might present itself, across the Indian Ocean to Zanzibar.

My preparations were soon made, and on the 12th December, 1862, I found myself on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, Ceylon. A few friends accompanied me to the dock, and did their best, by hearty cheering, to keep up my spirits. Presently the fine vessel began to move slowly out of the dock. Fondly I looked upon the receding shores of the fatherland, till night dropped her sable curtains upon the scene, and I bade home a long farewell.

On the following morning nothing was to be seen but the wide expanse of ocean on every side. The night had been rough, the waves still rolled high, and I found myself suffering from the most unpleasant sensations, which I cannot better describe than by Milton's words,—

“Tremendous motion felt
And rueful throes.”

On the night of the 17th we passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and on the following morning we found ourselves at anchor before that impregnable fortress. The same day we weighed anchor again, reached Malta on the 22nd, and Alexandria on the night of the 24th. The following (Christmas) day we disembarked. It was spent in great bustle, rushing from one place to another, from Cleopatra's Needle to Pompey's Pillar, etc., etc.; and we were at the railway station at 4 p.m. Soon we were hurrying over the country to Cairo, reaching that city at midnight. The next day was spent in a trip to the Pyramids, and the next in seeing some of the sights of Cairo itself. On the 28th we proceeded to Suez,

where the P. and O. steamer, *Orissa*, awaited us. Embarking the same day, we pursued our course down the Red Sea, and reached Aden (the coal hole of the East), on the 2nd of January, 1863.

Brigadier Coghlan, then political resident at Aden, and Colonel Playfair, assistant ditto, treated me with great kindness. Colonel Playfair had been appointed to the consulate of Zanzibar, and had arranged to proceed thither by the same route I was taking, a very fortunate circumstance for me, as I found him, not only able, but willing to assist me. We reached Bombay, the metropolis of Western India, on the 11th. I was delayed at this place for two months, during which time I was most hospitably entertained by the Rev. Dr. Wilson, of the Scottish Free Church, and the Rev. D. Williamson, of the United Presbyterian Church. I shall never forget the generosity of these gentlemen.

In the meantime I was most anxiously looking for an opportunity of proceeding to Zanzibar. This presented itself in the following way. A small steamer, the *Pleiad*, had been appointed by the Government to ply as a mail-boat between Zanzibar and the Seychelles, and she was to leave as soon as possible with Colonel Playfair to Zanzibar. Having a recommendation from Sir Charles Wood, then Indian secretary, to the Governor of Bombay, the document was presented, and Sir Bartle Frere, with his usual courtesy, at once granted me a passage on board the steamer. We left Bombay on the 11th of March. This was rather too late in the season, the north-east monsoon having almost ceased blowing, in consequence of which we had a tedious voyage of twenty-

seven days, instead of about half the time. We reached Zanzibar on the 7th of April. A fortnight afterwards I made my way, by native baghala, to Mombasa, where I found Mr. Wakefield in great straits—in circumstances, indeed, which would have necessitated his leaving the coast. My arrival therefore at this time was most opportune. Mr. Wakefield and myself then set to work, doing our utmost to accomplish the object for which the mission had been organized. In the following pages will be found some account of the writer's experiences, labours, and journeys; and an attempt to describe some of the strange scenes which, during a life of nearly ten years in the wilds of Eastern Africa, it has been his lot to witness.

CHAPTER III

ZANZIBAR.

IT is not our object to occupy the reader with any very lengthened account of Zanzibar, not that it does not possess enough of interest to render it worthy of the most attentive consideration, but we have other work in hand, and Zanzibar has been described by almost every traveller who has visited East Africa. Burton has dealt with it in his "Lake Regions of Central Africa," and lately, still more exhaustively, in his "Zanzibar," 1870. Speke has also treated of it; and Stanley has touched upon it in his book. However, as it is not unlikely that the present work will circulate in quarters which the above valuable, but more costly, books may not have reached; as, too, it may be of some importance that more than one view should be presented of the same subject; and as we are anxious to give a pretty general view of Eastern Africa, it will hardly do to overlook the metropolis; and a few particulars concerning it may be expected.

Zanzibar is a corruption of the term first applied to the whole coast, and meaning by a free translation, according to the best authorities, the "Land of the

blacks." In modern use, however, it is restricted to an island on the sixth degree of south latitude, separated from the African mainland by a channel of about the same breadth as the Straits of Dover, and to the city which has arisen on that island's eastern shores. Madagascar has been called the "Britain of East Africa;" and Zanzibar may be designated, by no great stretch of similitude, its Isle of Wight.

Our first impressions of Zanzibar were not particularly favourable.

The island is not a large one. Its extreme length being about forty-eight, and its breadth about eighteen, miles.

As you approach it from the sea the first thing that strikes you, and strikes you rather unpleasantly, is, that it is low and flat. A hazy, monotonous outline is first seen, just above the water's edge, which as you draw near rises gradually to the height of some 300 or 400 feet in the highest parts, and develops into rounded hills covered with the brightest verdure. Tropical vegetation, in great luxuriance, adorns the shore, and many a pretty nook and lovely grove is presently disclosed. The cocoa-nut palm raises its feathery plumes in abundance along the greater portion of the shore, and adds considerable grace and beauty to the scene. The shore at the northern end of the island rises in bluff rocks from the water's edge, but as you proceed towards the city this gives place to a beach of white silvery sand, backed by rising mounds of lawn-like land, losing itself in the shadows and among the innumerable stems of the ever-present palm. Land-breezes come laden with the fragrance of cloves, and you become aware that the soft hills in the background are

richly clothed with this valuable spice. By degrees your unfavourable impressions vanish, and you begin to think that this island is not altogether devoid of attraction. The island is very fertile, and seems equal to the production of almost all tropical vegetation. Conspicuous among its larger trees are the baobab and the tamarind. The cocoa-nut palm grows in extensive plantations all over the island, and is of great value to the natives. The slim but graceful areca, the fan and other palms, are everywhere seen. The bombax (silk cotton), the mpingo (a kind of ebony), both of some value, are found. Of the fruits may be mentioned the mango, the orange, the lime, the pummalo, the pine-apple, jackfruit, guaver, various kinds of bananas, the cashew, etc. The chief cereals are rice, maize, caffre-corn, and a small seed, called by the natives, mawele. Its vegetables are cassada, sweet potatoes, yams, etc.; melons and pumpkins in great variety flourish on all hands. The water-melon in such a climate is a great delicacy. Many kinds of beans and peas are grown. The castor plant grows wild, but sesamum is cultivated as an article of commerce. The sugar plantations of Messrs. Fraser & Co., at Kokotoni, have thriven well. The clove plantations are some of the most extensive in the world. The calumba and arrowroot grow wild. Many European plants have been tried with success.

The animal world of Zanzibar is not extensive. The leopard, civet, wild boar, pariah dog, etc., prowl through the jungles and woods. Antelopes and rabbits are to be found. Monkeys, squirrels, and cats abound. Lizards are seen creeping everywhere. Snakes are not numerous, nor are they of a particularly venomous

kind. Hawks, crows, paroquets, etc., occupy the regions of the air. Fowls there are in abundance. Ducks and geese have been introduced from Madagascar, but are not much esteemed. Black cattle, sheep, and goats are brought from all parts of the coast. The sea supplies abundance of fish, chief among which is the shark, for which the natives have a particular taste. A large shark is a great catch.

At the north end of the island, like a piece cut out of it, is the island of Tumbatu. It is occupied by a race of aborigines, called after the name of the island, Watumbatu. They hold but little intercourse with the people of Zanzibar, and not much is known of them. They do a little agriculture, but devote themselves more to fishing, fish being the chief article of their food. Without religion, or civilization, the victims of the wildest superstition, they are in the most degraded condition.

At the entrance of the harbour several other small islands rise out of the water, one of which, French Island, as it is commonly called, has been utilized as a cemetery for Europeans. These islands are bright green spots, looking like flower-pots, placed where they are for the sake of ornament, and certainly adding something to the beauty of the scene.

We now turn to the city. It is called by the natives Unguya or Unguja.

As seen from the sea, it gives you too favourable an idea of its character. Almost the whole of its superior buildings line the shore. The French, the German, the English, and American consulates, follow each other in succession from north to south, divided, however, from each other by buildings of the same order,

occupied by Arabs, Hindoos, and others. Along the front, remarkable for their meanness, are the custom house and the chief fortifications of the place. The first is a miserable hut, surrounded by low sheds; the latter is a long, straight, low, thick wall, bestuck with guns through its entire length, yet looking one of the most harmless affairs in the world. To an ordinary unmilitary observer it appears the merest mockery of a fort. Farther south, on the Ras Changani, is the missionary establishment of the Oxford and Cambridge Universities, a very conspicuous object in the scene. The architecture of the whole is of the plainest description, most of the buildings being quadrangular, hollow-square erections, solid enough in appearance, but totally wanting in ornamentation. All are built of rough coral and mortar, finished off by a covering of the whitest plaster, the glare of which, under a noonday tropical sun, is almost blinding. A remarkable feature in the appearance of these buildings is the straight, regular, factory-like rows of windows, which are the only relief to the insufferable glare and monotony of white walls. The best building of the whole is the mission house; the next, that of the German consulate; the English consulate is utterly unworthy of our great nation; while the French consulate is execrable. Beyond, and behind Ras Changani, are, first, a low, brown, gloomy-looking structure, built by the English consul for a jail; and the other a flat "claret-box" shaped house, intended, we believe, to become, before long, an hotel and *restaurant*, for the accommodation of the naval and other visitors of Zanzibar.

With regard to the jail, it is a significant fact, that

while England is sending her missionaries to every part of the world, and intends, we hope, to send many to Eastern Africa, it should be deemed necessary to erect a jail in a place like Zanzibar, as a rod *in terrorem* over the heads, and for the incarceration of her own (christian ?) subjects. We believe, however, that it has not been much used for this purpose, it being thought more prudent to forbid English sailors going ashore, lest their conduct should render it necessary to place them in durance vile! "Prevention is better than cure."

Whatever may be thought of this description of the front view of the city of Zanzibar, it is decidedly the best it presents. Nothing could be more uninviting than that which lies behind. There are indeed a few good buildings, but, taken as a whole, the city is scarcely anything better than a vast congregation of rubbish. Even the mosques are scarcely respectable; the stone buildings are for the most part unplastered, and are in the last stages of dilapidation. After this nothing remains but cajan hovels of the most wretched description; a framework of poles, plastered with mud, and covered with a roofing of "makuti," or palm leaves. Windows are ignored, light and ventilation are uncared for, and cleanliness is out of the question. These huts, therefore, are almost as dark as pitch, intolerably hot, and indescribably filthy.

As may be supposed, there is no plan whatever about the city. It is a perfect labyrinth. The lanes are very narrow; streets there are none. The bazaars are sometimes a little wider than the ordinary alleys, but here the smells, sights, and sounds baffle all description. Each stall contains a collection of the

most incongruous articles, such as soap, cotton, lamp-oil, spices, pocket-handkerchiefs, candles, flour, medicinal drugs, plantains, fish, etc.; and all are found strangely heaped together, as if intended to repel, rather than to invite customers. The market-place is an open space in the middle of the town, and on business days contains a promiscuous assemblage of almost all that the island and the city can supply. Every imaginable thing is brought for sale, and heaps on heaps of heterogeneous stuff is piled upon the ground. Representatives of all the different races crowd together into one dense and almost immovable mass, each screaming out, in his own tongue, whatever he may have to say, as though determined to make all the world hear, making confusion worse confounded, and creating perfect babblement.

Would, however, that this were the only market in Zanzibar! but there is another, the slave market. It has to be told that even in 1872, human beings were being publicly sold in Zanzibar, and indeed all along the African coast. The slave market is a hideous sight. See the wretched victims, well fattened, gaudily dressed, painted and bejewelled, everything done to set them off to the greatest advantage, to meet the tastes and take the eye of the purchaser! The auctioneer takes his stand, and looks at his human "lots," in a cold, calculating, hardened manner, almost fiend-like. He raises his voice; the crowd gathers round; and the sale commences. But each man before he buys must examine the goods. There is a poor woman: every villain in the crowd is allowed to treat her as a horse dealer would treat a horse he might be purchasing, with this disgusting addition, that he may

question her in any way he pleases. Her muscles are felt, her lips are turned aside to look at her teeth, and the coarsest jokes are cracked at her expense, followed of course by the loudest laughter. Her qualities are dilated upon by the auctioneer, and a bid is presently obtained. The crowd becomes excited ; the bidding, examining, joking, and laughter go on with greater vigour, till down comes the hammer, and a human being has been sold to, she knows not whom, a thing to be dealt with in any manner that may suit the disposition and character of the purchaser. What can exceed the hideousness of such a transaction ! yet this is the kind of thing that has been going on in East Africa for centuries, which is going on now, which will continue to go on, which must go on, unless England interfere, and put an end to it. More of the slave trade hereafter.

The government of Zanzibar is in the hands of the Arabs. This people have traded with the coast of Africa from time immemorial, and succeeded at a very early period in establishing themselves at some of the chief islands and ports. They were, however, superseded in the early part of the sixteenth century by the Portuguese. Vasco da Gama doubled the Cape of Storms in 1499, and soon after the Portuguese opened up intercourse with Eastern Africa. Complications arose between them and the Arabs, and the latter were dislodged. The Portuguese soon made themselves masters of the whole coast, retaining possession till towards the close of the 17th century, when the Arabs, under the leadership of an energetic chief, of the house of Yurabi, drove out their foes, and re-established themselves in the country. In the end

the Yurabis had to yield the government to another Arab tribe, the Bu Saides, or Lords of Oman.

In 1828, Sayid Said, then known as the Imaum of Muscat, paid a visit to Zanzibar. The place must have pleased him, and finding his position at Muscat becoming, for many reasons, extremely uncomfortable, he removed his headquarters to Zanzibar.

Zanzibar had not been a place of much importance hitherto, but now its prospects began to improve. The presence of the Sultan gave some guarantee of security to foreigners, and a new element was soon introduced to the place. Certain Americans thought they saw in Zanzibar a new field for commercial enterprise. The idea was enough. In 1835, America negotiated an advantageous treaty with the Sultan, and a consular and commercial establishment was forthwith commenced. In 1841, Lieut-Col. Hamerton was sent to Zanzibar, as her B. M.'s Consul, and since, the French and German have followed suit.

Sayid Said died in October, 1856, and was succeeded at Zanzibar by his son Majid, Sayid Suwayn coming into the possession of Muscat. The latter, ambitious to unite in himself, as his father had done, the government of both places, made ready his fleet, and was soon sailing from Muscat with the view of seizing upon Zanzibar. This design, however, was not approved of by the Indian Government. British influence was interposed; Sayid Suwayn was met upon the high seas, and sent back whence he came. It was, however, arranged by treaty that an annual tribute of \$40,000 should be paid by Zanzibar to Muscat, an arrangement, we believe, which has never ceased to be a source of annoyance to the Sultan of Zanzibar.

Sayid Majid held the reins of government till 1870, when he died. His rule was mild and feeble. He was exceedingly courteous to strangers, and most deferential to the British Government, whose protégé he was. He was succeeded by his brother, Sayid Barghash, the present ruler of Zanzibar. This prince had formerly been exiled to Bombay, a proceeding which had been deemed necessary in order to secure the peace and safety of his brother Majid. Tamed by the discipline, he was allowed after a while to return to Zanzibar, and for a few years previous to his brother's death, led a quiet and unostentatious life. On his elevation to power, however, he exhibited a spirit which augured the worst things for his reign. He could not suppress his aversion to the English, at whose instance he had been exiled, and rumours floated in the air to the effect that he would not yield an inch in regard to the question of slavery. He disgraced his elevation to the throne by the almost instant sale, by auction, of his brother's concubines and household slaves. We remember the indignation which was expressed by all parties, native and foreign, at this shocking proceeding. We have not heard that he has since distinguished himself in any other way, either good or bad. If he has a policy, it seems to be that of retrenchment and economy, the very opposite to that of his deceased brother. It is probable, however, that he found this to be an absolute necessity.

The government of Zanzibar may be designated an absolute monarchy, but it is not really so. The Sultan is greatly under the influence of the aristocracy—his immediate relatives, of whom there are not a few—and the great families ; and he not seldom

becomes the mere agent of these surroundings. Still his will is law, though he may insist upon it to his peril.

The Koran is the statute book of the Arabs, and from that book all their ideas of jurisprudence are derived. But then the Koran, like the Bible, is liable to diversified interpretations, and these are often the dictates of ignorance, superstition, selfishness, bigotry, malice, party spirit, or a highly inflamed imagination. Yet, be it observed, that the *interpretation*, whatever it may be, and not the Koran, is the law. The Sultan dare not oppose himself to the interpreters of the Koran ; hence he is often controlled by the whims and fancies of what may be designated his priesthood.

Moreover, in spite of the much-boasted Koran, Muhammadans are one of the most superstitious peoples the world has ever known. They have often far greater faith in magicians and sorcerers than in the pretended infallible enunciations of the Koran. It is notorious that the Mganga (sorcerer) is about the greatest power in Africa. Sayid Said, Sayid Majid, and Sayid Barghash, after consulting with, and making every inquiry of their own Sheiks, Kathis and Sherifus, have often had resort to the heathen Mganga, and have decided their course by his prognostications, in preference to the dictates of their own judgment, and the course indicated by all other advisers. Superstition is in as great force among these Easterns as ever it was in the days of Samuel and Daniel. Your witches of Endor, and your Babylonian soothsayers, magicians, astrologers, are the real powers, for they govern the king. Christianity is the only true antidote of superstition.

The position attained by Zanzibar, as a commercial city, is chiefly to be attributed to the presence of the western peoples. It has thriven in spite of a most prejudicial government. An Arab government is necessarily a Muhammadan government, and Muhammadanism carries with it two essential concomitants enough to bear down any nation or people, viz., *polygamy* and *slavery*. Where such a system exists, progress is impossible. It lays an embargo upon all civilization. Sapping, as it does, the foundation of all morality, it destroys the physical energy, enervates the mental power, and hangs like a dead weight upon every people who are its victims.

The population of the city of Zanzibar has been variously estimated at different periods. It is impossible to speak with accuracy upon such a subject, and all that can be done is to compare one place with another, make certain allowances, and then to guess. It is against Muhammadan law to take a census, and this law the people observe with remarkable fidelity. They are more consistent than was *David* in this respect. They carry it to such extremes, that they will not confess that they know the number of their own households, and even object to say how many children they may possess. Who are they, that they should count the favours of God! This ultra-piety looks absurd enough when compared with their general conduct.

At a rough estimate, the population of the city cannot be less than from 70,000 to 100,000 souls, while on the island there are probably 150,000 more. Altogether, Zanzibar must possess a population of from 200,000 to 300,000.

This population is decidedly mongrel. One section is composed of the governing race, the Arabs. It is questionable if there are any really pure Arabs, still they are sufficiently distinguishable from the other peoples to deserve especial mention. There are, of course, several classes among them, arising out of the difference of tribe, station, and wealth. The better class are regarded as the nobles of the land. Physically they are often very fine, handsome men; and they sometimes dress superbly. In their manners they are gentlemanly and dignified, remarkably self-possessed and courteous. But too often they are exceedingly self-complacent, supercilious, contemptuous, and overbearing. They are ignorant, bigoted, confident, and dogmatical. Possessing considerable wealth, and numerous slaves, they are indolent, luxurious, and licentious. Though naturally an intellectual race, their religion, habits, and mode of life generally, reduce their intellect to a minimum.

Of the poorer class of Arabs some are soldiers, others porters, traders, or sailors. These are, as a rule barbarous, pretentious, noisy, turbulent, harsh, heartless, and, when they have the opportunity, cruel. The slave trade is carried on to a large extent by the Suri-Arabs. They are a wild, untutored, remorseless class, just the men for the nefarious business in which they are engaged. They are assisted largely by men called *tende-halua*, (dates-and-toffy men) or *watende-halua* (toffy-makers), who entice children away by presents of sweetmeats of different kinds, then carry them to their vessels, and transport them over the seas.

The Arabs, taken as a whole, are a detestable race

with scarcely a redeeming quality ; and it is a thousand pities that they should ever have put their foul hands upon, and brought their paralyzing religion to, Eastern Africa. The country is doomed to the dust as long as Arab and Muhammadan influences predominate.

Another and very important section of the population is composed of emigrants from India ; Banians, Borahs, Khojahs, and the representatives of various other races and castes. Altogether they may number between 6,000 and 7,000 souls. They are protected British subjects, and live under the jurisdiction of H.B.M. consul. The principal trade of Zanzibar is in their hands. Lately it has been brought to light by the letters of Dr. Livingstone, that they have been, and still are, intimately connected with the slave trade. That this is so I myself have not the least doubt. They supply the material wherewith all commerce between the coast and the interior is carried on, and with this commerce the slave trade is mixed up. It cannot be otherwise till slavery on the coast shall be completely destroyed. Col. Rigby, at the time he was consul at Zanzibar, set his face with energy and determination against the holding of slaves by British subjects, and insisted upon the liberation of all who were so retained. Papers were signed, and the consul flattered himself that he had emancipated between 4,000 and 5,000 souls. The slaves, however, were not emancipated. The whole transaction was found to be a dead letter. Nor could it be otherwise. While slavery is permitted to exist as a domestic institution among the natives, foreigners can hardly help being involved in it. He must either purchase or hire slaves, and, in

this case, I must say that the advantage to the slave would be decidedly on the side of purchase. A slave owned is liable to better treatment than the slave hired, on the same principle that most people take better care of their own horses than of borrowed, and especially of hired, ones. The disposition in the latter case is a determination to get one's money's worth out of the brute, while in the former, care is exercised lest, by overwork, the animal should be injured, and so depreciated in value. However, whatever may be said, there is no doubt that our Indian British subjects do buy, sell, and hold slaves, and that, in their commercial transactions, they get large profits out of the traffic.

The Banians are a most influential people in Zanzibar and all along the coast. The customs are farmed by some of their fraternity, Jeram and Co. of Cutch. These people are the bankers, too, of Zanzibar. Ladha Damji, the head of the firm for so many years, died in 1870, and he is succeeded by his son Likmidas.

A Banian is a very prominent and, I may add, a very picturesque person wherever found upon the east coast. He is a wonderfully sharp, shrewd, clever fellow, ever keeping an eye open for the main chance, and grasping at it wherever he sees, or fancies he sees it. He grasps at shadows often enough, but he had rather do this a thousand times than miss one real chance. See him at his books, and you see a man lost to all the world. Tailor-fashion he sits upon his low couch—a mattress spread upon the ground—and surrounded by a row of cash and other boxes; his only garments a thin cloth about his loins and a red

peaked cap upon his head ; a heavy mustache, twisted into points, in the Napoleonic fashion, and coloured green, upon his lip ; spectacles across his nose ; a paper in one hand and a reed-pen in the other ; his head bent forward, his eyes peering through his glasses at the paper below, he looks the personification of abstraction ; he might be an alchemist on the verge of discovering the philosopher's stone, or a divine about to seize upon the origin of moral evil. This man is one of the great powers in Eastern Africa.

The Borahs are a somewhat respectable class of men ; in business ability a match for the Banians. They are keen, sagacious, but over-grasping. Their object is to make money, and to make it as fast as they can. They are Moslems, but are considered corrupt by the Arabs and Wasuahili, so are looked upon askance by their co-religionists. They hold their own views with obstinacy, but they are not bigoted, like the Arabs. They know too much of what the English have done for India to feel other than a profound respect for Englishmen. In commercial matters these men would make a most useful ally with western peoples.

Another section of the Indian residents are the stall-keepers in all the bazaars. They are not a prepossessing people. They possess the long, sharp, regular features of western Asiatics, but they carry in their countenances an expression of dulness peculiarly their own. Perhaps their mode of life will account for this. Confined as they are to the narrow precincts of their stalls, with no other occupation than that of serving out to their customers the various

articles of their trade, they have nothing to develop their faculties, so they become the inert and stolid-looking beings they are.

Among the other Asiatics the Belooch deserve to be mentioned. These men are mercenaries from Muscat and Mekran. They come to the coast of Africa principally as Askar (soldiers), and they compose the chief portion of the Sultan's army. They receive a pay of three dollars per mensem. Some receive a little more, some a little less. Out of this pay they purchase their own clothes and arms. How they manage to live is a mystery. Yet they soon become slave-owners, and appear to be in easy circumstances. As soldiers they are an exceedingly motley and ragamuffin set. Loud and voluble talkers, they make themselves heard on every hand, but they are little thought of. To their betters they pretend the greatest respect, deal out their flatteries wholesale, and proffer their service to the death. To those they consider their inferiors they are arrogant, overriding, pitiless, and brutal. They are lazy, ignorant, conceited, sycophantic, cowardly, treacherous, rotten to the core.

To the population of Zanzibar the Comoro islands supply some two thousand men. These are to a large extent loafers. No one has much good to say of them. Musa, notorious as the deserter of Livingstone, is a member of this class. They come to Zanzibar in search of bread. After awhile, managing to purchase a few slaves, they consider their fortunes made, and give themselves up to idleness, living upon the sweat and toil of their slaves. The Malagash have a quarter in the city to themselves.

The mass of the population is composed entirely of slaves. These wretched people are brought from all parts of the eastern half of Africa. At Zanzibar you may find the representatives of almost all the tribes of this section of the continent—men and women who have been bought and sold, and who are being ground to dust, in order to supply bread to the more powerful few, who are too idle to work, and who see no horror in feasting upon the blood, bones, sinews, and flesh of their fellow-creatures.

The whole country between Kiloa and the Nyassa, between Zanzibar and the Tanganika, between Mombasa and the Victoria Nyanza, is drawn upon to supply, to fill up, and to perpetuate this shocking community of slaves. Viewed aright it is a terrible sight. Yet the world has been looking upon it calmly. It is dreadful to think that even Englishmen become accustomed to it, some not only to tolerate it, but to treat it flippantly, and even to defend it. Yet such has been the case, naturally perhaps, with those who are constantly living among it; for there is something about it which in time really petrifies the soul, and hardens all the feeling.

Europeans are not in great force at Zanzibar. English, or rather Scotch, French, Germans, and Americans, there may be some sixty or seventy individuals altogether. There are also, if I may mention them in such honourable company, a few half-caste Portuguese, from Goa in Western India.

The Europeans have been the making of Zanzibar, and were they withdrawn the city would collapse. They are large employers of labour, though the

labourers themselves are not profited thereby; for they are slaves, and have to deliver their earnings to their owners.

The commerce of Zanzibar is of considerable importance. Almost all the produce of Eastern Africa flows through it. Its most valuable exports are cloves, sesamum, ivory, ebony, orchella-weed, cowries, and gum-copal. Among its imports are Americani (unbleached calico), sheeting, blue indigo stuffs, coloured pocket-handkerchiefs, prints, coral beads of every colour, brass and iron wire, crockery, etc. The imports for 1867-8 amounted to £433,693.

The commerce might be greatly extended under a powerful and energetic government, but in the hands of the Arabs, and while slavery exists, very great things are not to be expected. Under the present state of things Africa is being rapidly depopulated; her peoples are dying out; and, such being the case, how are her resources to be developed?

The climate of Zanzibar has been represented as being decidedly bad. It is, however, by no means so deadly as that of the mainland. Its mean temperature has been estimated at about 80° Fahr., the range being from 77° to 85°. The heat is not excessive, yet the atmosphere is sometimes most oppressive. The seasons are more irregular than on the mainland, though the general conditions are much the same. The two monsoons, north-east and south-west, prevail, dividing the year into two unequal parts, the first extending from November to March, and the second from April to October. The north-east monsoon is called Kaskazi; the south-west, Kausi.

They are divided by intervals of calms and variable winds. There are three falls of rain during the year, the Masika, the Mcho, and the Vuli, more observed on the mainland than at Zanzibar, where the rainfall is distributed more generally throughout the year. The Masika, or heavy rains, are ushered in by the Kausi, and prevail through April, May, and June. The Mcho are mere showers, the remains of the Masika; while the Vuli, latter or small rains, fall between October and November, when the sun has crossed the equator, is on his way to the south, and the winds are changeable.

European residents in Zanzibar all suffer more or less from fever, and in many cases the malady proves fatal. Deaths may be traceable sometimes to want of care; yet, making allowances of this kind, our impression is that the per-centage of deaths in Zanzibar among Europeans has been rather high. The climate would doubtless be improved if sanatory regulations were introduced, and the city cleansed of its filth. A dreadful effluvium arises from the sea-beach at low tide, occasioned by the oozing of filth from the sands. The city, too, is almost completely surrounded by a broad shallow lagoon, over which the water flows and returns with every tide, leaving a fetid plain, reeking with the most pestiferous vapours. Something needs to be done to remedy this evil.

The water procurable in Zanzibar is not particularly good, that from the wells being more or less brackish. The Europeans meet this difficulty by collecting as much rain-water as they can, preserving it in tanks, and filtering it for use. It is not surprising, all things

considered, that the healthiness of Zanzibar should not be better than it is.

But the moral condition of this city is its worst phase. There is no morality in it ; it is scarcely superior to Sodom. It is a black picture upon which we can scarcely dare to gaze. There is a great work for the Gospel of Jesus Christ to do here.

The French Roman Catholics have had a mission in Zanzibar for many years, and not long ago they commenced operations at Bagamoyo, on the mainland. They have a large number of young people under training, whom they are teaching the useful arts, as well as instructing them in the principles of their religious system.

The Oxford and Cambridge Universities' Mission has for some years been carrying on its operations at Zanzibar. Hitherto, however, it has confined itself to the holding of religious services for the Europeans on Sundays, and the education of a number of boys and girls, selected from slaves captured and liberated by H.M. cruisers. The mission has made an attempt to establish an outpost on the mainland, in the country of Usambara, not, however, with any very gratifying success. The station, if not given up, had been without a missionary for some time up to the middle of last year. We do not know if any later attempts have been made to support that station.

We hope the time is not far distant when a brighter day will dawn upon Zanzibar. We have tried to describe the place and people as they are. It is not a bright picture we are aware, but this cannot be helped. It is important that the truth should be

known. If we are not mistaken, the state of Zanzibar will excite the deepest pity in philanthropic minds; and we trust that ere long that feeling will find tangible expression in the adoption of such measures as shall prove of the greatest benefit to the degraded thousands of that unhappy island and city.

CHAPTER III.

SUAHILI-LAND AND THE WASUAHILI.

BEFORE describing the people it may be desirable to give some account of the country they occupy. We find ourselves, however, in some difficulty for the want of a designation. Names there are in abundance for special localities ; yet, singular to say, there is no general term in modern use by which the territory occupied by the Wasuahili is designated. U-suahili, according to the general method of denoting country, would not be endured, and we have therefore chosen the compound at the head of the chapter, Suahili-land, the land occupied by the Wasuahili, and which is more or less under the government of Zanzibar. Without attempting to be too precise, it may be said to extend from Kiloa, 9° south latitude, to Barawa, 1° north. There may be a few Kisuahili-speaking people and a few villages nominally under the Government beyond these limits, but they can scarcely be said to belong to the country. These boundaries comprehend both the islands and mainland, the former being the more important of the two. There is scarcely a single town of import-

ance upon the mainland. The islands seem to have been selected as affording more security against the encroachments of the savage inland tribes, yet it must be remembered that some of them are exceedingly rich and fertile. Let us take a rapid survey of the whole country, beginning at the south.

Kiloa: this is a small island, but its town is of considerable size. It is chiefly notorious for its large exports of slaves. Mafiya is a much larger island, further north, standing at some distance from the coast. It is said to be fertile. Of the coast between Kiloa and Bagamoyo not much is known. The river Rufiji comes down through this portion of the country, but it does not appear to be of much importance. Dr. Livingstone ascended it for some distance, but beyond this it has never been explored.

Dara Salaam, almost opposite to Zanzibar, is a new town. It was commenced by the late Sultan Majid, who intended making it the capital of the country. He seems to have been apprehensive that he might have to leave Zanzibar to some more powerful nation, and his object in building Dara Salaam was, doubtless, that he might have a place of retreat when the progress of events should render it necessary. The position selected is a good one, the chief advantages being that it is higher and perhaps healthier than Zanzibar, and there is also a good and commodious harbour. The town has been neglected since the Sultan Majid's death, the present Sultan taking less interest in it than his brother had done.

Bagamoyo is a long straggling place, with a population of between three and four thousand. It contains a few substantial buildings; all the rest

are the normal wattle-and-dab huts. It is almost opposite to Zanzibar, and is the starting-place of caravans for the interior. It is the door to Ugogo, Unyanyambe, Ujiji, etc. Here porters are collected. These are mostly Unyamuezi, who come down to the coast with caravans, and wait at Bagamoyo till an opportunity presents itself for returning to their homes in the same way. Between Bagamoyo and the Pangani river are a few villages, the country immediately behind being occupied by the Wazaramo, Wadoi, and Wazegua.

The river Pangani is a considerable stream, deriving its waters from Kilima Njaro, but is not navigable for any great distance, even by the smallest craft. The town of the same name is small, but contains a somewhat enterprising people. The Pangani caravans make their way into the interior as far as the shores of the lake Victoria Nyanza, and scour the whole country between it and the two snow mountains Kilima Njaro and Kenia. Between Pangani and Mombasa are a few towns and villages, the chief of which are Tangata, Tanga, Vanga, Wasin, and Gasi. Tanga is the largest of these places, and, like Pangani, does a good deal of trade with the interior. Gasi has latterly been rendered rather notorious by having been taken possession of by a rebel sheikh, of the Masrui stock, Mbaraku, at feud with his brother Rashid, of Takaungu, and having thereby brought himself into collision with the Government. This man has succeeded in making himself the terror of the whole country. A few years ago an attempt was made by the Government to quell this rebel, and a large force was sent to attack Gasi. Mbaraku,

however, aware that he should be unable to meet so formidable a foe in an unfortified village, retired into the mountain fastnesses of Udigo, built Maboma (stockades), dug trenches, and defied his besiegers. The latter, after several attempts to storm the place, the perpetration of numerous atrocities, and the loss of some of their own party, gave up the attack, and retired, greatly chopfallen, to Mombasa and Zanzibar.

The upland district between Pangani and Tanga is called Mrima, a term which is also applied to the sea-board as far south as the Rufiji river, and often to the whole mainland, by way of distinction from the many islands that dot the shores. Behind this district rise the mountains of Usambara, according to Dr. Krapf a truly magnificent country, extraordinarily fertile, and possessing a cool, almost bracing, and comparatively healthy climate. The Wasambara are a numerous and important people, but they ruin themselves and their country by never-ending feuds among themselves.

Northward, to the latitude of Mombasa, the country is called Digo, or Udigo, or Unika, whence rises the fine peak Jombo, and the long uniform mountain range of Shimba.

Besides the Wasambara, the people occupying these territories are the Washinzi, the Wazegeju, and the Wadigo, the latter being the southern section of the Wanika.

The Wazegeju are a poor and despised race, similar in their habits and customs to their neighbours, the Wanika, of whom we shall have more to say hereafter. The Washinzi (conquered) are also held in

low estimation, and are treated with contempt. The term is applied in a general way to all servile peoples.

In the woods about Jombo, a settlement composed of runaway slaves, called Muasagnombe, has been established. It numbers some thousands, but locked in as they are on all sides, expansion is scarcely possible. We fear that liberty is but little known there. We hear of slaves making their escape thither being delivered to their owners, when applied for, on the payment of a few dollars. The original settlers, finding it impossible to protect all that fly to them, yet anxious to make all they can out of their position, accept the fee as a compromise, and so the settlement has become effete. It is likely that slaves are held and retained there, as they are everywhere else in this country.

Out at sea from this part of the coast, at a distance of about thirty-five miles, with its northern end cut by the fifth degree of south latitude, lies Pemba, the "emerald isle" of Eastern Africa. This island sends large supplies of fruit and vegetables to all parts of the coast. It contains a numerous population, and the people, though ridiculed by some of their neighbours, seem to be unusually industrious and well to do.

North of Mombasa the chief towns are Takaungu Malinde, Kau, on the banks of the Ozi, Lamu, Patte, and still further, Tulu, Barawa, and Makurdisha. As we have to travel over the country between Mombasa and Patte, we forbear to enter into any details regarding it here. Barawa, for an African town, is a thriving place, and does a great deal of business with the interior, their caravans penetrating to the districts

of Burkeneji and Samburu. One of the German houses of Zanzibar has an agent at Barawa, an evidence that there is some little business doing at that place. The whole coast from Barawa to Cape Gaurdafui is occupied by the Somali tribes. They are ignorant and infatuated Muhammadans; inhospitable barbarians; heartless, cold-blooded, and remorseless; equal to the perpetration of any deed of violence and blood. Several attempts have been made to explore their country, but all have disastrously failed. Captains Burton and Speke left some of their companions dead upon Somali soil, the victims of blood-thirstiness and treachery, and they themselves escaped only by the skin of their teeth. The Baron von der Decken, too, and some of his associates, in an attempt to ascend the Jub river, were cruelly butchered by the Somali, at Bedera. This was one of the most terrible of all the atrocities ever enacted even on African soil. Somali-land now seems to be looked upon as altogether inaccessible.

Mombasa, just below the fourth degree of south latitude, is one of the most important places upon the whole coast. The native name is Mvita. Both Portuguese and Arabs have held it in high estimation, and in turn it has been to both one of the strongest and most thriving places in East Africa. Unlike Mafiya, Zanzibar, and Pemba, all of which stand at considerable distance from the coast, Mombasa lies within a deep gulf, and is embraced, so to speak, in the very arms of the mainland, so as to become almost a part and parcel of the latter. It is encircled by a broad, deep stream, thus really uniting in itself all the advantages of an insular and mainland position. Several creeks run up into

the land for a distance of a few miles, receiving the drainage of the Kinika hills, and affording facilities for the conveyance of the produce of the surrounding districts to the town. Busy ferries ply at Kisauni, Makupa, Kilindini, and Pa Mbaraka. At Makupa, however, the stream is fordable when the tide is low. The entrances north-east and south-west form excellent harbours, affording anchorage for vessels of the largest draught, and, I should say, great facilities for the building, whenever they may become necessary, of wharves and docks.

The island is higher than most parts of the coast, rising, as it does, out of the water in abrupt cliffs, some forty or fifty feet high. Inconsiderable as this elevation may appear, it gives to the place many advantages, especially those of a sanatory kind. The island is from three to four miles in diameter. Its soil is for the most part very fertile; yet, despite this and the smallness of the area, it is only partially cultivated. The mango, palm, limes, cashew, baobab, flourish in every part, and a great variety of tropical vegetation is to be found among its shrubbery and jungle growth. Everything grows in the greatest luxuriance. Orchards, as well as vegetable and flower gardens, might be cultivated with the greatest ease, and the island made into a perfect little Eden. The only drawback would be the want of water, though this difficulty could be met by the sinking of wells. Wells are already to be found where we would least expect to find them; relics no doubt, some of them, of Portuguese civilisation.

The town of Mombasa stands on the north-east side of the island. Like Zanzibar, it has its "dicky."

In the front there are several stone houses, glaring with white plaster. Among them is the Furatha (custom-house), a far more respectable one than that of the capital. There are a few others of a like description behind. Among the better class of buildings are the mosques, but many of these are in a very ruinous condition. Most of the Niumba za mawe (stone houses) are rough unplastered buildings, unsightly to the last degree. Many of them are the patched-up ruins of what were once superior buildings, dating back to the time of the Portuguese. There are a goodly number of square one-storied houses, with walls of rough coral rag, held together with slime or mud for mortar, and covered with a high roof of palm leaves ; but here, as elsewhere on the coast, wattle-and-dab hovels constitute the residences of the greater portion of the people.

The lanes are narrow, crooked, and intricate, and are everywhere overhung with the long, low, irregular eaves of the huts, which often render it necessary for the traveller to stoop, and to exercise the greatest care if he would keep turban or hat in its place, and his head unbruised. Long poles project awkwardly from all sides and at all corners, as ill-looking as they are dangerous ; yet the natives never complain of them, or even seem to notice the nuisance. There is one ndia ku (broadway), leading half-way through the centre of the town towards the fort. It is some fifteen feet wide, and lined on either hand with shops, kept by Banians and Hindoos, and is anything but straight and clean. The town boasts a bazaar and two market-places, all of the same description as those of Zanzibar, though on a smaller scale. They are

busy, bustling, noisy, dirty places, repulsive to every sense.

To the south-east of the town, and facing the north-east, built on slightly elevated ground, and overlooking both town and harbour, stands the fort, certainly the most formidable-looking establishment of the kind to be found anywhere upon this coast. A Portuguese inscription over the doorway bespeaks its origin, but in the hands of the Arabs and Wasuahili it has become a very different place to what it must have been originally. A few old honey-combed guns still peep through its walls; but many, dismantled and fallen, lie embedded in the sand below. It has a somewhat eventful history, upon which the Wasuahili love to dilate, though in no way honourable to them. It has seen its best days, and is now in a state of decay. It is at present garrisoned by a Jemadar and a company of Belooch, the mercenary askar of Sayid Barghash. One half of the town is enclosed by thick walls, which may have done service in the past, though they answer no purpose now, and are crumbling to dust. To the south-west of the fort are the ruins of another but a much smaller one, near to which stands a pillar till lately surmounted by a cross, a solitary relic of the Christian faith which prevailed here under the Portuguese. We remember pushing our way, five years ago, through the jungle of that part of the island to examine these remains. At that time the cross was there. Soon afterwards, however, it was removed, or additional masonry has been built around it so as to hide it, for it is no longer to be seen. Muhammadan bigotry may have stepped in to destroy the obnoxious relic.

Mombasa is governed by an Arab Luwali (governor), called Ali bin Nasur, appointed to the post by the Sultan of Zanzibar. His will is law. The people may appeal to the Sultan against his decisions, but the poorer of them find it difficult to do this. Bribery is a very powerful institution amongst Arabs, indeed the law may be said to be absolutely under its control. The governor of Mombasa is said to receive no pay, but there are ways and means of making the position a most lucrative one. The people are made to feel this, and they complain, but in silence, and resign themselves to their wrong.

The population of Mombasa cannot be less than 15,000. It has greatly increased of late years, chiefly, however, through the large importation of slaves made from all parts of the country.

The climate of Mombasa is far preferable to that of Zanzibar. The temperature is higher, but the air is dryer and far less relaxing and enervating. If the town were cleansed, and the soil brought under cultivation, it would be one of the healthiest of tropical towns.

Its surroundings on the mainland are of the most advantageous description. The land on all sides is very fertile, and is largely cultivated. Kisauni to the north, Changamoe to the north-west, Mtongue west, and Lakone to the south, are all covered with thriving plantations. The produce they send to the town adds largely to its wealth and importance: They are the market-gardening districts of Mombasa. All kinds of fruits, vegetables, pulse, and cereals, grow in the greatest abundance. Their palm and mango plantations are magnificent. Oranges, limes, lemons, pine-

apples, guavers, pomegranates, jackfruit, flourish exuberantly. Sesamum is cultivated largely, and is an important article of commerce. These districts are backed by the Wanika-land, which supplies rice, indian corn, and millet to an almost unlimited extent. With these surroundings what might Mombasa not become in the hands of an intelligent and energetic people!

The people of Mombasa do a large trade with the interior. Their caravans visit Teita, Chaga, Ukambani, and the Masai country, as far west as to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, north-west to the regions about Lake Baringo and the confines of Samburu. Ivory, rhinoceros-horn, orchella-weed, gum-copal, slaves, etc., are collected from all parts of the country, and altogether constitute a very flourishing trade. Such is a general view of the Suahili-land. We will now try to describe the people.

The term Wasuahili is compounded of an Arabic word signifying "coast," preceded by the African prefix "wa," denoting people, its simple meaning therefore being "coast people." It was originally applied only to the people of Lamu, Patte, and Barawa but in modern use its application is extended to all the inhabitants of the coast line we have been describing. The people themselves facetiously derive it from *Sawa hila*, which may be freely rendered "crafty folks;" and certainly, if the etymology were correct, this would be a very appropriate designation. They call themselves Wajomba, which in Kinika becomes Adzomba. There are many local appellations in use, as, for instance, Wamvita, the people of Mombasa, or Mvita; Wamrima, the people of Mrima about Tanga; and Watu wa Rufiji, the men of the Rufiji river.

But the derivation of the people themselves is a far more difficult question to settle than that of their name. It would be hard to say what they really are. The modern Msuahili is a medley of almost everything oriental, and is perhaps not without a spice of something occidental in his blood. If any mortal could claim relationship with half the world, and a little more, that man is the Msuahili. He has probably as much of Shemitic as of Hamitic blood in his veins. Arabs of various tribes, Hindoos, Belooch, etc., have been so long resident upon the coast, and have so intermarried with the natives, that a race of half-castes has arisen; hybrids, or creoles, widely differing from each other according to their various parentage, yet coming under the one designation, Wasuahili.

Every physical type is to be found among them, from the high Asiatic of the noble Arab to the lowest negro type of the people who come from the regions of the Lake Nyassa. There is also a great variety of colour among them, every shade between jet black and a light brown. Mulattoes are common, but the darker hues preponderate.

Many distinctions of rank and station exist among them, but for general purposes they may be divided into two classes, the Waunguana and the Watumoa, the free and the bond, masters and slaves. The latter are by far the most numerous. There are a few who are called huru (free), that is, those who have been set free either by the kindness of their masters, or by any other circumstance. Slaves born in the house are called wazalia (natives), and are treated with especial favour. Others there are who call themselves Meskini ya Mungu (God's poor), those who have been left upon

the stream through the death of all who have had any claim upon them. Wahaji are converts to Islam, who have left their infidel relations and taken up their abode with the faithful. They are treated kindly, and sometimes with a good deal of consideration.

The religion of all the Wasuahili is Muhammadanism, but even the most enlightened of them know but little of what it really is. Very few can read the Koran intelligibly. Many learn parrot-fashion to repeat its chapters, but they know nothing of the meaning of what they repeat. The dogma that "God is one; that there is no God but one, and that Muhammad is the prophet of God," is the sum and substance of their creed. And to this they cling with blind but astonishing pertinacity. They will listen to nothing in contradiction of any part of this creed; it is to them the sum total of their religion. They hold it as if they felt it to be their life. They flatter themselves that there is boundless merit in doing this, and believe that God will condone every sin on account of it. How should such a religious system have a beneficial effect upon their morals? They are absolutely lost to virtue, in some respects far more so than the very heathen whom they treat with such contempt. It is a fearful picture; we shall not attempt to portray it; but we may say that it has been painted with a masterly hand in the latter part of the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

Education is confined to the Waungwana, and comprehends only the knowledge of a little reading and writing. The ability to spell out the Koran and to write a business note is the ultimatum of Kisuahili ambition in regard to learning. Slaves, except in

very special cases indeed, are altogether untaught. Yet they sometimes learn by rote sufficient of the Koran, though in an unknown tongue to them, to take part with their betters in the religious exercises of the mosque.

In dress the Wasuahili copy the Arabs. We will first describe that of the men. First, a loin cloth, with coloured border, called kikoi, is drawn round the waist, and fastened by folding both ends together, rolling them into a ball at the top, and tucking it inwards against the body. Next over this is drawn the kansu, a long, straight, narrow garment, of various materials, but often of white calico, with short tight sleeves, looking not unlike what is worn among ourselves for a night dress. Upon this is worn a kisbao, a kind of sleeveless waistcoat, of bright colours, elaborate braiding, and showy buttons. Sometimes this gives place to a sleeved jacket of crimson or purple broadcloth. A shawl is often twisted round the waist in the form of a girdle. On great occasions, and generally on Friday, which is the Muhammadan Sabbath, the joho is worn. This is a long overcoat of fine cloth, maybe of blue, black, scarlet, or purple, sometimes richly ornamented over the shoulders with gold lace, open in front, but falling over the back in one seamless piece, and reaching to the very heels. On the pole of their heads they wear sometimes a red fez, and sometimes a white needleworked cap, called kofia, and about this is bound the kilemba or turban, a large cloth of white, but more often of highly coloured material. On their feet they wear large, thick, cumbrous sandals, the borders, straps, and tongues of which





Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

WASUAHILI.
TOFIKI AND WIFE.
(From Photographs by C. New.)

are rather tastefully ornamented with interlacing of coloured leather. Such is the Msuahili of the male gender when completely dressed. In his perambulations about town he carries either his upanga (sword) or a bakora (walking-stick). He deems himself a superb grandee.

In his person the Msuahili is scrupulously clean, certain washings being necessary in order to fit him for attendance upon the service of the mosque. He shaves off the hair of his head, usually keeps his beard well trimmed, and his upper lip is so shaved that the merest pencil-like mark is all that remains of his mustache. He blackens his eyes with antimony, and perfumes himself to the highest pitch.

Of course there are many modifications of this dress and get-up. The kansu and skull-cap are all that is worn in doors, and often all that is worn out of doors. The loin cloth has not seldom to do service alone, even among respectable people; while, with regard to the slave, it is all that he can procure. Some slaves, however, do better, and now and then they make as grand an appearance as their masters.

The better class of women wear suruali (trousers), and kansus of coloured material. Upon their heads they bind, so as to hide their hair, silk handkerchiefs, or wear caps spangled with gold. Tunics, tastefully embroidered, are also worn, and Muhammadan delicacy requires that this class should be masked. Sandals of leather, but sometimes wood, or clogs, adorn the feet. Out of doors a large square black silk mantle is thrown over all, but women of this grade are seldom seen abroad.

The majority of the women dress in far inferior

style to this. Visuto, square coloured cloths, and kaniki, indigo-dyed stuffs, are common articles of dress ; but lesu, large coloured cotton handkerchiefs, are much affected. Six of the latter, cut into two parts of three each, are sewn together so as to make one square cloth, and the dress is complete. This is drawn round the body under the arms, and is secured by gathering the ends together and rolling them into a ball at the chest. A similar article is worn over the shoulders, or is hung from the head like a veil. In some places the ukaya is preferred. This is, generally speaking, a long piece of blue calico or gauze, fastened over the forehead by a piece of cord round the chin, and falling over the head down the back. Dressed in this style, particularly when the material is new and the colours are bright, the Msuahili woman is in her glory, and appears to admire herself prodigiously.

In further decoration of her person her head is dressed in the most fantastic fashion. Sometimes the wool, parted in the centre, is gathered together and set up in two large heaps, one on either side of the head. But as a rule a large number of partings are preferred, extending from the forehead over to the nape of the neck. This is done by dividing the locks into as many parts as may be desired, and then plaiting them tightly down to the head, finishing off the ends into what may be designated small rats' tails. Sometimes these plaits are divided into several series, the partings running in different directions, now reminding one of the divisions in a melon, now a furrowed field, and now the stripes of the zebra. Sometimes the whole woolly crop is shaved off, and

the bare head, abundantly greased, shines like a boot well polished with Day and Martin's best.

The Msuahili woman neglects no part of her person. One of her favourite habits is to load her eyes with Wanda, a black mixture such as might easily be made of lampblack and oil. This she fancies adds considerably to the lustre of her eyes! In the left wing of her nose she inserts a stud of either brass or gold. The lobes of her ears are pierced and gradually distended to a size sufficiently large to receive a ring an inch and a half or two inches in diameter. The ornaments worn in them are of different kinds; now a small lime, now a disk of wood, now a bundle of cloves made up for the purpose, and now a ring of silver. The upper rims of the ears are thickly perforated all round, for the purpose of receiving silver studs, instead of which, however, pieces of wood frequently have to do service. Beads often adorn her neck, but a silver chain is sometimes worn. Numerous charms are always attached to these ornaments. Her fingers are heavily and, I may say, lustrously bejewelled. Rings, with Austrian Maria Theresa dollars and Indian rupees attached, are worn, three or four on one hand, so that the fingers and almost the whole hand is completely hidden. Bracelets of horn or silver encircle the wrists, and similar ornaments adorn the ankles. Such is a rough sketch of the middle-class Msuahili woman, a poor degraded creature, but wonderfully self-complacent and contented with her lot. Thousands of women coming under the general designation of Wasuahili there are who are far below the picture we have drawn. They are

slaves who can scarcely procure food, to say nothing of fine coloured dresses and silver ornaments. These have to be content with rags!

A few words regarding the occupations and industry of these people.

Agriculture is one of their chief pursuits. Every man, of any position, has his shamba, or plantation, whence he derives his chief support. The labour is done by slaves, male and female, the latter being by far the most numerous. The method of cultivation is of the most primitive kind. The plough is altogether unknown. Their only implements are the axe, (kitoka,) the munda (bill-hook), and the jembe, a short-handled hoe. The bush is cut off short, by axe and bill-hook, but the larger trees are burnt down, eradication being never attempted. The whole is cleared by fire. The soil is then just scratched by the hoe, and the seed is dropped in. One plot is cultivated till it becomes exhausted; it is then planted in cassada, or left to run into wilderness, so to recover itself, while another spot is selected, and worked in the same way.

The Wasuahili keep a little live stock, such as cows, sheep, goats, fowls, etc., but not enough to supply their own consumption, and they have consequently to obtain supplies of this kind from the surrounding countries. A considerable number of men and boys are devoted to fishing and to the other engagements of the sea. As has been already pointed out, a great deal of trade is carried on from all parts of the coast with the natives of the interior, and in this trade a good number of the males are engaged.

The various kinds of handicraft occupy a large

number of people. These are called "Mafundi," and are considered, as they deserve to be, a superior class of men to farm labourers, porters, and fishermen. The muashi (mason) runs up his rough stone walls with a good deal of proficiency, considering his materials and tools. The seramala (carpenter) makes huge doors, window frames, rude bedsteads, stools, etc.; the muhunzi (smith) works at hoes, axes, bill-hooks, knives, etc.; the shoemaker at his sandals; and the tailor at the various articles of dress worn by the natives. The weaving of lemale, a coarse cloth worn by the Gallas, is carried on at Lamu, Patte, Sihu, and in most towns may be found a few people engaged in weaving coloured borders into imported materials. There are a few gunsmiths, some silversmiths, and, here and there a watch-mender is to be found. Knife and sword-handle making, too, is in some parts a busy trade. Ship-building, that is the building of native craft, is carried on to a greater or less extent at all the leading ports.

They have a few professional men among them, They are the Kathi, lawyer or judge; the Mualim, priest; the Mana Chuoni, son of the book, or school-master; and them Mganga, doctor or sorcerer. These men are treated with the utmost respect, while the Sherifu, or descendant of the prophet, is regarded with superstitious deference.

A large number of women are engaged on the plantations; others in whatever drudgery may require to be done in town; and others for household work, such as the hewing of wood, drawing of water, the pounding and grinding of corn, etc. Large numbers are retained as Suria (concubines); these are con-

fined to the house. Free women are exempt from work, but they do a little cooking, and otherwise occupy themselves by plaiting Mikeka, fine coloured mats, which are thought much of by the coast people. They are made of the leaves of the mkindu palm, torn into narrow slips, and dyed in various bright colours. The msala, or prayer mat, with which great pains is usually taken, is often a very pretty article, and sells at a high price—from four to six dollars each.

The male munguana (gentleman) is the most useless being upon the coast of Africa. He is altogether above work. Work is the badge of the slave, and it is, therefore, in his estimation disgraceful. He lives entirely upon the sweat and toil of the wretched people whom he has brought into bondage. The ordinary routine of a munguana's life is as follows. If he be a zealous religionist, he rises at first cock-crow to prayer, whiles away his time till dawn, and then wends his way to the mosque for prayers again. During the forenoon he sits at home to receive visitors, or perambulates the town himself on visits to others. At noon he goes to the mosque again for prayers. Some portion of the mid-day he devotes to sleep. At three, at six, and seven o'clock he is to be found in the mosque, the interval being filled up with gossip and chitchat, sometimes at home, sometimes abroad, sometimes in the public baraza, or palaver house, or it may be in the harem among his wives and concubines. His life is altogether objectless, except for the gratification of his own indolent propensities, purely animal needs, and personal conceit. He is a cipher, and he will never become anything till circumstances compel him to work.

Two great festivals are held by the Wasuahili in the course of the year. The first commencing at the termination of the Ramathan, and the second on the tenth of the Mfungu wa tatu (third month). Both last for three days. It may be observed, however, that the Ramathan, though ostensibly a fast, is in reality a feast. The people, it is true, scrupulously abstain from eating anything from sunrise to sunset, but the evening meal is the most sumptuous that their means can provide. They never get such a spread during any other part of the year. It is not uncommon for the people to rise several times in the night to partake of the good things provided to help them through this month of fasting! Considering, too, that during the day they claim exemption from everything like labour, and sleep away a good many of the hours, the month of Ramathan may be considered a feast rather than a fast. It is certainly one of the great shams of Muhammadanism. The Siku ya Muaka, or New Year's Day, is also made a great deal of by the Wasuahili. Before sunrise the women may be seen flocking down to the shore to bathe. This done, they return to their homes, and, plunging deep into the *cuisine*, they make the most liberal preparations for the reception of their friends. The day was formerly one of general license, every man did as he pleased. Old quarrels were settled, men were found dead on the following day, and no inquiry was instituted about the matter. The Indian residents were often treated very roughly, thrown bodily into the sea, and otherwise ill-used. This has been stopped by the interference of the British Government. Friday, the Muhammadan sabbath, is often devoted

by the slaves to their Ngoma (dances). At present the people carry on their recreations in a very harmless manner. Every variety of dance is indulged in. The Wasuahili have theirs, and the Wanyassa, Wangindo, and others, theirs. They are often very grotesque performances, requiring an amount of bodily exertion and power of lung most exhausting. The people sometimes become very much excited, sometimes hysterical, sometimes they fall in an apparent swoon to the earth, and require to be brought to their senses by the potent influence of the Mganga. As may be expected, many improprieties are to be witnessed, but it must be admitted drunkenness is not often seen.

Both sexes join in many of these dances, but there are others that are confined to one sex. The slaves only are found out of doors; the Wanguana are confined to their houses. The slaves in this case certainly have the advantage.

Marriage is an odious institution amongst the Wasuahili, as indeed it must be wherever polygamy prevails. By Muhammadan law a man is allowed to marry five wives, and to take to himself as many concubines as he can afford; while all his slaves are absolutely at his disposal. In the Kisuahili language there is no word for wife; she is simply called Mke, woman. She is at best the toy, but more often she is the mere slave, of the man. Marriage is effected by the payment of a dowry, and the signing of a contract before the Kathi (judge). It is in fact a purchase made sure by signature and seal. It is sometimes a most expensive affair, so much so, that many men cannot afford it, and content themselves with purchasing slavewomen, and keeping them as "suria" (concubines).

Marriage is celebrated by "harusi" (festivals), to which all relatives are invited, and a large number of outside friends. Processions, dancing, singing, gun-firing, joking, and match-making are the usual accompaniments. Divorce is easily effected when desired. Marriage among the slaves can hardly be said to exist. Small dowries are paid, and contracts are sometimes signed, but the bond is as fragile as a spider's web. They have a curious custom of this kind. The woman provides house and furniture. In her house she is queen. Should her husband dare to offend her, she at once reminds him that she is mistress; that the house and furniture are hers; and that if he is not satisfied with the treatment he receives, he can leave and make room for some one else. The insulted and indignant man seizes his stick, or his sword, and flees from the termagant to seek a home elsewhere. So it may happen that married couples may part and be competent to re-marry a dozen times in the course of their lives. Children born to slaves are, of course, the property of the masters, and may be dealt with as he pleases. These things are mentioned in deep shame and pity.

Marriage being such as it is, home, as we understand it in England, does not exist among the Wasuahili. Free women are confined to their dark houses, and are scarcely ever permitted to see the light of day. When they go to visit their female friends, it is generally by night, and even then they are surrounded by slaves, cloths being stretched over them, like a tent, to prevent their being seen. Home to them is a prison-house into which no social comfort can enter; they are confined to the society of their own sex, chiefly to that

of their fellow-wives, with no occupation but to gossip, wrangle, and fight. Theirs is indeed a terrible fate, though they may not feel it. We talk of women's rights in England ; let the women of England think of their sisters' wrongs in Africa, and they would better appreciate their own privileges.

The transition from marriage to funerals may not be pleasant, but it is a very common one, so common, as to become an almost natural one. The Wasuahili doubtless feel the death of their relatives, as other mortals do, but like most Orientals they are very demonstrative. Matanga (mourning) is held from five to ten days' duration. Loud lamentations are heard at intervals during the whole of the time, a great deal of it, we fear, being artificial, got up for the occasion. Feasting, music, and dancing are at the same time carried on, in order to prevent over-much sorrow. The "matanga" over, all signs of mourning disappear, the departed is forgotten, and life goes on as before.

The Wasuahili have but little knowledge of medicine, and they resort instead to charms. Pieces of paper, containing passages from the Koran, carefully wrapped up in bits of cotton, sewn into pads, and worn round the neck, are considered very potent, and are trusted in for the cure of all sorts of maladies. Many diseases are attributed to Pepo (evil spirits), which are supposed to take possession of the human system, and to effect a cure the spirit must be expelled. The Mganga is called in to do this. Elaborate ceremonies are performed, consisting chiefly of drumming, singing, and dancing, by which a high degree of animal excitement is created, and eventually it is discovered that the patient is cured. Cases such as the following often

occur. A woman has long besought her husband in vain for a new dress. Every other art having failed, she is found by and by to have been seized by the Pepo. The Mganga does his best to cast him out, but without success. At length it is discovered that the demon will not leave his abode till the coveted dress be laid at his feet, that is, at the feet of the woman ! Shallow as the trick may appear, it often succeeds. In treating cases of this kind, the Mganga has his patient entirely in his hands, and he often makes the affair very remunerative to himself. Many of the Wasuahili, however, have learned by experience the inefficacy of their own remedies. On the other hand, they have heard of the skill of Europeans in the healing art, and they believe in it. We have often been applied to for medicines, and we have sometimes prescribed for them. The most impossible cases have been brought to us—lepers, men blind from their birth, and we have even been asked for a *dawa* (medicine) to make the whiskers grow !

The language is called Kisuahili. It is in some respects exceedingly simple, but in others it is very complex. It is easy to acquire a vocabulary sufficient to make one's self understood, but to speak it as a native is a more difficult acquisition. There are but few foreigners who speak it at all well, while most deal out a miserably corrupt and ill-sounding jargon. The language varies slightly at the different places along the coast. The purest dialect is probably that spoken at Mombasa. Kisuahili is the key to the interior, as all the dialects spoken by the agricultural people of Eastern Africa are allied to it—all belong to one great family stock. The languages spoken by

the pastoral races, the Gallas and Masai, are, however, totally different in their character, these being cast in an Asiatic rather than in an African mould. The Kisuahili cannot be said to be a written language as yet, though the Arabs have applied their characters to it, and the Wasuahili have acquired the ability to write each other crude notes. A collection of Kisuahili stories has lately been published by Dr. Steer, of the Central African Mission, but this is about all the literature the language can boast. Dr. Krapf's philological labours cannot be too highly prized. His grammar of the Kisuahili, his vocabularies of several dialects, his various translations, and his voluminous dictionary of the Kisuahili,—the latter we regret to say not yet published,—are marvels of industry and linguistic ability. Dr. Steer has done excellent service in the cause of East African philology by popularizing and making serviceable what would otherwise have been beyond the reach of most.

The Wasuahili have been estimated at half a million. Of course it is impossible to speak with accuracy upon this subject, but the above is probably near the mark. This is not a vast number, but these people have a most important part to perform in the civilization of East Africa. However, before they can be of any service, they require to be civilized themselves, and the civilization they require is that which Christianity alone can impart. While they remain Muhammadans, there is little hope for them. They want a new life within them, and without this they will go down. Christian missions for the Wasuahili is the great *desideratum*, if the welfare of East Africa be desired.





Kibo:

Kimawenzi.

SUMMIT OF KILIMA NJARO.

(From a Sketch by C. New.)

Vincent Brooks Day & Son Lith

CHAPTER IV.

UNIKA.

MY introduction to the Unika took place on September 1st, 1863. The first part of the journey was by boat, up the creek, from Mombasa, to the village of Makerunge. It is all as fresh to my memory as if it had happened only yesterday. The boat we had hired for the purpose was the ordinary heavy, ungainly *dau la mbao* (planked boat), of native build. Descending the cliff, at 11 a.m., we took our seat in the craft, and pushed off. We were bound for an unknown land; and to me all was novel and intensely interesting. Presently we were in the centre of the creek, where we got a good view of the town of Mombasa and the surroundings. The fort, the custom house, our own residence, that of the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society, and two or three mosques, are the chief buildings; all else that could be seen were *makuti*- (palm-leaf) thatched cottages, with low walls of brown and red clay. Palms towered everywhere over all. Beyond the fort stretched the boundless sea, but on every other side we were surrounded by the wall-like cliff of the

island and mainland, all covered above with the richest vegetation. The sun, being almost vertical, shone with truly tropical splendour, pouring his beams upon us most mercilessly, and flooding the atmosphere with almost blinding light. The broad waters of the harbour danced gleefully, and a thousand wavelets, like mirrors, flashed back the light. The breeze filled our sail, and, heavy as our boat was, she made her way at good speed through the waters. At Kisauni the creek turns to the left, and then another and truly charming scene comes into view. Having turned the corner, you find yourself on what appears to be a beautiful lake, surrounded by high banks, clad in brilliant verdure. There are mangoes, with their impenetrable masses of broad, dark shining leaves; creepers hanging in rich festoons from other trees; and palm trees waving their plumes above all. The water is as clear as crystal, now rippled by a gentle breeze, and now, sheltered by the bank, as smooth as glass. A profound silence prevails, nothing being heard but the merry chirping of birds on either hand, the murmuring of the water at the boat's prow, or the sound, when we venture to speak, of our own voices. Pursuing our course, we entered upon another lake-like scene, quite as pretty as the first, and next found ourselves upon the broad waters of the basin, at the north of the island, called by Captain Owen, Port Tudor. It is from two to three miles broad, shallow in some parts, but, in others, as many as fifteen fathoms deep. In the centre is the Kisiwa cha pania (isle of rats), a mere heap of stones, with a clump of mangrove on the top, said to be the abode of swarms of rats. The channel flows

to the west of this green spot, the other side being left quite bare when the tide is lowest. The creek now divides itself into three parts, the one we are to follow running in a northerly direction to Makerunge, another in a north-westerly course up to the district of Rabai, and the third to the south-west toward Duruma.

From Port Tudor we pursued the course of a broad straight sheet of water up to the village of Monguya, a Kisuahili settlement; and an offshoot from the larger one of Jomvu, lying a short distance behind it. Monguya has been built upon a high tongue of land, reaching to the creek in this spot, but the banks of the river are elsewhere low, covered with a dense growth of mangrove. These trees rise from a soft bed of dark mud, alive with myriads of tiny crabs, insects, and other creeping things, and reeking with noxious vapours. The roots spring from the mud, several feet high, into a perfect maze of pointed arches, whence issue stems and branches that break out into evergreen foliage of the brightest description—a feast for the eyes. The tree produces a long, pointed, bolt-like seedling, which when ripe drops into the mud, and thus planting itself, soon starts into another tree. These woods supply ordinary firewood, fuel for tanu (lime kilns), also poles and rafters for building purposes.

Beyond Monguya, the river being narrower and very serpentine, sailing soon became impracticable. Paddles were tried, but these had eventually to give way to the pondo (pole). After a good deal of crushing among the trees, which overhung the creek for the latter part of the way, we found ourselves at

length at Makerunge. The day was drawing to a close, and we had still some distance to travel. There was no train, omnibus, cab, cart, truck, or wheel-barrow, yet we had a good many things to carry. I was to learn how things were done in East Africa. A gun was fired, and in a few moments some of the villagers came down to us. These and our boatmen were engaged as porters. Soon each man, with a load upon his head, was upon the road. The narrowness of the path compelled us to march in Indian file. We had scarcely commenced before the sun sank, and darkness veiled the scene. It became dismal in the extreme. First through tall grass, and then beneath dark trees, whose gaunt forms were just seen, we made our way, I knew not whither. Presently a deep grunt was heard, and the startled porters threw down their loads, crying, "Tui! tui!" (a leopard! a leopard!) The animal, however, more frightened than the men, had hurried on his way, and could not be found. The path was in some places very rocky, and in others beset with deep holes, so that we were stumbling over the one or falling into the other the whole way. Towards the end of the journey I became aware that we were crossing some kind of stream, but the darkness was so dense that we could see nothing; then climbing the face of a steep mountain, we reached the mission station at Ribe. Those, however, were its early days. An iron-hut had been put up, and a few mud-cottages had been built, but comfort had not yet been attained; it was a "dreary lodge" in that "vast wilderness." Some Wanika brought us a little water, but nothing more was obtainable, so that we had to

go supperless to bed. I say bed, but that night I slept upon a wooden bench, called a table. I woke next morning to find myself in circumstances such as I could not have imagined. The iron-hut, twelve feet long by fourteen wide, was a mere heap of rubbish, having for several months been the abode of rats, white ants, and vermin of every kind. Stepping outside, I found myself in the heart of an extensive wilderness. To the west were the hills of Rabai ; to the south, in the dim distance, the Shimba range ; while from the south to the east I overlooked a vast uncultivated tract of prairie, jungle, wood, and forest, bounded by a strip of blue sea. I was now fairly in Unika.

The word signifies "the Wilderness." It extends along the coast between the third and fifth degrees of south latitude. It is, then, about 120 miles long, but is not more than some thirty wide. It is bounded on the south by Usambara, on the west by Taita, and on the north by the Galla-land. It may be divided into two sections, the lowlands and the highlands, running parallel with each other. The lowlands extend throughout its entire length, and from the sea-shore inland to a depth of about fifteen miles. The country then rises into two mountain ranges, the one extending from Kauma to Duruma, and the other running through the land of the Wadigo, thereby naturally dividing the Unika into two parts, northern and southern. The lowland is fertile, and when cultivated, yields abundant crops, but almost the whole of it is left to run wild. Grasses grow to great height, but dense jungles are rendered impossible by the yearly burnings which take place over these tracts.

The Wanika set fire to the grass in order to facilitate their hunting. To the same cause may be attributed the stunted growth of many of the trees, yet some fine specimens are met with here and there. The Wasuahili are encroaching, year by year, upon this portion of Unika. They pay the Wanika a small fee, and are then allowed to settle where they please. The highland regions are very fine, the scenery is often grand, while the exuberant vegetation testifies to the capabilities of the soil. The plateau lands of Udigo are described as very, very beautiful, and the same may be said of the northern districts. In 1865 we made a tour from Ribe to Kauma, by giving a brief account of which some idea may be formed of the country and its people.

After a walk of about four miles, in a northerly direction, over hill and down dale, through tall grasses and thick bush, with here a small cultivated spot and there a clump of palms, we reached the forest in which we found Kaya Kambe. Kayas are stockaded villages, always, for greater security, built in the midst of the forest, and generally speaking on elevated ground. So we found it in this case. We made the approach by a very narrow and ascending path, with impenetrable forest on either hand. As we drew nearer to the kaya, however, our path widened into a broad avenue, the giant growths on either hand extending their long arms overhead, mingling their foliage, and creating the most perfect shade. Here we were met by the Shaha (chief). He was alone. Hearing that we were coming, he advanced to meet us, in token of respect, and to assure us of a welcome. We entered the kaya by what had once been a door, the frame-work of

which was all that remained now, and even this being ready to fall. We found a collection of a hundred and fifty huts, and a goodly number of natives. We were conducted to the "luanda," an open shed or palaver-house. Mats were brought and spread upon the floor, upon which we were invited to take our seats. Our object was, of course, to ascertain whether the people were disposed to receive missionaries, and to preach the Gospel to all who would listen to us. A large number of people crowded about us, but their curiosity to *see* us was so intense that they did not care to *hear* us. The Shaha was for some time missing. He and his grey-beards had retired to discuss our visit. Just as our patience was becoming exhausted, the party made their appearance. We explained that we were missionaries, and wished to teach them the word of God; and asked them if they were disposed to receive Christian teachers among them. They did not appear to apprehend us; but as they did not wish to cross us, they gave just such replies as they thought would please us. They were expecting presents from us; and they were afraid that any discourtesy on their part might indispose us to give. It is exceedingly difficult to get at the real heart of these people. They invited us to visit them again, and declared that the land was ours. We knew what amount of meaning to attribute to their words, and did not feel therefore over-flattered. We bade them farewell.

An hour and a half's walk, still in a northerly direction, brought us to the kaya of Jibana, or, as it is called by the Wanika, Dsihana. The kaya contained only a few huts, and the stockade was in a state of

ruin. It had been forsaken by its people, who prefer in times of peace to live upon their plantations. We found only a very few individuals in the place, and received from them a very cold reception. They bitterly complained of poverty, and they really appeared to be very poor. The district of Jibana is the loftiest part of the range. All its heights are thickly wooded, bearing some of the finest trees I ever saw. After resting awhile at the kaya, we proceeded on our course to Chogni. Issuing from the forest, a glorious sight burst upon the view. The whole country, as far as the eye could reach, lay outspread before us. Mountain and plain, hill and dale, dark forests and golden fields, lent all their attractions to the scene, exciting admiration, but mocking description. A little farther on the way we passed the village of Mtendani, the round conical huts of which resemble those of the Wataita.

We entered the Kaya Bomu of Chogni at sunset. This was a large township containing several hundreds of huts, and all in good repair. But it was empty. For some time not a soul was to be seen. After a while, however, a couple of young men made their appearance. They informed us that the people were all living in their plantations, and that they only visited the kaya on special occasions. Under these circumstances we were under the necessity of taking possession of the place in our own right. We selected an open shed for our lodging place, and gave orders to have a little supper cooked. We were chagrined, however, to find that no water was to be obtained, and had to go supperless to bed. In the morning, as we were about to leave, we found our progress cut short

at the gate of the kaya. Early as it was, a party of old men had arrived, and they were already engaged in the performance of some superstitious rite. A goat was slaughtered before the gate, its blood and entrails were scattered about the entrance; certain incantations were repeated, and the ceremony was at an end. We now postponed our departure in order to have some conversation with the people. After a palaver, similar to that held at Kambe, we proceeded on our journey. On the way we stopped at a small village, where we obtained a little dirty water and purchased some cassada. Upon this, with the addition of a little rice, we broke our fast. The march proved a very trying one; the sun blazed fiercely in the heavens, and water was scarce. We begged a little of the latter at two places, but the poor people were very chary of the precious fluid. They complained that they had a long distance to go for it. We met a few people by the way, who looked at us with no little astonishment. Some left their plantations in which they were at work, and followed us till they were tired, in order to see as much of us as they could. The country over which we passed alternated between fine grassy tracts and thick jungle. As the sun was sinking below the horizon we came to a small village, where we would fain have stopped for the night, for we were all weary; but the villagers were unwilling to lodge us, and we were obliged to push on to the kaya. By the time we reached the gate it was quite dark. We were not allowed to enter at once. The guns were fired to give the people an intimation of our arrival. In a few moments a large number of men rushed from the gate, yelling a wild war-song, which

they call "Ndaro." They were armed with bows and arrows, some with short swords, some with bill-hooks, and others with clubs. In a moment they completely surrounded us, continuing their song, flourishing their weapons, and leaping about like madmen. It was an exhibition of sheer barbarism. And this was to welcome us ! After a while we were led into the kaya ; the party still yelling and shouting and carrying on their dance, not ceasing the tumult till near midnight. In the meantime we had been shown into a hut, where we made ourselves as comfortable as circumstances would admit of. On the following day we met the "wase" (elders). They exhibited the same characteristics as all the others had done before them ; the same indifference, obtuseness, caution, cunning, and mock-courtesy. They listened to all we said without manifesting the slightest interest in it, or comprehending it in the least ; yet there was the same feigned assent and consent to all our proposals, terminating with the same unmeaning invitation to take up our abode with them, and accept at their hands the country and all it contained.

In the morning we found time to examine the kaya, which is very similar to that of Chogni, but not so large. At the bottom of the hill on which it is built flows a beautifully clear stream, the Mangudo of the Wageriama, and the Uvui of the Wataita, which flows from Bura, and enters the creek of Kilife. Kauma has another kaya, called Kaya Ribe, of the same character as this, but smaller.

When we announced our intention to leave Kauma at noon ; "What," shouted the old men, "do you intend to break our hearts and to kill us outright, that

you talk of leaving us so soon?" But we knew they would survive our departure, and so kept to our purpose. We left Kaya Bomu at noon for Takaungu, on the coast; the march occupying us till 7 p.m. First descending to the level of the lowlands, the rest of the way led us over barren tracts, with a soil rich enough evidently, but overrun with rank weeds, giant grasses, tangled bush, and useless thorny woods. When we reached the creek, the tide was in, and we had to wade through the water up to our armpits, a by no means comfortable termination to our day's marching. At Takaungu we found accommodation with Rashid bin Khamis, the governor of the place, and thence proceeded by boat to Mombasa. The country of Geriama stretches behind the districts we have described, and joins Duruma in the south. Both these are level tracts, eligible for the cultivation of grain, or the pasturing of cattle, sheep, and goats. Rabai is one of the most beautiful portions of Unika, possessing fine scenery, and almost every characteristic of a Goshen. It has to be observed, however, that on the whole the country is badly watered. Udigo is better off in this respect than the northern land. Duruma has the stream Muache; Rabai, Ribe, Kambe, Jibana, and Chogni, have their mountain streams, and Kauma has its perennial current; but when all has been said, the water supplies are few and far between, and some of them speedily dry up, and remain dry for months. Geriama is worse off than any district. In the dry season the women leave their homes at early dawn to fetch water, and do not return till night. At the same time pools of salt water, temptingly clear, are to be found everywhere in Geriama and Duruma. Were

not the rain-falls regular and certain, the people could not exist. Any diminution in the amount of rain is instantly felt, and a season of drought occasions a famine.

The seasons are remarkably regular on the whole. The Muaka (large rains) commence at the latter end of March or the beginning of April. The clouds come sweeping in from the south, and overhang the country like a dark pall, or descend upon the landscape like a November fog in England, obscuring everything, and pouring their contents in broad sheets upon the earth, sometimes without cessation for days. These rains continue through the months of April, May, and June. There is then a pause, followed by showers in July. The latter rains are called the Mcho. Nature is now in her best dress, the whole country being gorgeously arrayed in robes of green. August and September are dry, so that by the end of the latter month vegetation has drooped, and all looks withered and sere. In October and November the Vule or lesser rains fall, when nature recovers, as if by magic, and all is dressed in life and beauty once more. Next comes the dry season, extending from November to April, when the trees lose their leaves, the grasses perish, the earth cracks, the air becomes exceedingly dry, the sun blazes furiously, and a deadly haze overhangs all. As if to intensify the aspect of desolation, the natives fire the grasses. The flames rage over the plains, through the valleys, up the mountain sides, and over their tops, for days, leaving the earth black with the charred remains. The country is now the mere ghost of what it was a short time before, and looks unspeakably dreary. But a

week after the first fall of the Muaka all starts into life, and the landscape smiles again.

The climate is not unpleasant, except when in extremes. The excessive humidity of the atmosphere at times, during the muaka rains, and the high temperature attained during some portions of the hot season, are both uncomfortable and trying to the European. The temperature ranges between a minimum of 69° and a maximum of 90° Fahr. in the shade. Usually, however, the thermometer stands at 85° in the shade during the hotter season, and at 75° during the cooler months of the Muaka. It is certainly not a healthy climate for Europeans. The jungles, rank weeds and grasses, the mangrove swamps, and decaying vegetation everywhere, generate malaria to a great extent, so that to the European fever is unavoidable. To the long resident on the coast the uniformity of the temperature, though not excessively high, is a severe test. This, together with the constant recurrence of fever, gradually, but surely, undermines his constitution; he loses strength and energy, and by degrees falls into a state of extreme lassitude and emaciation. Nothing can save him but a change of climate. We write these remarks from experience as well as from observation. If the country could be brought under cultivation, the climate would no doubt be greatly improved, because the generation of malaria would then be very much less; but the sameness of temperature must ever militate most severely against the health of the European.

The flora of Unika is an extensive one. Its forests contain some of the finest timber in the world. The infule is a huge tree, and might be cut up into capital

planks and boards. The mbambakofi is a smaller tree, but furnishes a very useful wood, red in colour, with a beautiful grain, and capable of a high polish. The heart of the tree is durable, but the outer parts are liable to decay. The Wasuahili use it largely in making their heavy doors. The msandarusi (gum-copal) tree is common, and large quantities of copal are collected from all parts of Unika, and sent to the market of Zanzibar. The wood of the tree is hard and resinous, and its shafts make excellent masts. Among the other forest trees may be mentioned the mgurure (teak), mngambo, mismari, the mribe, muenenzi msindi, mkalambaki, etc. The wood of these trees is sometimes extremely hard. They turn the edge of any but the best tempered axes, and some of them resist the hardest steel. The mleha, mngongo, mtunda, mbawa, and the mfuni supply softer wood. The mfuni is one of the handsomest trees in the country. It runs up in straight, clean, smooth shafts to immense heights, and then spreads into vast dome-like masses of bright green foliage.

The kikuata (acacia) and the mpingo (ebony) are both common. The mlimbo-limbo (india-rubber plant) is found in the woods. The parasitical marere (orchella weed) hangs from the trees, in woods and forests, in large quantities, and is collected by the natives and sent to the coast. They call it by the fanciful name of "Ndevu ya Muitu" (the beard of the forest), and from its light grey colour it gives a very hoary aspect to the spots in which it abounds. The cocoa-nut palm is abundant, and is at once a great boon and curse to the natives. Its uses are too well known to require

repeating, but of its abuse a word may be ventured. The natives tap it for toddy. The top is cut from the heart of the tree, and a calabash is appended. A wine exudes, which by the time it is collected is highly intoxicating, but becomes more so the longer it is kept, that is, till it arrives at the acid stages, when it becomes vinegar. The tree is tapped three times a day. It is necessary to repeat the operation in order to keep up the flow of the liquor. This practice is called by the natives "ku gema." The tree thus tapped does not yield a full complement of nuts, and often does not produce any whatever; therefore the course of nature has to be turned aside in order to procure the wine. The liquor is a favourite beverage with the Wanika; many of them almost live upon it. The mvumo (Palmyra), cabbage-tree, with its peculiar bulging stem and splendid plume of fans, is found in some parts of Unika, while the mkorma (fan palm) is seen everywhere. These trees are also tapped for toddy, but the one is too scarce and the yield of the other too scanty for the occupation to be carried on largely. The areca palm sends its slim, tall shafts high into the air by the side of the cocoa-nut palm, but it is not numerous. It supplies the nut which the Wasuahili chew with lime, tobacco, etc. Very conspicuous on the face of the country is the baobab, with its elephantine trunk, its branches now bare and grey, and now bursting into green; and the tamarind with its compact mass of exquisite and never-fading foliage.

The cotton plant is among the wild growths of Unika. Samples have been sent to England, and have been pronounced good. We once planted some

“sea island,” which we took to the country with us, from which we got a capital stand, and a good crop, samples of which, examined by experts, were pronounced very good. There is no doubt that cotton might be grown in this country to any extent. What a pity therefore that it should be left to run into rank and useless vegetation! The country produces a few wild fruit trees, but they are of no particular value. The mango, the mzambarao mananasi (pine-apple), mpera (guaver), mchungua (orange), mlimau (citron), mdimu (lime-tree), mpapayu (papau), etc., grow wild. The people take no pains whatever to cultivate these things, though nothing would be easier. The mgomba (plantain) is abundant, but it is left almost entirely to propagate itself. The sugar-cane is indigenous. It is cultivated here and there in small quantities, but the people make no other use of it than that of chewing it as a kind of snack between meals.

Of the oleaginous plants the mbono (castor plant) runs riot everywhere; while sesamum is cultivated, but not largely.

The chief cereals grown are muhunga (rice), muhama (Turkish maize), mahindi (Indian corn), wimbe and maweale. Rice and Turkish maize are raised for the coast markets, but Indian corn is retained for home consumption. It is the favourite article of food with the Wanika. Maweale (*panicum*) and wimbe are small seeds which the people grind into flour, and make into sima (hodge-podge), as they do with Indian corn.

The leguminous plants are tubazi, kunde, fiwe, and pojo, but they are all very inferior kinds. The edible vegetables are chiefly mgasija (cassada),

vikandora (sweet potatoes), viazi viku (yams), vimungmunia (egg-plant), tungudsa, and various kinds of matango (melons). Cassada is a very valuable plant to the natives ; it is most easily propagated, and if the natives were not the laziest people in the world, they need never know what famine means. The stalk is chopped up into short lengths ; these are just stuck into the soil ; and in two or three months, without any more trouble than that of keeping the weeds down, you have a fine plantation of a thoroughly good vegetable, almost sufficient in itself to sustain life. When raw, as has been observed by some one, it eats like a poor chesnut, but it is then poisonous ; and partaken of freely, it causes a giddiness in the head, and brings on vomiting. Boiled, it is a good substitute for potatoes, especially when mealy. Dried in the sun, it is eaten like bread with cocoa-nut, or it is pounded and made into sima (pudding). It is, however, only made use of in this form when the supplies of Indian corn have been exhausted. Yams are not largely grown, because they are too difficult to dig up, the natives having no idea of giving themselves unnecessary trouble.

Mandano (saffron), arrowroot, and Kauma (calumba), grow all over the country. Medicinal herbs and roots there are in great numbers, some of which are watched over by the natives with great care and jealousy.

Flowering plants are numerous, and are often very lovely. They exhibit every variety of colour, some of them being extremely brilliant. A scarlet flower resembling our sweet-william is very common. Flowers reminding you of verbenas, marigolds,

snapdragons, lobelias, etc., display their beauties on every side. A pretty little blue flower, like forget-me-not, carpets the soil very extensively. Convolvuli overrun the jungles in the wildest luxuriance, and bedeck them with all the hues of the rainbow; while honeysuckle sends its long arms into the tallest trees, and hangs out its bright scarlet and yellow flowers, as if for the very purpose of displaying them to the passer-by. The mkuamba is a very common and useful bush, grows exceedingly fast, and ordinarily has nothing attractive about it; but when it bursts into bloom, though still nothing to look at, it loads the air with delicious fragrance. The mfuofiu is a bush of the same character, but grows more slowly. When in flower, it is a charming sight. The blossom is snowy white, in form not unlike the primrose, but it comes out in such quantity as almost to hide the foliage, a compact mass of bloom, emitting a fragrance equal to that of the mkuamba.

The fauna of Unika is less extensive than its flora. The domesticated animals are the cow, sheep, and goat. Fowls of a small and inferior kind are plentiful, and sell at the rate of about four for a shilling. Good milch cows are worth from ten to twenty dollars; bullocks from six to ten; while sheep and goats sell at from one to three dollars each. Dogs and cats are kept by the people. The former are of the pariah breed, and the latter wild timid creatures, apt to leave the domiciles of the people for life in the woods.

The wild animals embrace the kulungu (large antelope), niati (buffalo), sa (small antelope), pa (gazelle), kitsungula (hares), etc.; but these are scarce in

Unika. Wild-boars, hedgehogs, porcupines, monkeys, and apes are more numerous, and prey largely upon the plantations of the people. The country, too, literally swarms with mapuku (field rats), and they do immense mischief; there is scarcely any living for them. Ngawa (civet-cats) run the woods and jungles.

The beasts of prey are the simba (lion), the tui or tsui (leopard), the fisi (hyæna), and the keniegere (lynx). Crocodiles lurk in the pits along the course of mountain torrents, and now and then a hippopotamus may be seen.

The feathered tribe comprehends kanga (guinea-fowl), Ndiwa (pigeons and turtle-doves), maninga (green pigeons), kuinzi (green parrots), kororo, mpuji, kereng'enzi (partridges), etc. There are also the mdomo and mpembe, kinds of toucan, remarkable for the largeness of their bills, sufficient, one would almost think, to weigh them down. The cooing of the wood-pigeon and the loud rapping of the woodpecker are very common sounds. Tsongo (native sparrows) are numerous, and are the plague of the mtama fields. The kitosi is a diminutive and very pretty creature, as fond as the Wanika themselves of palm-wine. He visits calabash after calabash, as they hang at the trees, and helps himself to the liquor they contain, till he becomes quite intoxicated. "As drunk as the kitosi," is a common saying among the Wanika. In certain seasons of the year the country is enlivened by the presence of swallows, darting arrow-like to and fro, and keeping up a cheerful twitter. Then there are many nameless birds of beauteous plumage and delightful song, which will one day

become better known and appreciated than they are now.

Among the more forbidding of the winged tribe, rooks, hawks, and falcons sweep the skies by day, while owls and bats flap their wings by night.

Snakes, black and green, from the smallest adder to the mighty cobra—some harmless, and some of the most poisonous—exist. They cross your path, descend upon you from the trees, coil their way up the posts and along the rafters of your house, find lurking-places behind your furniture, and, indeed, meet you at every turn. Yet we seldom hear of harm being done by them; now and then an individual gets bitten and dies, but they more often recover.

Lizards, chameleons, milipedes, centipedes, scorpions, tarantulas, etc., creep everywhere; and there is an insect world of astonishing variety and boundless extent.

It is probable that the country possesses considerable mineral wealth. Antimony has been found in Duruma, and there are indications that iron exists; but as yet the geological characteristics of the land are but little known.

Unika, though occupied by thousands of human beings, and though it has been so occupied for many generations, remains Unika (wilderness) still. Yet such is the character of its soil and the variety and value of its productions, that we cannot but hope for it a better future. This hope, however, is based upon the faith we have in the power of the Gospel. The people of this land have to be evangelised. At present they are too inert to do aught; but when the Gospel shall have found its way into their hearts, and they

begin to feel their own dignity, their activity and enterprise shall be aroused; they will then devote themselves to the arts of civilization, and these hills and dales shall smile with plenty, and the Wilderness shall be only one in name—Unika, literally, as well as figuratively, shall “blossom as the rose.”

CHAPTER V.

THE WANIKA.

THE Wanika derive their designation from the country in which they live. "Nika" meaning "wilderness," the addition of the personal prefix "wa," denotes the people, and the signification of the word therefore is "men of the wilderness," or "wilderness folk."

The "wa," however, is the Kisuahili, and not the Kinika prefix; in the latter dialect it becomes "a," the full form being "Anika." It has been pointed out that the country is divided into two sections; so are the people. The break or fall in the mountain range at Duruma severs the two peoples. The southerners take the name of the country they occupy, and are called Wadigo, while the northern people are designated by the Wadigo "Alupanga." The northerners are divided into many sub-tribes, all taking the names of the districts in which they live. There are the Watai, the Waduruma, the Warabai, the Waribe, the Wakambe, the Wajibana, the Wachogni, the Wak-auma, and the Wageriami. Among the Wadigo, the tribe occupying the Shimba range are called Wash-

imba. We give the Kisuahili form of these names for the sake of uniformity.

They are altogether without history, and tradition is almost mute. It is probable that they have not occupied their present territories for more than a couple of centuries. They have the vaguest of notions as to their origin and history. The Warabai believe that they came from the regions about Kilima Njaro. The Wageriama and Waribe declare that they came from the mount Mangea, between the Mangudo, or Uvui, and the river Sabaki. It is not probable that the tribes have each a separate origin; their unquestionable homogeneity goes to disprove this; and it is most likely that the original home of the whole of the Wanika was the region about Mangea. In those days they and the Wapokomo, who now dwell on the banks of the Tana, were possibly one people. They were probably ousted and broken up by the Gallas, when that people came down from the north. Part of them fled and took up their home in the "Nika," and so become what they are. The others fled north, became subject to the Gallas, and took up their quarters where they now dwell. It is wonderful that the Wanika and Wapokomo, though they must have been separated for many generations, resemble each other in almost every particular.

The Wanika are not negroes in the ordinary acceptation of that term. There are those among them who approach very nearly the negro type, and there are individuals who are thoroughly so; but the people, taken as a whole, are certainly not part of that much-abused family. The sugar-loaf skull, low, retreating forehead, flat, spreading noses, thick lips, prognathous

jaws, retreating chins, high calves, bowed shins, large flat feet, and "lark heels," are certainly met with; but, on the other hand, many of the people possess a figure, form, and set of features rather Asiatic than African, and in some cases resembling the European. You are constantly meeting, as Dr. Livingstone says of some of the southern races, with persons who remind you of your acquaintances in your own country. Properly the Wanika would appear to occupy a place between the Shemitic and Hamitic races. They are below the middle size, but some fine men are met with among them. They are, generally speaking, strong and robust. You find among them all shades of colour between a warm olive and a deep black. The majority of them, however, are of the intermediate shades. Black is not admired, as it is considered to be the colour of the slave; the lighter a man is, the more easily is he believed to be possessed of Kiunguana (free) blood.

The mental capacity of the Wanika, as may be supposed, is not of a very high order. It is not to be expected that it should be so. It is wonderful, considering what their condition has been from time immemorial, that they should possess the mental power they do. We talk of races degenerating, and races have degenerated and do degenerate fearfully, but there would seem to be a point below which human nature cannot sink. Admitting the possibility of unlimited degeneration, the wonder is that the Wanika, and the peoples of similar character, have not become downright idiots. Yet they are farther removed from idiocy than from a high intellectuality. The great Creator would seem to have placed an impassable barrier to utter

degeneracy ; but, on the other hand, there is no such barrier in the way of improvement. Is it not astonishing that ages upon ages of neglect, abuse, stagnation, and depravity should not have crushed *the man* altogether out of these people ? Yet so it is, *men cannot become brutes, do what they will* ; they remain *men* in spite of every degrading influence, and however long such influences may continue to operate. The Wanika are a most demoralized and uncultivated people ; letters, science, art, philosophy, and religion are altogether unknown to them, yet they possess all the elements of a mental and moral constitution similar to ourselves. In all that regards the affairs of every-day life they are as keen and sharp-witted as the more cultivated, and can hold their own against all comers. The precocity of children is very remarkable. They learn with wonderful ease and quickness, at least equal to, if not surpassing, that displayed by European children. It must be admitted, however, of the uneducated child, that as he grows up he becomes much duller, and that by the time he gains maturity his mind settles down into the normal condition of inertness and obtuseness. But we are disposed to think that this would be the case with all people, more or less. The mind requires to be educated while it possesses elasticity ; in maturity it becomes hard, rigid, and unyielding. Let the minds of these people be expanded by knowledge in early life, and then the stolidity and incapacity for improvement which now characterizes them in mature years will disappear. The women are mentally inferior to the men, but this is not surprising, considering the life they lead, and the treatment they receive from the other sex.

The moral condition of the Wanika is low, yet again the surprise is that it should not be much lower. It is certainly preferable to that of their semi-civilized neighbours, the Muhammadans of the coast. They are very far from having lost all knowledge of the distinctions between right and wrong. Though they have no written law, they "are a law unto themselves," having the law of God inscribed upon their hearts. Conscience lives in them as the vice gerent of Almighty God, and is ever excusing or else accusing them. It may be blunted, hardened, resisted, and largely suppressed, but there it is ; ages upon ages of degradation have not been able to extinguish it.

Still it is not pretended that the Wanika are free from vice. Drunkenness prevails largely. The older men give themselves up to it upon every possible occasion ; and if there be a point upon which their consciences are at rest, it is upon this. Nothing is done among the Wanika without drink. Marriages, births, deaths, civil and religious rites, and all "maneno" (palavers) are celebrated by drinking carousals. Sometimes these celebrations continue for weeks together, and are kept up day and night. The people are not all equally given to this vice. Some are scarcely ever sober, others only go too far on special occasions, and others are seldom ever seen worse for drink. Drunkenness is not common among young men, and among women it is hardly ever witnessed. It may be regarded as the special privilege of the older men. A teetotaller is met with here and there.

Lying is to the Wanika almost as the very breath of their nostrils, and all classes, young and old, male and female, indulge in it. A great deal of their lying

is without cause or object ; it is lying for lying's sake. You ask a man his name, his tribe, where he lives, or any other simple question of like nature, and the answer he gives you will, as a rule, be the very opposite of the truth ; yet he has nothing to evade or gain by so doing. Lying seems to be more natural to him than speaking the truth. He lies when detection is evident, and laughs at it as though he thought it a good joke. He hears himself called a mulongo (liar) a score of times a day, but he notices it not, for there is no opprobrium in the term to him. To hide a fault he lies with the most barefaced audacity and blindest obstinacy. In such a case he dare look in the face of the sun and declare that it does not shine. Evidence is nothing ; be it as convincing as it may, he meets it with dogged denial. When his object is gain, he will invent falsehoods wholesale, and deal them out with an ease, a volubility, coolness, and an apparent sincerity which would carry all before them, if his character were not known. As it is, he often succeeds in making his lying pass current, and it pays him on the whole pretty well. He boasts that ulongo (lying) is his pesa (pice, ha'pence), and holds bare truth to be the most unprofitable commodity in the world. But while he lies causelessly, objectlessly, recklessly in self-defence or for self-interest, he is not a *malicious* liar. He does not lie with express intent to do others harm ; this he would consider immoral, and he has sufficient goodness of heart to avoid indulging therein. Ill feeling may often get the better of him, and strong passion may drive him to extremes, but as a rule he is not fond of "bending his tongue like a bow" for the purpose of shooting poisoned arrows to the

wounding of his friends. I have often been struck with the manner in which he has controlled his tongue when the character and interest of others have been at stake.

The Wanika, taken as a whole, are not thieves. Individuals there are who have the propensity to help themselves to what is not their own, but it would be wrong to judge a whole people by the doings of a few. A thief may not be held in the greatest abhorrence by the Wanika, but he is certainly a by-word, a proverb, and a laughing-stock among them. Some of them are really honest, and would not steal on any account. The Waribe are considered the most thievishly inclined of all the Wanika, so much so that they have a proverb among them to the effect that he is not a child of Ribe who does not steal; and yet, during a residence of ten years among them, thieves have only troubled us on two or three occasions, and they have always been the same parties; yet we leave our doors and windows open night and day, so that opportunities are not wanting, if the people were disposed to steal. In times of famine they may help themselves to cassada, but this is as venial an offence as it would be for a hungry man in England to carry away a few turnips from a field through which he may happen to pass.

The breach of the seventh commandment is common, but it is held to be a serious offence, and is punished by fine when discovered. Wilful cold-blooded murders are almost unknown. Such atrocities as fill the columns of our daily papers in England—a wife murdering her husband, husband the wife, fathers and mothers their children—would, if read to these savages, excite their

utmost horror, and produce upon their minds the impression that we are far greater savages than they. Suicide is never heard of. Life is too easy, and too much valued by these simple people, to admit of self-murder.

But they have minor faults. A leading feature of the Wanika is the indolence of the men. A young man will work till he gets a wife or two, but thenceforward he thinks himself above toil, and he gives himself up to roaming from hut to hut, attending maneno (palavers), toddy-drinkings, feasting (when he can), and sleep. His requirements small, he is content to live upon what the labours of the women procure for him, and seldom or never condescends to lend them a helping hand. The women work hard ; they are the veriest slaves of the men. From sunrise till sundown they are engaged in one way or another, and their life is one unceasing piece of drudgery. The consequence is that in muscular development they often exceed the men ; and their hands are not only hard, but horny with their incessant toil.

Allied to their laziness is their mendicity ; all the Wanika are great beggars. Like children, they covet all they see, and they never lose anything for the want of asking for it. Nothing can exceed their importunity. Undaunted by the most positive refusals, they press their suit till they excite your anger, and then coolly ejaculating, " Muchoyo we" (you niggard), they retire with disgust. They see nothing undignified in begging. Stealing they admit is wrong, but " ku voya" (to beg) they consider highly proper.

Their method of begging is sometimes most uncouth. Thus : " I say, white man, give me so-and-so. You

wont ? Then you are a hard, bad fellow. Shan't come to see you again." Some, however, are more finished and elaborate. They prepare themselves largely beforehand. A man who, for some purpose or other, has fixed his mind upon getting a cloth will appear before you in the most miserable rags he can procure. With a long face and downcast eyes he tells you a tale of sorrow that would move the hardest heart. He assures you that you are the greatest man upon the earth, a shaha (chief), a sultan, a god ; he is your servant, your slave, he will go with you to the death. He strokes your beard, kisses your hand, hugs your knees, and salutes your very feet. Oh, if you will but help him he is yours for ever. He is a perfect master of flattery, and his obsequiousness knows no bounds. He gains his object, and snaps his fingers at his dupe.

The Wanika have been said to be utterly ungrateful. I have not found this to be the case. Their language is wanting in an equivalent for our "thanks," but they have ways by which they express the feeling. A man may utter no word upon the reception of a gift, and to all appearance no gratitude has been excited in his heart, but he goes away and tells every one he meets about the matter, and sounds the praises of the donor. Similarly the Jews behaved in the days of our Lord. The moment a man was healed, leaving the presence of the great Physician, his heart overflowing with gratitude, and, despite strict charges to keep the matter secret, he proclaimed on all hands what had been done for him, and loudly extolled the Saviour. Could gratitude be more expressive ?

In the heroic virtues the Wanika are wanting. Either these qualities have never been developed in

them, or they have been crushed out of them. Anything approaching manliness, courage, ambition, is seldom met with. The people boast sometimes of what they were in former days, but they admit that they are not now what they once were. Cowardice and pusillanimity now characterize the whole race. Lethargic and unenterprising, they accept their present lot, and make no endeavour to improve it. They are in a state of complete stagnation.

They have, however, some redeeming qualities. Family affection and love of home is very strong in them, almost amounting to a passion; mothers love their children very tenderly, and, as a rule, the sentiment is reciprocated by the children. The maternal feeling finds strange expression at times. A woman who has no children will often dress up a rude doll, and carry it about with her in the manner in which children are carried; anything to meet the yearnings of her nature. Let sickness creep into a family, and the affectionate nature of the people is fully roused. They attend upon each other with the utmost assiduity, and do their very best to assist one another, and to alleviate each other's sufferings.

Respect for the aged is another of their favourable traits. Young people always make way for their elders, vacating their seats in favour of the latter, deferring to their opinions, and retiring to the background when they are present. A young man meeting an elderly woman in the path gives her the precedence, stands aside at a distance, and salutes her most respectfully. A kindness of disposition, too, is exemplified by the manner in which they carry on their visitations among each other. They never make

a call upon a friend empty-handed, nor are they allowed to depart without a blessing. A fowl, a basket of grain, or, if nothing better can be afforded, a pot of water will be taken, "ka lamusa," to make a complimentary call upon a friend, and upon departure the "ku fugula" (to set free) ceremony is never forgotten; presents equal to the individual's means are always made. The Wanika are hospitably inclined to strangers. They make you welcome to their best. They give you the best lodgings they have, place before you the best of their provisions; the best mat, or skin, or stool is brought out for your accommodation, and upon your departure they load you with a present of grain, fowls, a goat, or an ox, as food for you by the way; and carry their politeness so far as to accompany you sometimes for a long distance on the road.

It will be readily understood that the religious ideas of the Wanika are of the crudest kind. They are pure heathen. It is a remarkable fact that though they have been associating with the Muhammadans of the coast for centuries, Islamism has made scarcely any impression upon them. A few Wadigo and Waduruma have partially adopted the Kisuahili dress, and proudly call themselves Islam. Now and then a man quarrels with his friend or tribes folk, goes to the coast, and asks to be admitted to the company of the faithful, but the great body of the people remain untouched and unaffected by Muhammadanism.

Their notions of the Supreme Being are very vague, though the idea of a God is not lost to them. Yet it is a singular fact that they have no other name for

God than the word which they apply to the visible heavens. This word is "Mulungu." Thus in translating the first chapter of Genesis you must write, "In the beginning Mulungu created Mulungu," unless a word be borrowed from another tongue. When asked what God is, they look at you vacantly, and often declare that they do not know. When pressed upon the matter, they point you to the sky. Yet when asked to account for the existence of natural phenomena—the sun, moon, stars, the earth, the sea, the air, rain, vegetation, animals and human beings—they admit that all must have come from "Mulungu" (God). Thus they have an indefinite notion of God as the Creator. Indeed, they attribute everything beyond the power of man to "Mulungu." Of the attributes of this Being they have most imperfect and erroneous conceptions. They apprehend something of His power and skill, as exemplified in His works, though it is doubtful if their ideas upon these subjects possess in their minds any definite shape. They admit them, and seem to realize them partially when their attention is called to them, otherwise they appear to be beyond the region of their thought. Of God's omniscience and omnipresence they have no idea. Regarding His moral attributes they are altogether astray. God's mercy, love, holiness, truth, and justice are unknown to them. The only moral quality they ascribe to Him is that of *vindictiveness* and *cruelty*! "Mulungu," say they, without hesitation, "ni mui" (God is bad). "Who is it that afflicts the world with locusts, pestilence, drought, and death? Who," they exclaim, "carries off our wives, our brothers, our sisters, to the grave?" All this they consider to be the work

of God, and they therefore think of Him, when they think of Him at all, with horror !

Such being their notions of the Supreme Being, it is not to be expected that they feel themselves responsible to Him in any degree. They know nothing of God as a judge before whom they must stand, and to whom they must render an account of their deeds. Of sin or moral delinquency they have no sense. They recognize no law above themselves ; they follow their instincts, their impulses, their conscience, such as it is ; and in doing so they conceive themselves to be doing what is right. They are no doubt conscious of violating at times the law of their own minds, but they neither appear to feel compunction nor to apprehend punishment. Of their duty towards God they have not the least conception ; they are lost to the first four commandments of the decalogue ; but of their duty towards their neighbours they have pretty clear ideas. The last six commandments are written upon their hearts, and, on the whole, they follow the light they have much more fully than is generally supposed of the savage ; at any rate, they regard their own conduct with perfect complacence. The charge of being "sinners" they repel with indignation, for they believe themselves to be one of the best-disposed and best-behaved of peoples.

Though they have no idea of prayer in any true sense, "Ku voya Mulungu" (to pray God) is an expression which is commonly heard among them. What they mean by this it is very difficult to ascertain, simply because they have no clear ideas upon the subject themselves. The exorcism of evil spirits, the propitiating of the angry powers, and the supplica-

tion of the unknown deity, are all comprehended under the expression, the object being to prevent, avert, or destroy the evil which "Mulungu" is supposed to inflict, or to prevail upon him to withdraw the infliction and bestow some favour. The modes in which it is performed vary greatly. The repetition of certain incantations, drumming and dancing performances, sacrificial ceremonies, offerings of fowls, goats, sheep, cattle, etc.; the use of charms, and uganga (sorcery), are some of the ways in which it is done. Anything but a direct and simple appeal to God for His aid and blessing. But with their views of what God is, *such* prayer were impossible.

Life beyond the grave is unknown to the Wanika. Death with them is the end of being; it is annihilation, an eternal sleep, a dreadful leap in the dark. They see nothing, they hope for nothing further, and they accept their fate with stolid indifference. Yet they do not like thinking about it, and when pressed for their opinion they admit that it is an unpleasant subject. "It is bad," say they, "but what are we to do? it is our lot." When assured that there is an after-existence, they laugh their incredulity in your face, and treat you as though they thought you were trying to impose upon them, not hesitating at times to give you the lie direct. Yet they believe in the existence of what they call "korma," the manes of the departed, or, as the term may mean, evil spirits. But, again, their notions of what those spirits are, are of the most shadowy character, and cannot be said to indicate either a belief of an existence after death, or of a separate spirit-world.

As may be supposed, superstition takes the place

of religion among such a people as the Wanika. If they have any religion at all, it is associated with Uganga. Captain Speke says that Uganga is the church, and that the Mganga is the priest of Africa. There is something in this. The Mganga is prophet, priest, and doctor all in one. The Wanika pretend to believe that the science of Uganga is all powerful, but it is doubtful if they themselves do not see its hollowness. Some of them do not hesitate to express their disbelief in it, despite a superstitious fear which creeps over them at the same time that there may after all be some truth in it. The Wanika believe in the power and efficacy of charms and amulets, and they wear them in great variety ; legs, arms, neck, waist, hair, and every part of the body are laden with them, either for the cure or prevention of disease ; for the expulsion or repulsion of evil spirits ; and to keep at bay snakes, wild animals, and every other evil. They hang painted calabashes from the Baobab at their hut doors to keep away thieves ; shells, dolls, eggs scratched over with Arabic characters by the "Wana Chuoni" (sons of the book) of the coast, are placed about their plantations and in their fruit trees, and they believe that death would overtake a thief who should disregard them. A charm bound to the leg of a fowl is ample protection for the village. There is no doubt that, superstitious as the people are, they dread running great risks for the sake of small gains, and so these charms answer their purpose. Of religion beyond this they have none.

Government among the Wanika is an exceedingly loose and an almost powerless institution. It is founded upon the principle of "State Independency,"

each tribe attending to its own affairs. There is no general government, nor any bond of union among them whatever. This state of things has no doubt led to their spoliation and present broken-down condition. Their want of union has invited attack. Had they been an united people, they might have bidden defiance to all comers; but, disjointed as they have been, they have become an easy prey to their foes.

It is not an easy matter to define what their government really is. It is a strange mixture of Monarchy, Constitutionalism, and Republicanism. Each tribe has its "Shaha" (chief), its "Mvaya" (House of Lords), and its "Kambi" (House of Commons), the rest of the people being "niere" (young men), women, and children.

The chieftainship is hereditary, but it is confined to the male line; and when all the male members of one family have perished, it then passes over to that of the next brother. The Shaha has no power to act apart from the "Mvaya" and "Kambi." His privileges and emoluments are almost *nil*, the honour of his position being his chief reward. But if he be a man of energy and spirit, he may make something of his office; he may also exert a great influence; indeed, do almost as he pleases. It is so in some cases, but in others the Shaha is the poorest, weakest, and most uninfluential man of the tribe. Unless he can do something for himself, the people will do nothing for him; they say it is the duty of the Shaha to help them. If he, therefore, be a man of substance, and can dispense his benefits among his people, he can work everything to his will, and his

power is almost absolute. He, of course, shares the black-mail, visitors' presents, fines, and whatever other means come to the exchequer, but this does not amount to much.

The Mvaya has been called the "House of Lords" because it is constituted of the oldest men of the tribe, and is looked upon as a kind of "upper house" between the Kambi and the Shaha. They are the immediate counsellors of the chief, but have no power to act in any matter, except in conformity with the wishes of the Kambi.

The Kambi is really the governing body. It is composed of all adults who pay the costs of initiation. The ceremonies associated with induction into the order are in keeping with the barbarity of the people. The candidate, by the fees he pays, provides ample means for several days of feasting, rioting, and drunkenness. The demands made upon him are in proportion to his means, and whatever they may be they are sure to be pressed to the utmost. He is, as a rule, thoroughly fleeced, and so is made to pay "very dear for his whistle."

When visiting on one occasion the Kaya of Ribe, one of these ceremonies was proceeding, and I was admitted behind the scenes. Taken to the candidate for admission into the order, I found him behind a screen of platted palm-leaves, stretched at full length upon the ground. He lay stone still, as if dead. Over his head had been spread a covering of soft mud, an inch thick, looking like a close-fitting cap, and he was lying in the manner I have described till the mud should be baked and hardened in the sun. But this was only the foundation of further ornamen-

tation. By the man's side I observed a basket of red clay and a quantity of grey wool, which had been shorn from some one's head. These materials, I was told, would be mixed together into a stiff mortar, and then spread over the man's entire head and face. Horns were to be mounted over each eye, one upon the middle of the forehead, and two others at the back of the head. The ears were to be filled and the nostrils plugged with clay. The mouth was to be stretched to the utmost with a skewer, extending from corner to corner. His neck was to be adorned with beads, iron-chain, etc., and his limbs with bands of skin, etc. Everything was to be done to make him as hideous in appearance as possible.

When this "get up" is complete, the man is turned into the woods, and is allowed to do as he pleases. He prowls around like a demon, making frightful noises, and is the terror of the country. Dr. Krapf says that he is expected to kill some one before the ceremony is over, and this, I have no doubt, was the case in former times, but I believe it is not so now.

The chief part of the ceremony is the putting on of the "luho" or "uvo." This is a ring of horn or rhinoceros hide, and is the badge of the order. It is placed upon the arm just above the elbow, and the ceremony is not complete till this ornament has been put in its place. The wily Wanika, however, do not hurry with this part of the proceeding. The ring is first put upon the wrist; but before going further, grist to the mill is demanded—supplies must be forthcoming. It will then be raised a little higher up the arm, then other demands will be made. So they go on till the man's means are thoroughly exhausted,

and he has nothing more to give. Then the ceremony is concluded. It sometimes lasts for many days, during which time those who are concerned in it run the wildest riot, and day and night continue their disgusting orgies. It is a dark picture, but here the curtain shall fall.

Every adult expects to become a member of the Kambi, and there are not many who do not attain to the honour. Thus it becomes a parliament composed of almost the entire people, which has but little to do but to govern itself. Its chief occupation is that of feasting. It consumes all fines, black-mail, and other "ada" (dues), which often coming in the shape of cattle, etc., the order has been termed a "society of beef-eaters," and it is this privilege which makes the order so popular.

The laws of the country are those of "ada" (custom). The question with the Wanika is not "what is right?" but "what is the custom?" and before this they bow with the utmost servility. Thus the government is severely conservative. Reform they abominate; improvement upon the old state of things is not allowed. The son must not aspire to anything better than his father has had before him. If a man dares to improve the style of his hut, to make a larger doorway than is customary; if he should wear a finer or different style of dress to that of his fellows, he is instantly fined; and he becomes, too, the object of such scathing ridicule, that he were a bold man indeed who would venture to excite it against himself.

The penal code is based upon the requirements of the Kambi. As has been pointed out, it is the

privilege of that body to be fed and feasted. Most crimes and misdemeanours therefore are punished by fine. For debt, theft, assault, adultery, etc., the offenders are mulcted in their flocks and herds, the fines, of course, being devoured by the Kambi. An incorrigible thief is sometimes sold out of the country, and a man's children may be seized and enslaved for debt. There are two crimes which are visited with capital punishment—murder, and an improper use of Uganga (sorcery). A Mganga, for instance, is supposed to have the control of the elements in his hands. Therefore should the country suffer from drought, the probability is that the Mganga will be suspected of maliciously preventing the rain; and as this is held to be a crime equal to murder, the man will be punished accordingly. Sometimes, however, expulsion from the country, or the sale of the individual into slavery, is substituted for capital punishment. Trial takes place before the Kambi, its members being both judge and jury. The accuser and accused meet face to face, and witnesses on both sides are patiently heard. The case is well sifted, and is discussed *pro* and *con* by the judges, with a good deal of acuteness and ability, and it must be admitted, not unseldom with much fairness; though no doubt personal relationships, friendships, and bribes will now and then interfere with the administration of even-handed justice. In doubtful and mysterious cases, trial by ordeal is resorted to. This is called by the Wasuahili “Kiapo,” and by the Wanika “Kiraho.” It is administered in different ways. The following may be mentioned. First, the “Kiraho cha Tsoka” (the ordeal of the axe). This consists of

applying a red-hot axe four times to the palm of the hand of the suspected person. Secondly, the "Kiraho cha Sumba" (the ordeal of the needle). In this case a red-hot needle is put through the lips of the individual. Thirdly, the "Kiraho cha Chungu cha Gnanu" (the ordeal of the kettle of copper). A copper vessel containing a stone is put upon the fire, and both are heated to the highest pitch; and the trial here consists in taking the stone from the kettle by the hand. Fourthly, the "Kiraho cha Kikahi (the ordeal of the piece of bread), the accused man being compelled to eat a piece of poisoned bread. In each case, if he take no harm, he is deemed innocent; but if the fire burn him, or the needle draw blood, or the poisoned bread do him any injury, he is pronounced to be guilty, and punishment is proceeded with.

Associated with the government of the Wanika are the "Moro" and the "Muanza." The former is a hut built in the Kaya, which is looked upon with great awe by the people. None but the initiated are allowed to enter it. In it are kept the insignia of office, wonderful relics of former days, trophies of victories won in the past, magic horns, drums, and other instruments; and above all, the Muanza itself. The latter is a kind of drum about six feet long. A portion of the trunk of a tree about this length is hollowed out to within an inch of one end. Over the open end is stretched the skin of a goat or a sheep, through the centre of which a thong is passed, being kept in place by a knot on the inner side. The instrument is rudely carved and painted. The natives operate upon it by taking a wisp of cocoa-nut fibre in each hand, seizing the thong, pulling at it, hand over hand,

and allowing it to slip by rapid jerks through their grasp. The vibrations thus produced create some of the most hideous sounds imaginable. Sometimes they resemble the rumbling of distant thunder, now the roaring of a lion, and now what may be imagined of the moaning of some demon in agony. For the purpose of producing the greater effect the operation is often performed by night. When all nature has fallen into the profoundest silence, and dense darkness covers all, the horrible bellowings of this drum, rolling through the forests, up the valleys, echoing and re-echoing among the hills, accompanied by the howls and shrieks of a drunken crowd of savages, become really terrifying, reminding one of Dante's "Inferno," and creating sensations such as you might suppose yourself to be the subject of in that dismal abode. Such is the superstitious terror with which the Wanika regard the Muanza, that they believe it to be certain death for anyone but the initiated to look upon it; even an accidental sight of it is considered to be fatal. Whenever the instrument is brought from its secrecy by day the Wanika rush into their huts, close the doorways, and bury their faces in their hands, lest they should catch sight of the dreaded monster. There are two "Mianza," one belonging to the men, and the other to the women, each having associated with it its own peculiar rites.

The government of the Wanika is not now what it must have been in earlier times. Everything in connection with them is falling into decadence. They are going down. The "Shaha," the "Mvaya," and the "Kambi" are becoming more and more effete.

Every man does what is right in his own eyes ; liberty, fraternity, and equality being the order of the day.

The occupations of the Wanika are pastoral and agricultural, but they are becoming almost entirely the latter. Twenty years ago the people were rich in cattle, goats, and sheep, but in 1858 they were attacked by the terrible Masai, who drove all before them, and carried off all the stock the country possessed. Since that time the Wanika have turned their attention to the cultivation of the soil. They have not the heart to feed cattle, as they say they should only be doing it for the Masai. The Wageriama and Waduruma however do something in this way, but they are in constant dread of an attack ; indeed, they have been the subjects of several raids of late, all of which have been more or less ruinous. They would do better if they were to turn their attention altogether to agricultural pursuits, at least, unless they could so organize themselves as to enable them to resist the attacks of the Masai. But tilling the ground is too hard work to be compatible with the tastes of the men, and they will not do it. They look upon it as the work of slaves ; and as the women are really the slaves of the men, the women have to do it. They, poor creatures, have to do everything that has to be done. They attend to household duties, draw the water, fetch home the firewood, pound and grind the corn, cook the food, cultivate the soil, and, indeed, do everything, life with them being one long piece of drudgery. The men do scarcely anything but eat and drink. Young unmarried men in poor circumstances may do some-

thing to obtain a wife or wives, but this accomplished they yield themselves up to indolence, eschewing work as if it were sin. In order to raise the means for the purchase of wives, some young men give themselves to the cultivation of the soil, but they prefer lighter occupations. Others devote their whole time to "ku gema," the tapping of the coconut palm for toddy; but more engage themselves as "wapagazi," porters, upon the Kisuahili caravans, which go into the interior in search of ivory, etc. Toddy-tapping is a favourite pursuit, because it involves but little labour, pays pretty well, and affords abundant opportunity for gossip and guzzle. Morning, noon, and night the mgema (tapper) collects the wine, and bleeds the tree afresh. This occupies him each time only a few minutes, and the intervals he devotes to maneno (palaver), drinking, dancing, song-singing, and merriment. Porterage suits the young Mnika for similar reasons. On the whole it is not hard work, and it constantly introduces him into fresh society, where, such is the universality of African hospitality and fondness for talk, he generally obtains plenty to eat and drink, and spends night and day, sometimes for many weeks together, when the caravan is at a halt, in listening to the story-telling of his host, in recounting his own experiences, the news of his country, and the wonders of his own race. In handicraft the Wanika are not clever. All that they attempt in this way is the building of their own thatched hen-coops, which they call "niumba" (huts), the making of a rude "uriri," (cartel or bedstead), cutting out a stool, a mortar and pestle, hafting hoes and axes, drawing wire,

making small iron chains, iron and brass beads, bows and arrows, and other nick-nacks not worth mentioning. The older men are fond of whiling away their time by plaiting good strong mats of "milala" (the fan-palm leaf). They also make useful bags and baskets of the same material.

The recreations and pastimes of the Wanika are numerous. Every fourth day is a day of rest. Even the women can claim exemption from the harder kind of toil, such as that of the plantation, on that day, though their household duties, heavy enough in themselves, always remain to them. Several great festivals are held in the course of the year. The Wanika have their "muaka" (new year,) harvest, and other celebrations; and each class of society—the "mvaya," the "kambi," the "achi," (women), and the aniere (young folk)—has its own peculiar ceremonies. Every great event, too, is made the occasion of a festival, so also are many minor and very common ones. Even sorrowful events are turned into seasons of mirth, for these people do not believe in nursing sorrow. Their motto is, "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow we die." They treat life as if it were a great joke. The modes in which they conduct their festivities are various, and they have many kinds of dances, all distinguished by different names. Some are describable, others are not. "Kimombui," is a favourite dance with the young people, in which both sexes join. Those engaged in it form a circle, one of the party being sent into the centre. All in place, some one begins a recitation at the top of his voice, and this is followed by a chorus in which all

join with all the lung and throat power they possess, leaping and dancing in time, the males creating an ear-splitting clatter by slapping the fleshy part of the left arm with the open palm of the right hand. At certain stages the individual in the centre chooses any one from the circle for a little flirtation by themselves, which done, the first returns to the ranks, leaving to the latter the privilege of pursuing a similar course. This kind of thing is often carried on without intermission for several days together. "Sayo" is another kind of dance indulged by the young. In this case the head and shoulders of all who join in it are painted red, dotted with white, and they are otherwise elaborately got up. A peculiar method of clapping the hands, by a horizontal movement, with arms bent and elbows stuck out, is the chief characteristic of this dance. "Ndaro" is the Kinika war-song, and is only practiced on rare and great occasions, when national interests are concerned. In this performance there is a combination of the wildest attitudes, the most ferocious demonstrations, grotesque expressions of countenance, and terrific sounds imaginable; once seen and heard it is never forgotten.

Here a few words may be in place regarding births, marriages, deaths, funerals, etc. Births are occasions of great joy, as much of females as of males. Unlike some orientals, the Wanika do not object to daughters; they rather like them. Sons are expensive, they bring nothing in, and wives have to be procured for them. Daughters, on the other hand, do a great deal of work when at home, and always bring to the parents a sum of money, more or less, at

marriage. From the simplicity of the lives of these people, and the activity and the physical strength of the women, the process of parturition takes place often with marvellous ease. It has been boasted that a woman has left her hut alone for the forest to fetch thence a bundle of firewood, and that she has been seen presently to return to her home with the wood upon her head, and her new-born child upon her back! It is common for them to be "up and about" two or three days only after the birth of a child.

Infanticide is practised among the Wanika. It does not, however, appear, as in India and elsewhere, to be a religious institution, but one having its origin in very different instincts and motives, those of general convenience and comfort. This will be seen when we point out those who are the victims of the practice. Formerly twins were destroyed, but this custom does not prevail among the present race of Wanika. The cases are, first, those of mispresentation; secondly, children deformed in any way; thirdly, those exhibiting any unusual precocity. The first case is considered ominous in the extreme; deformity is looked upon as a nuisance; while precocity portends the warrior and tyrant, who will bring destruction and misery upon the whole race. "What!" say the Wanika, "are those to live who are unpleasant to look upon, who are a burden to themselves and friends, or those who are destined to become the scourge of the country?" The mode in which the victims of this shocking custom are despatched is by strangulation. Yet let it not be supposed that it arises out of any natural cruelty in

the breasts of these people, but rather in the dire and inexorable tyranny of custom.

Marriage with the Wanika is a very free and easy arrangement, and it is effected by the payment of dowry on the part of the bridegroom to the father of the bride. It is nothing more nor less than the purchase of a wife. The terms settled, a festival is held in which the friends of both families and many others join. All are witnesses of the event, and of course the celebration fastens it upon their minds. It is accompanied with a great deal of drunkenness, debauchery, and license; vocal and instrumental music enlivens the occasion, and all extra excitement is let off by "Kimombui," and other dances of a similar nature.

The dowry paid for a wife is not so large in these as it is said to have been in former days. A slave woman can be purchased anywhere on the coast for from twenty-five to thirty dollars, and in the interior they become cheaper and cheaper the farther you go for them. Such being the case, fathers have to accept lower prices, otherwise they would find their daughters hanging on their hands, for men would purchase slaves in preference to marrying free women. Here there is a glimpse of the dreadfully demoralizing influence which the existence of the slave-trade must have upon the characters and social condition of these peoples. Let Christian philanthropists take home to their hearts the lesson herein taught.

The social condition of woman has already been hinted at; it is something fearful, and will hardly bear looking at. A woman here is a toy, a tool, a slave in the very worst sense; indeed she is treated as though she were a mere brute!

Marriage is not an indissoluble union among the Wanika. They can snap the bond at pleasure. If the parties weary of each other they separate without any formality, except that the husband demands the return of his money. It often happens that a man will agree to deliver his wife to a friend upon that friend paying him the sum he may have originally given for her himself, and this may occur many times in the course of one life. On the other hand, there are many who maintain their union down to the grave.

Polygamy of course exists. A man may marry as many wives as he can pay for, and his greatness and importance is judged of in proportion to their number. The old Hebrew custom prevails among them regarding the wife or wives of a deceased man ; they fall to the lot of the brother next in years, though he may have already several wives of his own. He may, however, marry them to other men if he chooses to do so ; for of course he is not more bound to keep them than he is to keep his own wives, but if he part with them he claims the dowry. They are therefore always deemed an acquisition and not a burden.

Death is looked upon as an unmitigated calamity ; yet funerals are turned into seasons of uproarious jollification and excitement. They will not look at the horrible skeleton-form and ghastly shadow ; they shrink from it ; they avert their glance, close their eyes, and do everything in their power in order to avoid catching a sight of the dread foe. "What good," say they, "is to be got by brooding over one's sorrows? If we were to do so, we should get no rest either by day or by night. If we think of the dead by day we

shall dream of them by night. No, no; we must keep away the korma (spirits) from our sleeping hours." So they provide abundance of food; the toddy-bowl goes round; the drum, the dance, the song, all are called into requisition to drive away the gloom, and to keep all ghosts and hobgoblins at a distance. The bereaved family has to provide the necessary means for keeping up the celebration, even though the doing so prove its ruin.

The ceremony lasts a certain number of days, according to the importance of the individual deceased. For a child three days are sufficient; for ordinary grown up people about seven days; while for a leading man or chief it is continued much longer, sometimes being carried on at intervals through many months. The Wanika, however, are growing more indifferent to these things now than they were formerly, indeed, there are many irregularities creeping into *all* their customs.

The Wanika bury their dead in deep, well-dug graves. The corpse is carefully wrapped, first, in a sanza (shroud), of new cloth when it can be obtained, and then in another covering of skins or matting over that. The bottom of the grave is cut out to pattern, so as to form a kind of earthen coffin, with ledges higher than the body. On the ledges are laid boards, poles, etc., so as to cover the corpse, and to prevent the soil from coming into immediate contact with it. Elders are buried in the "Kaya" or capital, which is supposed to be the especial abode of the "korma," but as it is not lawful to bury any one in the "Kaya" except those who die in it, old men are always conveyed thither as the time of dissolution

draws near. Should accident or any circumstance prevent this being done, they have to be buried outside the gate ; but even then they are usually conveyed and interred as near to it as possible. Common people are buried in any place that may be selected for the purpose outside the "Kaya." Exceptional cases, such as those who have no friends, criminals, etc., are not buried ; these are thrown aside into the woods, or among the rocks to be devoured by hyænas. The Wanika erect memorial posts, grotesquely carved and bedaubed with paint, at the head of the grave, and at certain times they clear away the weeds, and make "sadaka" (sacrifice) to the manes of the departed by pouring palm wine upon the graves, scattering over them a little grain, and be-sprinkling them with the blood and offal of fowls, goats, etc.

The greatest funeral ceremonies held by the Wanika are those which they get up on the death of hyænas. They regard that animal with the most singular superstition. They look upon it as one of their ancestors, or in some way associated with their origin and destiny. The death of the hyæna is the occasion of universal mourning. The "mahanga" (wake) held over a chief is as nothing compared to that over the hyæna. One tribe only laments the former, but all tribes unite to give importance to the obsequies of the latter. We have hitherto endeavoured in vain to ascertain the origin of this peculiar custom, and to read its significance ; the Wanika cannot explain it themselves. To all your questions the only reply you can get is, "It is our 'ada,' " (custom).

The dwellings and utensils of the Wanika are of the most primitive kind. The ordinary hut is an oblong

framework of poles, say eight feet high at the ridge pole, from twelve to eighteen feet long, and eight or ten wide. It is thatched from top to bottom with hay or straw, and looks when complete like an oblong haystack. There are no windows, nor any means of light or ventilation, except a small hole in the centre of one side, three feet high by two wide. This hole is the only means of ingress and egress for the family and all else. Goats, fowls, etc., are often accommodated with the family. Entering them from the outside glare they appear pitch dark, and as a wood fire is kept perpetually burning upon the floor, and there being no outlet for the smoke, nor any inlet for air, the atmosphere is suffocating, breathing, except to those who are inured, being almost impossible.

The furniture and utensils are easily summed up. In one corner of the hut, raised on posts, two or three feet above the floor, is a framework of sticks, bound together with thongs, called the "chaga" (corn-bin); beneath that on the floor are three loose stones which form the fireplace; and near by is a low bench of sticks bound to cross pieces, called "uriri" (bedstead). Sometimes a small stool is to be found; generally speaking also a mat or two, and a few skins or parts of skins. Two or three earthen cooking-pots, a large water-pot; a few calabashes, large and small; a "kata" (drinking-mug of cocoa-nut shell), a wooden bowl ("pishi") in which to serve the great meal of the day; a mortar and pestle for pounding grain; a slab and a pebble for grindstones; two or three hooked sticks for spoons; and a basket or two for the carriage of things from place to place, complete

the summary of the conveniences to be found in a Kinika hut.

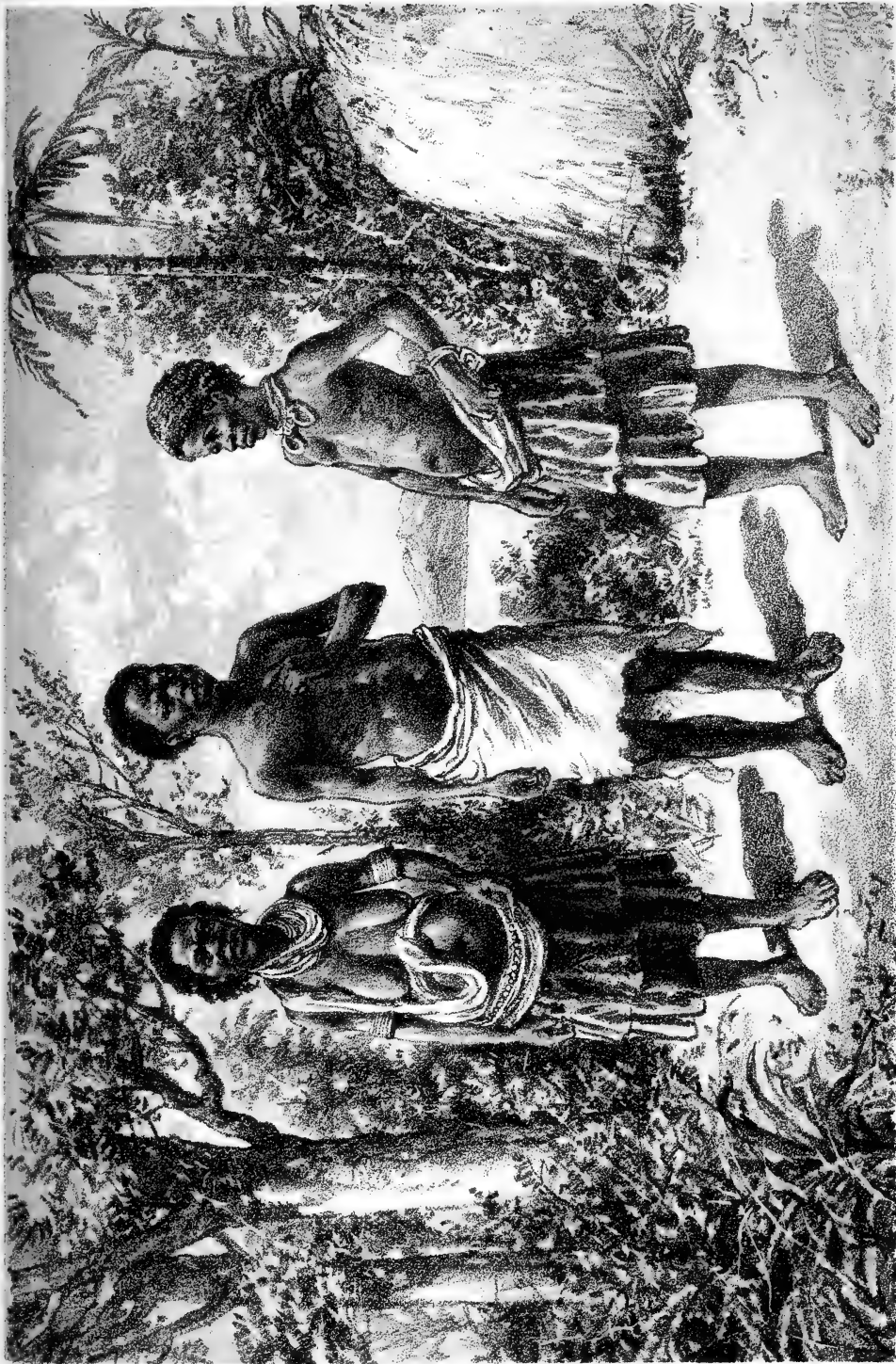
The food of the Wanika is not of a high order. The staple article is matsere (Indian corn), which is ground into a coarse meal, and made into porridge, similar to that made of oatmeal by the Scotch. This porridge the Wanika call "sima," and it is their bread, and their staff of life. "Sima" of Turkish maize and maweles is sometimes eaten as a change. Cassada, sweet potatoes, pulse melons, and the leaves of some of their plants are used as vegetables. A root called "muariga," uneatable except after being long soaked in water and boiled for many hours, is procured from the woods, and turned to account in times of scarcity. Animal food is not largely indulged in because it is not to be had. The Wanika are not rich in flocks and herds, and what they have they feel far more satisfaction in keeping than in killing and eating. It goes to a Mnika's heart to slay a fine bullock. "Sinda bananga mali yango" (I am not going to spoil my property), is his cry. What he has he likes to keep till necessity compels him to part with it. A cow or bullock dying through disease or old age is *killed to save its life*; there is no help for it then, they *must* eat it. Anything that comes to them in hunting, or to their gins and traps, is readily devoured. Sometimes a wild boar, an antelope, a porcupine, an ape is entrapped or shot, and these are always regarded as a treat. But this kind of game is not to be had every day in Unika, so that they often have to content themselves with grubbing for field-rats, white ants, certain kinds of caterpillars, etc., nothing scarcely coming amiss

to them. Shrimps and salt shark, which they get at times from the coast, are greatly relished by them. The only real luxuries they have are "uchi" (palm wine), and "tombako" (tobacco). Concerning the first enough has been said. Tobacco is dearly loved by them, but they like it best in the form of snuff. Only a few smoke, while they take snuff in immense quantities. They carry it about with them in every conceivable variety of vessel, from a plantain leaf to a cow's horn, but the last is the favourite article. The Mnika of advanced years is never without it; he carries it about with him everywhere, and always contrives to have something in it. Of its contents he takes freely himself, and shares it liberally among his friends; indeed every man seems to carry a snuff-horn about with him *pro bono publico*.

In dress and ornaments the Wanika are far below the inhabitants of the coast. The man of years dresses in a very sober fashion. He is generally seen with a dirty cloth, sometimes coloured and sometimes plain, about his loins; another of the same description folded up and thrown over one shoulder; a satchel of skin or mulala (fan-palm leaf) and the indispensable horn containing snuff over the other; a head of close-cropped wool, but sometimes shaven bare, and carrying a "fimbo" (a long, stout staff) in his hand. This is his ordinary style; but there are times when he dresses more grandly. The young man is far more elaborate, though less decent. There he stands. Two yards of cloth, saturated with oil, about his loins; a cord or piece of chain with tinkling bells on his ancles; bands of skin from the forehead and neck of various animals, with the long hair upon them,

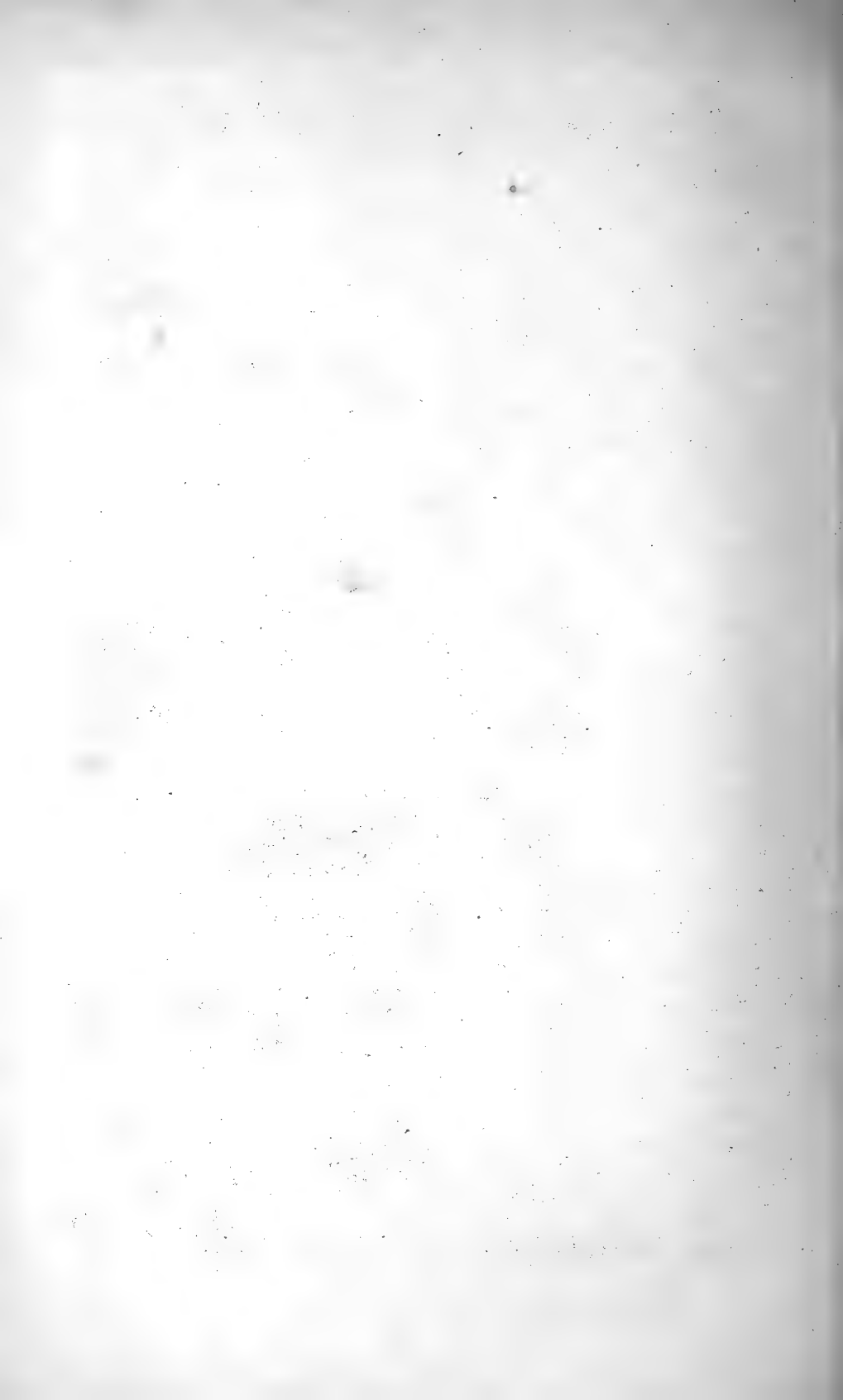
below his knees, and the same kind of thing above his elbows; many brass and iron ornaments upon both arms and legs; a heap of brass and iron chain about his neck; the whole of his head shaven, except a thick tuft about the crown; that tuft twisted into long dangling locks, dripping with a mixture of grease and red earth; his eyebrows shaved off, his eyelashes picked out, his beard ditto; and his whole person anointed from head to foot with oil, so as to make him shine again. There you have the young Mnika, got up for the dance, the embodiment of self-complaisance, and the admiration of his friends.

The female dress is a small skirt reaching from the hips to the knees, with sometimes a loose cloth around her shoulders. About her neck is a heap of party-coloured beads, some ten pounds in weight; her waist is encircled with about double the quantity of the same; her legs and arms are encased in concentric rings of brass and iron wire, as thick as an ordinary lead pencil, reaching from the ankle to the knee, and on the arm from the wrist to the elbow; the same kind of ornaments adorn her upper arms; loops of beads, chain, and other ornaments dangle from the lobes and upper rims of her ears; *her* eyebrows and eyelashes too are gone, and the whole of *her* head is shaven bare. Sometimes, however, for a change, the fore part of her head only, as far back as the ears, is shaven, the rest of the wool being allowed to grow, then twisted into locks similar to those of the young men, and likewise plentifully supplied with grease. In other cases the whole woolly crop is cultivated, and when of sufficient length is twisted into fine cords;



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W A N I K A .
(From Photographs by C. New.)



upon each cord is strung six or eight large, white beads, kept in place by a knot at the end, all standing erect from the head like

“Quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

When complete this headdress looks like a crown of snow upon a sweep!

Now, imagine her running down from head to foot with oil—not unseldom castor oil—and her *tout ensemble* is complete. Lo, the Kinika belle! It should be mentioned that tattooing is resorted to for the adornment of females, and now and then of the males. Every Mnika woman has a zone of small scars, from four to six inches in breadth, just below her waist, consisting of several very close, regular rows. This is the commonest and most simple style, but there are many different patterns. Some, too, have their arms and shoulders tattooed. It is done by picking up the skin with the fingers, and by snicking little pieces of flesh almost off with a knife. It must be a very painful operation to undergo; but what will not people endure for fashion's sake? Only one side of the body can be done at once, as the people require the other to lie upon. When the first is healed then the other side is beautified. In some cases inflammation sets in, and the tattooing runs into one large wound, when, of course, the whole thing becomes a blotch and a failure.

Children under twelve years of age often wear nothing but their beads!

The weapons of the Wanika are not numerous. A well-armed man among them carries a strong bow in his hand, a quiver of poisoned arrows, cruelly barbed

with iron, slung over his shoulders; a njoma (club) or two in his belt, and a lupanga (short sword—a rude piece of iron) hung at his side. Though so near to the coast, the Wanika have not yet adopted firearms. To render themselves as ferocious-looking as possible they dress up in the skins of various animals, mount plumes of feathers upon their heads, and bedaub themselves with mixtures of clay and oil, etc.

Slavery exists among the Wanika; but, on the whole, slaves are not treated unkindly by them. It is a kind of patriarchal institution. Slaves have to work, but their dwellings, food, and clothing are as good as their masters', though it must be admitted they could scarcely be worse. The Wanika are liable in times of famine to be sold as slaves themselves; otherwise they retain their freedom. Even the short-sighted slave-owner of the coast sees that the freedom of the Wanika, is far more advantageous to him than it would be to capture and enslave them. The trade carried on with them in times of peace, and their assistance in war, make them a most valuable ally to the Wasuahili.

The Kinika language is a dialect of the great family spoken by the agricultural races. It is not widely different from the Kisuahili in vocabulary and grammatical construction, though, from the peculiar intonations in which it is spoken, it requires to be diligently listened to before it can be understood; while careful study and long practice are necessary before it can be spoken intelligibly, even though the Kisuahili may have been acquired beforehand.

Dr. Krapf estimates the Wanika, in round numbers, at 50,000 souls. This is probably as near the mark

as it is possible to get, though we should be disposed to put it at a somewhat lower figure.

Such is our picture of the Wanika. They are a poor, degraded race, but they are amenable to gospel influences. If they could be brought under the control of a powerful government, and be made the subject of evangelising endeavour, we cannot but think they would become a much better people, and might be turned to immense account in the development of Africa's resources and the regeneration of her races. If the English government should establish a colony at Mombasa, and should enterprising Englishmen wish to undertake anything in the way of farming, either agricultural or pastoral, they will find a fine country for the purpose in Unika, and willing labourers for a fair wage in the Wanika. The importance of this country and people cannot be overestimated from this standpoint.

CHAPTER VI.

LIFE AT RIBE.

IN the present chapter we propose giving some idea of the kind of life a missionary must lead in a place like Ribe. Ribe, as will have been learned from what has been said already, is one of the many districts into which Unika is divided. It is not one of the largest of them, nor is it one of the most thickly-populated portions of this thinly-peopled land; and it is not therefore, so far, a very eligible field for missionary work. The tribe, however, has been in the past a very important one, distinguished for its superior wisdom in council, and its prowess in war; at least so the people themselves say, and it is allowed to them on all hands. A little of the prestige arising out of these circumstances remains to them yet. Then the position of the tribe is a central one. It possesses the advantage, too, of being within easy reach of Mombasa, half of the distance being accomplished by boat, up to the creek already described. Moreover the people, though they have other objectionable traits, are unusually good-natured, hearty, and hospitable. They appear to have received Dr. Krapf with open arms, and to have

produced an impression upon that gentleman's mind that they would become an easy trophy of evangelical and civilizing influences. The doctor therefore pitched his tent among them; and so it has happened that we have this chapter to write.

The spot selected for the mission station is on the side of a steep hill, commanding a fine prospect of the surrounding country, and in the midst of some of the most beautiful hill-scenery we ever saw. But the place is said to have been haunted. The natives, up to the time of our taking up the position, never ventured to approach it; they would rather go the most roundabout way than do so. It would have been wilderness, and the abode of ghouls and ghosts for ever, if we had not made our residence there. Now the natives admit that the evil spirits have taken their flight, having been driven from their own chosen home by the magic of the white man's presence.

The life we have to describe is that of a missionary; as it is generally understood, I admit, a prosy and almost repulsive subject. The missionary is supposed to be a man—indeed, it has been said that he is a man—who wears black clothes, raises a white choker, eats succulent dinners, and marries several wives. But it is not intimated, we believe, that he marries more than one wife at a time. He is represented as a man who, while looking after number one, presents himself before hungry and naked savages with a bundle of tracts under his arm, an open Bible in his hands, and, ignoring their temporal necessities, professes only a supreme anxiety to clothe them with the “garments of righteousness,” and to “feed them

with the bread of life." Possibly there may be individuals answering to this caricature in the ranks of missionaries,—men who think a great deal more of their own "millinery," their creature comforts, their ministerial or clerical dignity, than of devoting themselves heart and soul to meet the stern necessities of human life in all its phases. Yet, on the other hand, there are those of the Oberlin type, the Williamses, the Moffats, the Livingstones, the Vanderkemps, the Krapfs, the Patesons—men of sterling stuff, who do not care what they are, what they do, or what they suffer, so long as they can alleviate human misery in whatever form it may present itself to them. We want more men of this type, and such only are the men to meet the wants of Eastern Africa.

In taking up a position in a place such as that of Ribe, one is first struck with the novelty of the situation, and all is intensely interesting. You find yourself surrounded with a new class of circumstances; you see all natural phenomena under new aspects; and you feel yourself to be, as it were, in a new world. These sensations, however, cannot, in the nature of things, remain with you long. Novelty is an air-bubble, you see it dancing before your eyes in full-blown proportions and beautiful colours; but ere you have had time to gaze and admire, it suddenly bursts, or gently floats away on the air and disappears. The novelty gone, a feeling of inexpressible desolation creeps over you—a feeling of exile; country, home, friends, social intercourse, religion, civilization, are all left behind, and you have nothing in return but a dreary wilderness, strange suspicious people, unpleasant broodings over contrasts, barbarism everywhere,

and nothing to look upon but scenes of degradation and depravity.

Under such circumstances it were impossible for a man to live, unless he were either one of essentially low tastes, of cold, phlegmatic, indifferent, stolid temperament, having some strong cowardly or selfish motive actuating him; or unless, on the other hand, he were moved by a deep conviction of duty, and were devoting himself to such a life for the sake of introducing the means which, in his estimation, should improve and raise the state of things around him to his own level. Men of the former type are to be found, both in and out of the ranks of missionaries, but the true missionary is of the latter class; and the life he has to lead becomes tolerable for the sake of the great work he has in hand.

But before his labours can be commenced in a country like Africa, the climate has to be grappled with and conquered. No man can live long in the jungles of East Africa without being attacked by the "mkunguru," the fever of the country. I will try to describe it. It is a severe intermittent. It comes upon you, first, in a strong rigour, which makes the teeth chatter in your head, and shakes your whole frame with extreme violence; this, in time, yields to an intense burning, that almost consumes you. This stage is attended with severe pains in the head, tending to, and often culminating in, delirium. Lastly a profuse perspiration breaks out, and you almost melt away, saturating pillow and mattress through and through. This over you feel the fever gone, but you are reduced to the weakness of a child. A similar attack, however, may be expected on the following

day, or in two, or three, or four days' time, according to the type it may assume ; that is to say, unless you can prevent its recurrence by the use of the proper remedies. Quinine is, of course, our sheet-anchor in our struggles with this malady. The effect of this remedy is wonderful. You feel it going through your system, seizing upon the disease and driving it out, like one spirit expelling another. A great deal has been said about the possibility of becoming acclimatized in the course of time, but our experience speaks rather against than in favour of the popular notion of acclimatization. If we have had one we shall be within bounds if we say that we have had hundreds of fevers, and we continued to have them to the end of a ten years' residence in Africa ; indeed, they have followed us to this country. Still they have not been so violent of late years as they were formerly. The attacks we get now, however, are sufficiently severe. They come upon you most insidiously. Before you are aware of it you find yourself carried away ; all your powers are paralyzed, and you fall completely prostrate.

Life at Ribe is sadly marred by the presence and constant recurrence of fever. The first year is generally a struggle for existence. *We* certainly found this to be the case. It is not in every instance that the struggle is successful, many cannot but succumb. This must be so everywhere in East Africa. Among the merchants of Zanzibar, the missionaries of the University's mission of the same place, the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society at Rabai, a large proportion have died. We too have suffered in the same way. As we have already

pointed out, several of our first staff failed seriously in health ; and before long death made its appearance in our ranks. In 1864 the Rev. E. Butterworth came to reinforce the mission at Ribe. He was a fine young man of twenty-three ; intelligent, cultured, noble-minded, heroic ; a true missionary, who came to do or die. The fever seized upon him at once. He was soon prostrate. Again and again the attacks returned, each time with increased severity. At length the intermittent gave place to the remittent form of the malady ; and a few weeks after his arrival on the coast he died. It was on a Saturday night, between twelve and one o'clock, that he breathed his soul into the hands of the God who gave it. We shall never forget that dread night. Alone with the dead, in the jungles of Eastern Africa, we watched from midnight till day dawn ; and then, Sabbath though it was, we went to work upon a rude coffin, in which to enclose the remains of our departed colleague. It was a sad Sabbath morning's work. At twelve o'clock on that day the burial took place, committing "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust," till the last great day when the blast of the trumpet shall be heard, and the dead shall rise into "newness of life." Such was one of the most mournful episodes in our life at Ribe. We remember, however, that our grief was greatly alleviated by the presence with us, on a visit to the station, of Colonel Playfair, H.B.M. Consul, Zanzibar ; the Rev. C. Allington ; and Mr. Drayton of the University's mission. We cannot help recording our deep sense of the sympathy and kindness shown to us by these gentlemen. We are sorry to say that the latter, after visiting England for a short

time, returned to Zanzibar, and that ere long he, his wife and child, all became the victims of this terrible climate.

The study of the language was, of course, one of the first things which engaged our attention. Until you have acquired it you are a cipher among the people. In common parlance among themselves you are designated a "mudzinga" (Kiswahili, *mjinga*), an ignoramus or simpleton. We have met with Englishmen ere now who have spoken their own language to foreigners, and finding themselves not understood, have exclaimed in surprise, "What idiots these people are! they don't even understand English!" The natives in Eastern Africa, in the same way, think strangers "deficient" until they make themselves masters of the language. We found the acquirement not a little difficult, though we were greatly aided therein by some previous knowledge of the Kiswahili. The following incident will illustrate the importance of close study, and the disadvantage of imperfect knowledge. At a great "maneno" a missionary was complaining to the elders that he could not get any of the women of the country to grind his corn for him. The verb "to grind" in Kinika is "ku saga," the objective form being "ku sagira." But the missionary was not "well up" in the language, and he used the first instead of the second form. Instead of saying, therefore, that he could not get any of the women to grind *for* him, he complained that he could not get them to *grind him*. The elders who sat near to the missionary, understanding what he meant, had too much politeness to notice the mistake; but those who were at the farther end of the party could not

control their features, and one man almost drove them out of all propriety by nudging his next neighbour, and observing with a broad grin, "*Do you hear? The white man says that he cannot get any women to grind him!*"

While thus contending with the climate and acquiring the language, it is necessary that another work be attended to. It is impossible for the civilized man to live in the huts of the natives; comfort, convenience, and health all require that he should have better places than those in which to dwell. He must, therefore, strip off his coat, and turn his hand to building. The labour this involves in a country like Africa is immense. It is not the mere erection of a cottage or house that has to be done; a more difficult work than this precedes it, namely, the procuring, preparation, and sometimes manufacture of materials. Stone has to be quarried, or bricks made; lime has to be burnt, or, if purchased at the coast, it has to be conveyed over many miles of jungle; wood has to be felled, seasoned, and sawn into planks and beams; and a great deal more must be done before you can begin your building. Some assistance is, of course, obtainable among the natives. Masons and carpenters are to be found among the Wasuahili, and labourers among the Wanika; but they often require so much instruction and superintendence that it were almost easier to do everything yourself. Then there are many things which the natives cannot do, and you must. We, however, always looked upon this as part of the necessary work, and entered into it with hearty good will. Fever often interfered with such toils; but, on the whole, we never were more free from fever

than when we were doing the hardest work—activity is one of the best preventives of fever. It is quite possible to be too busy to catch the malady, or for it to take hold of you.

When you have done your utmost to make yourself a comfortable home, it cannot but be of the humblest description. Your furniture consists of a table, a stool, a candlestick, and a hard couch. All your other conveniences are in keeping with this style; primitive simplicity characterizes everything. Your food consists chiefly of fowls and rice, though you may vary your fare with preparations of maize and millet; while sweet potatoes and cassada are generally to be procured. If you would have a “chop” you must kill a sheep or a goat; and if your heart is set upon a “beefsteak” you must slaughter a bullock. What you cannot eat yourself you can always give away. If you would further extend your bill of fare you can sally forth with your gun, shoot a few pigeons, a pair of guinea-fowl, or mayhap a hare, a gazelle, or an antelope. If you have a craving for the delicacies of the old country you may import flour, biscuits, now and then a ham, preserved meats, etc., from Zanzibar; but the prices for these luxuries are enormously high.

A great disadvantage arises from the fact that the art of cooking is but little understood in East Africa. We took with us into the country a Goanese cook from the western coast of India, and while he remained we did pretty well; but “mkunguru” (fever) came upon him, and he was obliged to retire from the field. This necessitated us to engage a Muhammadan slave. Ignorance of the art and religious prejudice prevented his being a very efficient and satisfactory cook.

Swine's flesh in every form is an abomination to the Muhammadan, even to the slave ; so also is all other meat, not killed by Muhammadan hands, and in Muhammadan fashion. It is necessary, first, that the animal should be bled ; secondly, that its throat be turned towards Mecca ; and thirdly, that the words "Allahu Akbar, Muhammad rusul Allah," (God is great, and Muhammad is his prophet) be repeated by the butcher ; otherwise the meat is unclean. It is very amusing to see with what care these matters are attended to, while the commonest requirements of morality are altogether ignored.

So we found our Muhammadan cook was not disposed to prepare everything we would have eaten, and what he would take in hand he generally marred. When our supplies have been best we have often fared the worst, simply because there has been more to spoil, and Africans never spoil things by halves. Sometimes we have tried to effect an improvement, and have injudiciously raised our expectations, but at such times we have been most miserably disappointed. After fever, too, when appetite returns, the mind often fixes itself upon some old dish that used to be enjoyed in days gone by, and you feel, if you could get it, you would enjoy *that* ; but then comes the blank, the everlasting "hakuna" (there is not) of the country ; it is not to be had, and you have to abandon the desire in despair.

It is clear then that pleasure in such a place as Ribe is not to be found in aught else but your work. This comprises almost every imaginable variety of occupation. Your object is the good of the people, and anything that will contribute to that end is cheer-

fully undertaken. By turns you are farmer, builder, smith, carpenter, cook, tailor, doctor, schoolmaster, and preacher. Rowland Hill used to say that a missionary should be able to make a wheelbarrow as well as preach a sermon.

It has already been shown that the first work you have to do is to build yourself a house. The next is to furnish it as best you can. If you are a bachelor all your household arrangements devolve upon you. You have to keep the place in order, instruct and superintend the cook, darn your own stockings, and mend your own clothes. Nor must you be above turning "Jack of all trades" in behalf of your people; indeed you *must* do it if you are to do them any good.

Outside your house all is wilderness and jungle. This has to be reduced and cultivated; saw and axe, spade, shovel, and hoe have to be brought into operation here; you must dig, and delve, and hack away with all your might and main, if you intend to get the upper hand of the wilderness. Yet your very health largely depends upon effecting a clearance. But the labour it entails in a tropical country is very serious.

You have to turn your attention, too, to the healing art. A knowledge of medicine, if it be only a little, is of great advantage to the missionary. At Ribe we have people coming to us from all the surrounding countries, and sometimes from very great distances, for medical assistance. We treat all kindly. In many cases cures are effected, and we thereby gain an influence with the people which could not be otherwise attained. It is wonderful with what readiness

and confidence they take our drugs. No suspicion of poisoning ever seems to cross their minds. Whatever you give them they swallow without hesitation, and smack their lips at the bitterest draught ; indeed the more nauseous the medicine is the better they like it ; for in their minds its virtue must be in proportion to its "ustungu," (bitterness). Under an operation of dentistry they sit with marvellous coolness, and endure the wrench and crash without a groan. But cruel as the operation is in civilized fashion, it is far more merciful than the native mode ; and as it is equally effective they appreciate the advantage. The native method is as follows : the patient is placed upon the ground, his head supported between the knees of a friend. The dentist then applies a "kitsoka" (small axe, like a chisel) stonemason-fashion, to the tooth which is to be removed ; with the other hand he grasps a large stone for a mallet, and with that drives away at the tooth till it is loosened, and can be taken out of its socket with the fingers !

We have all kinds of patients brought to us. The deaf, the dumb, the stone-blind, those affected with various kinds of leprosy, and now and then even the raving mad ! On one occasion, being outside the house, I heard strange, unearthly cries issuing from my own room. Proceeding thither, I found it taken possession of by a crowd of natives, all of whom were entire strangers to me. They were standing over a woman who lay at full length, with face downwards, upon the floor. She screamed, and howled, and whined in the most horrible fashion. It was a case of furious madness ; her friends said she was possessed of unclean spirits, and entreated that I would cast

them out. In such a matter I could, of course, do nothing. Poor people! they were so exceedingly disappointed that it was painful to witness it.

Not unseldom we are called to the dying, as if by some supernatural power we could take the prey from the very jaws of death. The natives try their own methods first, and finding them of no avail come to us in the last extremity. When we shake our heads they attribute it rather to a want of will, than to the lack of ability to help them. What would not a modern missionary give for the power conferred upon the Apostles on the day of Pentecost, viz., the gift of tongues and the power to heal the physical diseases of the people!

An important part of duty, in connection with mission life at Ribe, is the work of teaching the young. You cannot bend the sturdy growth of many years to your will; you must give your attention to the young and tender sapling. The old men tell you that they cannot change, and they look with extreme distaste upon any proposal to them to alter their mode of life. "No," say they, "go to the children; we are wedded to our customs; we will die as our fathers have died before us." We turn, therefore, to the children; but it is not all easy work with them. Parents manifest a strong objection to have their children trained in a manner different to that in which they themselves were brought up. They are an affectionate people, and they fear that their children will be estranged from them by being educated in a different way, and they set their faces against such schemes. There is a lurking suspicion, too, that the white man is actuated by selfish motives; that he has

some ulterior object in view, which he carefully hides from them. Many of them believe that we want their children in order to make slaves of them ; that our anxiety to teach them is only pretended ; that our *real* object is to get them into our power, embark them on board ship, then to convey them to our own country. It is with the utmost difficulty that we can disabuse their minds of these erroneous impressions, and induce them to allow their children to be instructed. After a tediously long while, however, you succeed in getting a few children together. You begin to instruct them. All goes on well for a month, then they grow tired ; and one after another ceases attendance, till all have left you. You pause, begin again, and end in the same way. This happens time after time, and you would lose all patience and hope but for your confidence in God. But perseverance secures success. So we found it. We eventually secured a number of scholars, whose regular attendance, ready acquisition of knowledge, development of character, and improved general conduct amply rewarded us for all our pains.

The arts of reading and writing were, of course, altogether unknown to the Waribe till we introduced them. How certain marks, in which the Wanika could see no shape, could represent language was a great puzzle ; it looked like sorcery. Some were sceptical, and would not believe that there was anything in it ; they thought it a clever cheat. " Oh," they would say, " ku chora-chora " (scribbling) ; " who cannot do that ? Anyone can make marks." The story of Williams's celebrated chip is well known. I once wrote a man's name across his own chest, and

then sent him to have it deciphered by my colleague, to whom the man was unknown. Full of incredulity, the man bore off the inscription, presented himself before my friend, pointed to his chest, and demanded what had been "scratched" there. The name being instantly pronounced, the effect was electrical, the man's astonishment knew no bounds; he roared with laughter, threw himself upon the ground, and rolled there in uncontrollable fits.

In teaching them to read the commencement is always the most difficult part. It takes them some time to see different shapes in characters that all seem shapeless. Then the sounds are equally perplexing. The names of the letters, mere arbitrary signs as they are, convey no meaning, and you cannot translate them; while the constant repetition of a, e, i, o, u; of ba, be, bi, bo, bu, etc., seems to them like so much childish and even idiotic babble. They repeat them to please you; and for a while get a little amusement out of what they consider the absurdity of the thing; but they at length grow weary, and often throw up in disgust. If, however, you can only carry them through this stage, and get into their minds the least apprehension of the science of the matter, then they become interested; their dormant faculties begin to move; they apply themselves with diligence; and thenceforward proceed with remarkable ease and rapidity. On the whole they exhibit an ability scarcely inferior to that of English children.

But the great object of our life at Ribe is the preaching of the gospel. We aim at this in all we do. One of the most effectual methods of doing this is to *live* the gospel, that is to say, to exemplify the

spirit of the gospel in life and conduct. Of Jesus Christ it is said, "He ever went about doing good." In comforting the sorrowing, in helping the poor, in healing the sick, in raising the dead, He was as truly preaching the gospel as when He addressed multitudes in the synagogue, on the mountain-side, on the sea-shore, in the public market-place, etc., announcing, in so many words, that the "kingdom of God had come." So the missionary aims at preaching the gospel in all he takes in hand. Still he has the verbal message to deliver—the glad tidings of great joy, of "peace on earth, and good will toward men."

This occupies a great portion of our time at Ribe ; and wherever we meet with the people we proclaim the truth. This is a work, however, which is attended with innumerable difficulties. In the first place, in a district like Ribe it is almost impossible to get a congregation together. It is a mistake to suppose that the people are eager for the gospel ; they are absolutely indifferent to it. When you invite them to come to hear you they say, "What will you give us if we do?" They tell you they never go to a "maneno" (palaver) of their own without getting something to eat and drink. This is really their custom. You invite them to "maneno tu" (bare talkation), they shake their heads, and give you a very emphatic "*No.*" "Maneno, maneno tu-tu" (talk, talk *only*). Nay, nay, they are not going to be bored for nought. Yet you cannot feast them, so you have to content yourself with trying to reach them in other ways. You have to force yourself upon their attention. When they come to visit you by twos

and threes—this is one of your opportunities. Sometimes they listen to you out of mere courtesy. Hoping to please you, they pay you, too, all manner of compliments ; but always conclude by asking you to give them something as a reward for their good behaviour. If you refuse they take their departure in high dudgeon. The next time you meett hem they will do anything to evade listening to such profitless talkation. In order to bring ourselves in contact with them we are obliged to visit them in their homes, follow them to their plantations, and make our way to their most secluded haunts. Sometimes we have walked from morning till night, under a burning sun, going from hut to hut, plantation to plantation, palm grove to palm grove, in order to bring to bear upon them “the truth as it is in Jesus.” The circumstances under which we find the people are very unfavourable to the object we have in view. As a rule they are pre-occupied. Some will be engaged in their “minda” (plantations) ; others about their household occupations ; others will be in their cups, deeply absorbed in the worship of Bacchus ; others will be found feasting their friends ; and others exciting themselves with some sort of heathenish celebration—drumming, dancing, and song-singing, etc.—which unfits them altogether for listening to such matters as those of which we have to speak. We meet with rebuffs innumerable, not only with the callousness and indifference of the people, but often with downright ridicule, scorn, and contempt. Before you can speak the language correctly and fluently this is especially the case.

But even when you have acquired a pretty good

knowledge of the language you find it altogether inadequate to the expression of certain thoughts. The very vocabulary is wanting. Terms in which to convey abstract ideas do not exist. Were it not for the extreme simplicity of the gospel message I know not what we should do. How wonderfully God has condescended to the limited intelligence of His creatures, and to the great deficiencies of human speech! Surely the marvellous simplicity of the gospel, capable as it is of being expressed in the most meagre and uncultivated tongue, and of being thus brought home to the minds and hearts of the most unenlightened peoples, is one of the greatest proofs of its divinity.

On the other hand the gospel narrative is one of the most *wonderful* known to any people, and its very wonderfulness we find to be a barrier to its being received by such an ignorant race as the Wanika. It must be borne in mind that the Wanika are mere children, and like all oriental peoples, are fond of the marvellous, though they do not believe in it. They have after all a great deal of common sense, and are a very matter-of-fact race. Having a great deal of time on their hands they employ much of it in "masumariro" (story-telling). On moonlight nights they often sit outside their huts relating to each other all the extraordinary legends, fables, myths, etc., they have ever heard, always claiming the privilege of enlargement and embellishment to any extent their ungoverned imaginations may lead them. The more extravagant the story the better, of course, it is relished. If it only be huge, monstrous, prodigious enough, their attention is sure to be secured. Now, in telling the gospel story

we often secure an audience by its very marvellousness. They listen to you at times with eyes intently fixed upon you, with gaping mouths and a well-assumed expression of credulity upon their countenances, so much so that you think you are making some impression upon them; you think the truth is going home to them, that it is telling upon their hearts, and that you have before you a number of people upon the very verge of conversion. You come to a close, expecting your audience to yield, instead of which some one looks you full in the face, and exclaims, by way of compliment, "Ku mulongo we" (Art thou not a liar?) He does not mean to call you a liar offensively; at any rate, the expression has not the same force in Kinika that it has in English; nevertheless it is most humiliating, and not a little disheartening, to an anxious missionary to meet with such a response at the close of an earnest address.

It is not by a single statement of gospel truth that an unprepared people like the Wanika are to be powerfully and effectually impressed with divine truth; they require "line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept," or ever their darkness is to be penetrated and the light of the gospel is to find its way into their minds. If it were not that we rely upon the Holy Spirit for their illumination we should utterly despair of doing them any good.

But it is an intensely interesting work to be engaged in preaching the gospel to a people that have never heard it before. At the same time there is a deep solemnity and a weight of responsibility about it that is almost overpowering. I have often felt this acutely,

and have at times trembled at the thought of occupying such a position. A heathen stands before you, one who has never heard of his Maker, or of his Saviour. You tell him of God, you proclaim God's message, and direct his attention to the "Light of life." Why that fact must affect the man's entire being, his responsibilities immediately become of another character, he stands before God in another aspect, God views him in another light; heretofore he stood accountable only as a heathen; now God regards him either as a receiver or rejecter of Jesus Christ. You have become to him either a "savour of death unto death, or a savour of life unto life." It cannot therefore be an unimportant matter for the missionary to remember and to record that he has at any time preached Christ for the first time to his fellow-men.

Such are some of the occupations which engage us at Ribe. The life is a somewhat monotonous one, and sometimes it becomes almost intolerably so. Now and then, however, a circumstance or incident occurs to enliven our experiences. The arrival of the mails is always an exciting time. No one, except those who have been in like circumstances, can have any idea of the avidity with which news from home is received by such exiles as those of Ribe. The excitement is intense. How are they at home? Father, mother, brothers, sisters, friends, all—are they well? Are they prospering? What is the state of the church? What of politics? The string is cut; letters are broken open, papers are unbound and unfolded, and—now for the worst! Then smiles and tears; heart-leapings and heart-aches; pleasure and

pain ; triumphs and disappointment follow each other in rapid succession ; and for the time you forget that you are alone. This, however, presently passes away, and the feeling of exile creeps over you once more.

Now and then we have had a visit from our own countrymen. This has occurred thrice during a period of ten years. Such times have, indeed, been red-letter days in our experience. As "iron sharpeneth iron, so doth the countenance of a man that of his friend." To look once more upon a white face and the old type of features, to listen to your own language, to hear the news from those fresh from the scene of action, and to go on conversing and exchanging sentiments for hours upon all that one has ever held dear, is an indescribable pleasure. The experience is almost worth being purchased by a few years of banishment.

But sometimes we have had visitors of a less pleasant kind. On one occasion our loneliness was broken in upon by the arrival of a madman (a native) from a distant part of the country. He had taken it into his head that he should like to see the white man. He made his appearance first by daylight. He was very wild and frantic. After performing some most extraordinary antics and freaks he took his departure at sundown. He had not, however, done with us. Just as we had retired to rest for the night he returned and rapped us up. He was in a state of greater frenzy than ever. The moon was high in the heavens, and at the sight of that luminary the poor fellow became furious. He pointed at it, made horrible faces at it, placed himself in the attitude of drawing a bow, pulling home an imaginary string,

and letting fly an imaginary arrow at it, exclaiming, "There, moon!" as if he had taken revenge upon the supposed author of his misery. We leave it to men of science to settle what connection there may or may not be between the moon and certain mental aberrations called lunacy; we are now stating a simple fact. We did our best to calm down the wretched maniac's excitement. We offered him food and lodging, indulged his whims, assumed the stern and authoritative, indeed, exercised all our arts upon him, but to no purpose. We might have secured him by force, but we were unwilling to take such an extreme measure. He grew more and more boisterous. Finding an old tin can about the place, he beat away upon it most furiously, yelling, shrieking, and making the most frightful noises. After a while he ran off, when, hoping he had gone for good, we laid down to rest. Be it remembered that we were then living in a small house of corrugated iron sheeting. Well, we had no sooner dropped off to sleep than our friend returned. Armed with a large stick, he roused us by a tremendous attack upon the house, first thrashing it violently, and then rapidly drawing his stick backward and forwards over the corrugations, thereby creating a deafening din, which greatly delighted him, but which was anything but pleasant to us. Turning out again, we found him possessed by another idea. He now insisted upon *sleeping* with us. Nothing would suit him but our allowing him to *share our hut and bed*. This fancy remained with him for a long time, and he was most pertinacious. So we were kept about through the greater part of the night. The situation can be better imagined than described.

Alone in the heart of an African jungle, and in the dead of night, with a savage, mad as a fiend, was not a pleasant experience ; it was a break in upon our monotony that, however spicy at the time, we did not wish to have repeated. When we were at our wits' end what to do with him, he made off once more into the woods, where he continued roaming and raving till the morning. Then he again made his appearance, but in a very sorry plight. He was severely injured ; his flesh cut and torn, and his head bruised and bleeding. All this he charged upon the moon. His friends, from whom he had broken loose, eventually came after him, and took him away. I saw him sometime afterwards, and he had then recovered his senses. He had been told of his nocturnal visit to the white man, and of his strange behaviour upon the occasion. He seemed to regard the affair as a good joke, and he greeted me with the cordiality of old acquaintanceship.

The quiet tenor of our life at Ribe was once interrupted as follows. A dispute had arisen between two rival chiefs of Takaungu. One of them, called Mbaruku, removed his head-quarters to a place called Gasi, a little south of Mombasa. Some time afterwards he gathered his forces together, proceeded to Takaungu, and made a successful attack upon the town, thereby placing himself in antagonism with the Sultan of Zanzibar. On his way back to Gasi he had to pass near to our station at Ribe, when he took it into his head that he would like to see me. He very politely sent up messengers to say that he would do himself the pleasure of calling at the station, provided I had no objection to his doing

so. As I did not object he soon presented himself, accompanied by between two and three hundred armed men. He was invited into the house, but he preferred seeing me out of doors, evidently afraid, absurd though it was, that I might intend him some mischief. I saw him outside, and after a little conversation he took his departure.

Not long after this I was called to Mombasa, by the governor of that town, on a matter, as was said, of great importance. I went down. The governor informed me that the Sultan of Zanzibar had discovered, from private sources, that Mbaruku, the rebel chief, had concocted a scheme for the *capture of the missionaries*, both at Rabai and Ribe, and that the Sultan desired us, for the sake of security, to retire to Mombasa. So we had to beat an inglorious retreat. I paid several visits to Ribe by stealth, but nothing alarming happened, nor do I know that I ran any particular risk.

Mbaruku's object in his contemplated capture of the white men was, first, to embarrass the Sultan, and secondly, as was reported, to make for himself a great name. With the white men in his possession, he persuaded himself that he could dictate to the Sultan his own terms; then, when it should be trumpeted all over the world that Mbaruku, like another Theodorus, had made some Englishmen captives, what a tremendous renown would be achieved! So it happens that when these wild schemes find their way into the addled brains of these uncurbed and would-be mighty chiefs, and they act upon them with success, the missionary often comes in for abuse, is denounced as a pettifogging meddler, and as the

cause of all the political difficulties that embarrass the government in their dealings with other nations. In our case, acting upon the principle that "prudence was the better part of valour," we got out of danger's way, so we had not the honour of being captured and rescued, of becoming great heroes, and of involving our country in the expenditure of some millions.

Now and then our quiet is disturbed at Ribe by reports that the terrible Masai, the great cattle-lifters of this part of the world, are coming. If the Wanika were richer in herds than they are this danger would be vastly greater ; even now, it is quite imminent enough to create great concern among them. The cry "the Masai are coming" runs like wild-fire through Unika, when all is involved in the greatest consternation. The Wanika have not forgotten the raid of the Masai upon them in 1858.

Nothing, however, creates a greater commotion in our homestead than an onslaught of black ants. This is a feature that ought not to be omitted in describing life at Ribe. Almost every traveller in Africa has described these formidable folk. They come up, down, or athwart the mountain side, and attack the settlement in a most ferocious manner. Sometimes they come by day, but more often they make their assaults by night. These malicious foes, without any provocation whatever, gather their swarming hosts together, march in closerank and file upon the settlement, then dividing their battalions, enter your houses, make their way to your cupboards, and, not content with the supplies they find there, ascend your bedstead and begin energetically with their pincers to pick the very flesh from your bones. One night, being occu-

pied myself in writing till a late hour, I heard strange groans proceeding from the corner in which my colleague was lying. In another moment the latter was upon his feet, "dancing like a cat on hot bricks," tearing at his hair in great rage, ejaculating wildly, and almost beside himself. I soon discovered that it was nought but an attack of ants. The floor of the room was covered with the black marauders; the bed-clothes were alive with them, and my friend was picking them off his body, one after another, with an eagerness and activity which spoke powerfully as to the severity of the assault. If it were possible for a man to fall into such a trance as to become insensible to the bite of these creatures, it appears certain that he would be literally devoured alive. I know nothing like the fierceness with which these furies attack any and everything which they may find in their way, and a great deal more, for they often go out of their way in search of prey.

Our whole settlement has often been turned out of bed, in the middle of the night, by these free-raiders. The only way of resisting their attacks is by fire; you must fight fire with fire; otherwise you must vacate your quarters till they please to retire. Every man, woman, and child seizes a firebrand, and, dashing at the foe, beats them back with flame. The slaughter among them is fearful; you hear the crackling of their millions; still millions more come on, and the battle proceeds till the earth is covered with the charred and shrivelled-up remains of the slain. Such is one of the liveliest scenes to be witnessed at Ribe.

Snakes sometimes create a very considerable stir. Venomous or not these reptiles are always objects of

loathing and disgust. You witness their stealthy glidings, their slimy coiled-up forms ; you catch the keen gleam of their glassy eyes ; you view the quick darting of their forked tongues ; and you do not think so much of their being poisonous or otherwise ; they are *snakes*, and you instinctively shudder. Once proceeding down a steep hill-side I had an experience which I shall never forget. Making my way through a thicket I suddenly felt something cold and slimy about my neck ; a thrill of horror went through me ; my blood chilled ; my heart ceased its beating ; an involuntary exclamation of disgust escaped my lips : in another instant a long, green snake coiled its way down my right arm and disappeared in the tall grass ! I was almost petrified ! Ugh ! I shudder even now ! Fortunately I was not bitten, and perhaps the thing was not venomous, but the shock was all the same to me.

Leopards are common visitors at Ribe. They raise a great hue and cry, and now and again they have broken their way into the goat-house. On one occasion, before anyone could go to the rescue, no less than eight goats were struck dead, each having the claw-marks in precisely the same place on the neck just behind the head. The audacity of these animals is extraordinary. Sitting at my door one evening I fell asleep, a dog sleeping by my side, when the grunt of a leopard awoke me. I rose and retired to rest. Next evening I occupied the same position, the dog being with me as before. Remembering what had occurred on the preceding night I kept awake, and retired at an earlier hour. I had no sooner entered the house, however, than I heard a scuffle at the door ;

the dog yelped twice ; then there was a rush, and all was quiet. I ran to the door ; the dog was gone. The leopard had probably been watching us for some time, being kept at bay by my presence. My departure was his opportunity ; then in a moment he sprang at, seized, and bore off his prey.

The lion is a rarer visitor, but he too makes himself heard at times, and now and then with really alarming proximity. One night a pair of these animals made their way to the station, and remained with us for some minutes, parading up and down before the mission-house. We became aware of their presence by a growling that shook the settlement to its foundations, and startled our little community as if a thunderbolt had fallen into our midst. As the night was pitchy dark we could not get a good view of them ; nothing but the most shadowy outlines could be made out of their forms. A mother and daughter occupying a hut at the bottom of the mission premises, afraid of being attacked in their frail wigwam, rushed terror-stricken to us, and begged to be allowed to take refuge with us. On their way up they passed within a few yards of the spot where the animals must have been standing, of course unaware of their danger, the growling having for the time ceased. Nothing is more deceptive than the growling of the lion ; it often sounds at a less and sometimes a greater distance than that from whence it really comes.

In the absence of guns, which are never in trim when they are needed, a revolver was blown off for the purpose of scaring away the disturbers of our peace. As far as any damage that could have been

done to the lions by such a weapon, we might just as well have used a pea-shooter. However the firing had the desired effect, for the brutes took their departure, leaving us to congratulate ourselves that no greater harm had been done to us than a shock to our nerves. Yet how much better this narrative would have read if some of our bones had been crunched, or the lions had been slain! But we are pledged not to exaggerate.

We must now conclude this chapter. We have tried to give a sketch of mission life at Ribe, with its lights and shades, its comforts and discomforts, its labours, dangers, and adventures. There is nothing in such a life to be desired for its own sake; on the other hand, it is dull, unromantic, forbidding. It has no attractions for us, except those which are connected with the great work in which we have been engaged. For the sake of that work we have borne all, and are ready to do it again.

We have not a great deal to show as the results of our labours yet, but sufficient has been accomplished to give us the utmost confidence in the ultimate result of vigorous and persevering endeavour.

Taking leave of Ribe, we now proceed to other scenes.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNEY TO THE GALLA COUNTRY.—PREPARATORY.

WHILE doing our best to prosecute our mission work among the Wanika, we did not forget other peoples; we were anxious, if possible, to extend our operations. Our mission had been originated with the view of doing something for the Gallas; and to that people, therefore, we turned our attention as soon as circumstances would permit. Mr. Wakefield made a trip to Chaffa in 1865; an account of which was published in a pamphlet entitled "Footprints in Eastern Africa."

In 1866 we had some further communication with the Gallas, making a trip from Mombasa to Lamu and Patte, and returning by the Ozi, visiting Kau on that river, Charra on the Tana, cutting across a portion of the Galla-land to Malinde, and thence overland, by Takaungu, to Mombasa. Such was the unsettled state of the country at that time that it was impossible for us to visit the Gallas in their own homes; but we so far succeeded in conciliating them as to make an arrangement to return to their country at the latter end of the year.

Accordingly on October 28th we left Mombasa,

in a native vessel, for Malinde, where we had engaged to meet the Gallas, and whence we were to start for their country. Anchoring in the Kilife harbour, that night, we reached Malinde at three p.m. on the following day.

Enquiring about the condition of the Galla country, we learned that there were still difficulties in the way of the immediate prosecution of our journey, some misunderstanding having arisen between the Gallas and the Wasuahili. These matters having been arranged, we were at liberty to proceed with our business.

But before anything else could be done it was necessary that we should see some of the leading Gallas, that we might arrange with them about our visit to their country. To enter the land unbidden and without permission, it was represented would be certain to excite the people's hostility. We should be taken for marauders, and on that account might expect to be stoutly resisted. This is not surprising, when we take into consideration the state of Africa. Feuds prevail all over the land. Most of the various tribes living separate and distinct from each other, there is no commercial or friendly intercourse of any kind going on between them, and they regard one another with extreme jealousy and suspicion. When they visit it is, generally speaking, in an unfriendly way—literally to plunder and devour each other. And of all the peoples of East Africa none had stood so much aloof from others, none had maintained their exclusiveness so rigidly as the Gallas. Hitherto their hand had been against every man and every

man's hand against them; they were the Ishmaelites—the Bedouins, if you please—of Africa. They were regarded, not only as a brave and powerful, but an extremely barbarous and ferocious people. They were reported to be addicted to perpetration of deeds the most shocking, such as we cannot even hint at, much less describe here. And it is a remarkable fact that while the Arabs and Wasuahili had travelled over the whole of the country south of the Galla-land, and had established friendly relations with most of the tribes, not only along the coast but for hundreds of miles inland, yet up to the time of which we write none of their trading parties had ever ventured into the Galla-land, and they would have looked upon a proposition to do so as the act of a madman. They were dumbfounded when we told them we were going to the Gallas. "Why," said they, "*we* have not ventured to do this. Do you know what the Gallas are? They are the most remorseless savages in the country. You may go among them, but you will never come back again."

Having such a people to deal with, we thought it wise to do nothing to excite their antipathy unnecessarily; but, on the other hand, to do our best to conciliate them. Therefore, as they might have taken umbrage—and not unreasonably, all things considered—by being suddenly pounced upon by such strangers as ourselves, we decided to send for some of their leading men, that an amicable arrangement might be made with them.

Then came the question, for whom should we send? For a long time we could not ascertain satisfactorily

who the leading men among the Gallas really were. Africans will not give the correct information at once. This is so universally the case that I have come to doubt all first statements ; at any rate, I never accept them until I have thoroughly sifted them. The attitude the African assumes in the presence of a stranger is a defensive one, and may be stated thus. "Who are you," he seems to say, "that I should answer all your questions? Why should I tell you all about ourselves, our country, our possessions, our government, our homes? How should I know what you are, or what your object is? For aught I know you may be a spy, and may turn out a bitter foe. You think I'm a fool, but I'm not. You want to know too much ; don't you wish you may get it? If you think you are going to cheat me you are mistaken. Get the truth from me if you can." So it generally happens that the first information you obtain is not reliable.

By dint of questioning and cross-questioning, however, you may, in the end, get at the truth. We had work enough to do in this way now, but after a while the people became more communicative. We were anxious to ascertain, first of all, who was the real chief of the Gallas, in order that we might open communications with him at once. But upon this subject the people were especially reticent, evasive, and indisposed to give correct information. Hemmet bin Sayid, headman of Mambrui, who professed great willingness to serve us, was as uncertain as the rest. Name after name was given which we had to reject. At length we learned that a *bonâ fide* chief for the time being was wanting. The Gallas elect their chiefs from five dis-

tinct families once in eight years. With the chief a vice, or sub-chief, is always elected, the latter rising to the position of the former in the case of death, and retaining it to the end of the term. Now nearly eight years before our visit Dado Bonëat had come into office with a man called Mara Barowat as his vice. The former was a very celebrated warrior, and was much respected by his people. The memory of his name was still the pride of the Gallas. A few years after his elevation to power, however, a furious onslaught was made upon the Gallas by the Masai hordes. Dado Bonëat rushed into the thickest of the fight, performing deeds of unparalleled heroism. He succeeded in driving back the foe, but alas! it was at the expense of his own life. He was mortally wounded, and soon after died. With him fell the good fortunes of the Gallas; they had never rallied since. Mara Barowat, a most effeminate man, had not looked after the interests of the country, having fled with his supporters into the interior for security. As his term of office was expiring, however, the Gallas were hoping for better days. In a short time, it was stated, one called Yaya Wariot would be elected chief, and that he would bring to power with himself an energetic sub, called Aba Laga Jarot, under whose united government, it was hoped, the country would again prosper.

Now, as we were anxious to gain all parties, we thought it best to take notice of all. We therefore sent friendly messages to both Mara Barowat and Yaya Wariot, stating that we were desirous to visit them, and should be glad if they would send down reliable men, with whom arrangements might be made for this

purpose. We hoped that Mara Barowat might come down himself, and that, as first chiefs are not allowed to leave the country, Yaya Wariot would send in his place his vice, Aba Laga Jarot. We also sent for Hirebaya Didat and Dado Guio Shelot, (whose acquaintance we had previously made), both these men being what are called "toibs" (chief councillors), and very influential men among their people.

Our patience was greatly tried by the delay occasioned by these preliminaries, but we made the best of our circumstances. The time was spent between Malinde and Mambrui. We were not lonely, for wherever we went we were followed by scores of people—"Waunguana and Watumoa" (free men and slaves); and when in our quarters we were daily visited by hundreds of all classes. We were considered great curiosities, and most of the people came to see us as such. We were something *new* to them. They crowded about us in such numbers that in our small rooms we had scarcely space in which to turn ourselves. Ventilation, too, being ignored, the heat sometimes became unendurable. The people plied us with questions from morning till night—questions on every imaginable subject—*except religion*. They begged to see everything we had, and asked how everything was made. They enquired about steam-ships, guns, railways, telegraphs, and all the other wonders of western civilization. Their constant presence, their incessant questioning, their confused, noisy, and everlasting chatter, became a great nuisance; but we bore it for the sake of gleaning from them what information they had to impart to us, and for the opportunities now and then presenting themselves to

us for getting a new idea into their head, and for preaching the gospel. Becoming a little familiar with us, they commenced plaguing us in another way. The entire population suddenly became aware that they were in *want* of *something*, and all seemed to think that we could supply their wants. We found ourselves surrounded by a community of beggars. Not only were we pestered in this way by the poor, but the aristocracy (such as it is) also beset us. They came to us as though they thought we carried the world at our backs. Every man asked for something in his own special line. A Mana Chuoni (son of the book) came for an unwritten book, which he wished to fill with the magic chapters of the Koran; another scribe asked for sufficient paper to write a letter upon; a third begged for ink; a fourth wanted soap; a fifth a knife, a razor, or a pair of scissors; a sixth a needle and cotton; and others came for mirrors, beads, pice, dollars, or anything they could get. A good number of people begged for *wine* and *brandy* which, not possessing ourselves, we could not give. It is singular that even Muhammadans get corrupted by alcoholic drinks, though they take them as a rule in secret. They often come to us privately, asking in the slyest possible way if we take "*de vin*," or brandy? if they are not considered in our country as great *medicines*? if so, would they not cure *their* peculiar maladies? and if we have any, would we not give them a bottle or two? It is a significant fact, that the natives of the east coast of Africa, if they learn nothing else from our part of the world, somehow acquire the names of our intoxicating liquors; and at the same time learn to trill, with the greatest of

fluency from their tongues, such portions of the English language as may be indicated under the general designation "abusive," that is to say, the pure idiomatic Billingsgate!

Our stay upon this part of the coast, and our walks between Malinde and Mambrui, gave us an insight into the horrors of East African slavery, such as we had scarcely conceived of. Malinde is a seething mass of corruption. With a population of between ten and fifteen thousand human beings, reduced to the level of the brute, and where marriage is ignored, the morality is frightful. And when we state that the government of this large population was in the hands of a weak, voluptuous, and imbecile young man, completely under the control of, and led any way by his soldiers—Arabs and Belooch of the most debased class,—it will be believed that the administration of justice was not of the very highest order. Power in the hands of such men could not but be abused. The treatment of the slaves was to the last degree heartless and cruel; it was indeed a reign of terror. We saw them beaten over the head with large sticks in the most wanton manner. The "mkatali" (stocks) where the victims were retained day and night—now roasting in the sun, and now bitten by the keen midnight blast—were always full. Men were slung up by their wrists to the flagstaff, and thrashed upon their bare backs within an inch of their lives. Others trailed through the town, and along the beach, long beams of wood, attached to heavy iron collars about their necks. Others shuffled about with immense "pingu" (irons) upon their ancles. Others had heavy collars upon their necks, to which was

attached a length of chain filling a large basket, which they had to carry about with them wherever they might go. Indeed, the clank of chains, the heavy thud of the "bakora" (walking-stick), and the deep sighs and sullen groaning of the oppressed, were the doleful sounds which were scarcely ever out of the ear.

Our men were constantly coming to us exclaiming, "Oh, bana, bana! this is a dreadful place! Go and look at the way in which they are treating slaves in the market. They are beating them till the flesh is almost dropping from their bones. Do go and help them if you can." But we had interceded for one poor fellow. He was liberated for a time; yet we had no sooner gone out of the way than he was rebound and whipped to death! Interference did more harm than good, so we were obliged to see and hear all, but say nothing. At length we shut ourselves up in our dark and sultry lodgings, in order to avoid witnessing cruelties which we could not prevent.

On Saturday the 17th we heard that the Gallas for whom we sent had just arrived at Mambrui. On the following Monday, therefore, we went over to that place, and found rather a large party awaiting us. Mara Barowat had sent his brother, Aba Rufat, and two other leading men as his representatives; Dado Guio Shelat had come; and ultimately Hirebaya Didat and Buiya Dabassat, our former guide from Charra, made their appearance. These great men were accompanied by a large number of attendants.

A great palaver was held, but before anything could be done the usual preliminaries had to be

attended to; there could be no talk without the "jifu," the customary present of cloth, etc. The outer man supplied, something for the inner man had to be furnished. First something to drink. We gave them a beverage which no teetotaler would have objected to on account of strength; it was a mixture of *treacle and water*. It was given to them in a large oblong bowl, the half of a *coco de mer*, and holding not less than three pints. The four greatest men were first supplied in the order of their age and rank, circumstances which must never be overlooked in dealing with Africans. The bowl was bottomed not less than six times before the party cried "Hold, enough!" Two of them each quaffed off a bowl at a draught. All present looked on astonished. This enormous capacity for drink is said to be characteristic of the Gallas. They are equally capable too at eating, that is to say when they get abundance to eat. But then they are also said to possess great powers of endurance, often going for days without tasting either food or drink. We had no food to give them to-day, but a piece of tobacco-leaf was handed to each man, and then the "dubbi" (palaver) commenced.

"Gur odes" (give the news) said Hemmet bin Sayid to the Gallas, in reply to which we had a speech half-an-hour in length. One piece of news, which was given in the gravest manner, ran as follows: "A child has been born in our country, far away beyond the river Maro, whose birth has been attended by some very extraordinary circumstances, the chief of which is that before it had been fully delivered it began to speak. This is a wonderful event, though we do not

understand its meaning, but it may portend mischief, perhaps the ruin of the country." We were afraid that they were going to associate our visit with this matter, but they fortunately did nothing of the kind.

When they had done speaking they looked to us for our news, which we gave them in a very few words, concluding by asking them to fulfil the programme which had been arranged on our former visit. The proceedings terminated by an effort on the part of the Gallas to obtain more cloth. The last speech they made ran thus: "Everything is to our minds. What the "Dunga" (white men) say is perfectly right and true; they are good men and mean well; we must keep faith with them. All that they have yet done has pleased us, but there remains one thing to complete our joy. We are about to take our leave, and we cannot do this with pleasure without a parting gift." Thus they go on, thinking only how they can turn everything to their own immediate advantage. We managed to satisfy them, and then the party took their departure, leaving Hirebaya, Dado, Buiya, and Aba Rufat, etc., to conduct us to the country as soon as we should be prepared to travel. We could not have been placed in the hands of a more influential escort; for they were all what are called "toibs" (councillors), and leading spirits among their people.

The two former, after staying with us two or three days, decided that it would be better for them to precede us in the way, in order to prepare the people for our reception, so with our consent they set out first. We hoped to have followed them in a few days, but just at this time an English vessel, the "Clutha Belle,"

was wrecked on Leopard reef; our help was required; and this, together with other circumstances, detained us where we were till the end of the year.

This long delay at Malinde was often a source of great vexation to us, but, as we afterwards found, it was most fortunate that we were so detained. The Masai had invaded the Galla country while we had been engaged with the wreck, so that had we left Malinde according to our first arrangement we should probably have fallen in with these savages, and must have been ignominiously driven back, if nothing worse had happened.

On the morning of December 31st we made our final preparations, and set out for Mambrui at three p.m. of that day. We enjoyed the walk along the beach round the beautiful bay to the mouth of the Sabaki, and there halted till our party should come up. While waiting here we were amused by watching the movements of the crocodiles upon the opposite bank and in the water. Cold-looking, and slimy, there they lay, by the dozen, like immense logs of wood, their scaly forms shining in the light of the now fast-setting sun. Every now and then their long jaws slowly opened, looking like a large trap set with monstrous spikes, a terror to look upon. A deep inspiration taken the two parts came together with a snap, inclosing doubtless a swarm of hapless insects that had been drawn within their horrid precincts. Next, see the brute rises lazily upon its short paddles, and slowly glides, without the least splash, into the water and disappears. Presently you see a nose just above the water in mid-stream, either floating down or with the gentlest imaginable ripple coming against

the current. In another moment down goes the nose, and appears again only a few feet from where you are standing. Then, if you have a gun heavily loaded, you fire, if not you turn and walk away with instinctive horror.

The Sabaki is literally alive with crocodiles and hippopotami. Yet, though the stream is often forded at low tide, and at the mouth, where the crocodiles congregate, no accident scarcely ever happens. The reptile, it is said, is easily frightened away with a little splashing, the danger being to stand still in water where they may exist. The navigation of the river is declared to be very dangerous on account of the hippopotami, but the ferry-boat is not often upset.

A day inland, and a few hours south of the Sabaki, but unconnected with it, we were told there is a rather large lake, also abounding with hippopotami and crocodiles. The people describe its breadth by saying that a man standing on the opposite side could scarcely be seen; but this is probably an exaggeration.

It must have been seven p.m. before we reached Mambrui, for it was quite dark. Hemmet bin Sayid was from home at Malinde, but he had left instructions with his steward regarding our accommodation. The house we were taken into was a newly built one. It was fitted up and furnished in a style much superior to what is common in these parts, but it was so small and so ill-ventilated that after sitting down ten minutes we were almost gasping for breath, so forthwith hastened into the open air. We told the steward we could not endure it, and that we should prefer taking up our quarters in the "baraza" (ve-

randah) of his master's house. He said he had been directed to put us into that house because it was the best in the place ; if we left it it was our own look-out, but he could not put his master's guests into a mere "baraza." There, however, we went, and there we slept. The house itself, though spacious, was simply a *harem*, and we could not therefore be allowed to occupy it.

CHAPTER VIII.

BARARETTA.

ON the 1st of January, 1867, we made our entry into the Galla country. We were to have left Mambrui early that morning, but were obliged to wait for the return of Hemmet bin Sayid from Malinde. He had promised us the services of his servant Abajila, an Islamized Galla, as interpreter. But at the last moment there was some hanging back on the part of this man. He did not see how he could conveniently leave Mambrui; he had a wife and plantation to look after; indeed he did not think he could go with us.

We knew that his object was to obtain larger pay than we had offered him. His master returned, this matter was arranged, and we commenced our march. Following the beach for about an hour, we turned off into a path leading through a dense wood. Buiya told us that the Wata (Kis. Wasania) have some villages in this wood. The truth is, these people occupy a strip of country all along the coast, as far as from a little below Malinde, in the south, to the river Jub, or Juba, in the north. North of the Ozi they are called Wadahalo. The Wasuahili occupy the immediate

seaboard, the Wasania a strip of country running behind the Wasuahili, and the Gallas all the country beyond.

The walk through the wood occupied us a full hour, when we emerged upon a very pretty piece of country, carpeted with short-nibbled grass, green as emerald, and sparsely covered with the "makorpa," or fan-palm. In a short time we were in sight of a new settlement. We had heard of this place, but we were surprised to find it so large a village, for when we passed this way six months before there was not a hut to be seen, the whole district being in possession of wild animals. However, that these had not disappeared even yet, the shortness of the herbage testified; for we soon heard that cattle had not yet been introduced. The village is called Muando Mpia (new village).

Some of the chief men of the place came out to meet us, respectfully presenting their salaams. We found the houses, or huts, more numerous than we could have expected, and the whole place was surrounded by a boma (stockade) of poles and thorns, intended as a protection against both wild beasts and the still wilder Gallas. There was a population of perhaps 600 or 700 souls. The brother of the headman being in charge, led us to his own house, and gave us the choice of occupying it or one directly opposite it. We chose his, and he removed his people and traps at once. This was kind, and showed his good breeding, and I may add, his good sense. We spent the evening in making preparations for an early morning's march. Guns were cleaned, and everything put in order to prevent delay.

On Wednesday, 2nd, we awoke an hour and a half

before daylight, but Tofiki had been up before us, and a breakfast of fowl, rice, and steaming-hot coffee was immediately placed before us. This was a most excellent commencement ; it was too good to last. We were about to enter upon a country where we should obtain no food, where we should be entirely dependent upon the few things we could carry with us, and upon what an occasional hunt might bring to our larder. Our sporting abilities, however, are of such a nature as to render this latter, in a very emphatic sense, a most precarious trust.

The whole party was all stir and bustle long before dawn. When the sun rose all was ready for the march. Not willing to lose a single breath of the cool morning air we mounted our donkeys and led the way. We rode on for an hour and a half, at the rate of four miles an hour, and then somewhat against our inclination turned aside, sought a shady spot, and took shelter. Our men were all behind. West of our route was what appeared to be a fair country, covered with rich and varied vegetation. In this direction the Wasuahili of Muando Mpia were commencing their plantations.. So at length the Gallas, who have a horror of cultivation, are being encroached upon by the more civilized and agricultural Wasuahili.

While lingering here the "chichiri," or honey-guide, made its appearance, and began its chirruping. The Gallas instantly replied with a gruff "Ogh," but as no one followed the little twitterer I had not the satisfaction of seeing whether it was a true call or not. In size this bird is smaller than the common sparrow, and in plumage is quite as plain. The little fellow, when giving us his call, seemed quite agitated, and

delivered himself most decidedly in the imperative mood. Again and again it insisted upon being followed, as though unwilling to brook the least delay. The only attention he received, however, was a rough "Ogh!" "Ogh!" from the Gallas.

All rested, we made another start. In ten minutes we came upon a beautifully green and pathless lawn, where our attention was arrested by large numbers of the animal called "Torpe" by the Wasuahili, and "Korke" by the Gallas. Presently a man came running towards us, crying out, "Water, water!" Yes, we wanted water; but where? "There! there!" cried he, pointing to the south-west corner of the lawn; "the Gallas are all there." We found them cosily ensconced within a shady thicket, as though they intended to stay the day. They even proposed this, but we shook our heads. To stay an hour or two, however, to get a little food was necessary. The great attraction in this place was the excellent water we obtained. Beyond there was none for many miles. The source whence we obtained it is so curious that it deserves a passing remark. Those who have read books of African travels will have heard of that giant of African vegetation, the baobab. Its bulk is something prodigious: sixty, seventy, eighty feet in circumference is quite common. I have seen one myself ninety feet. Some speak of having seen them even a hundred feet in girth. When hollowed out they have formed houses; and, indeed, all manner of romantic things are told about this tree. The baobab, like all other things, is liable to decay. It is curious, however, that the decay of this tree often commences

at the place where the gigantic branches separate from the trunk, and the decay, proceeding downwards, hollows out a space sufficiently large to hold a large quantity of water. The branches, extending almost horizontally in all directions, greatly widen the already ample proportions of the immense trunk, so as to form a spacious natural roof, which, receiving a portion of the water of every shower, conveys it to the aperture in the centre, and thus fills the hollow tree with a liquid, the preciousness of which, in such a country as Africa, the traveller is often made to feel and appreciate as no one else can. It was such a reservoir we found to-day. It did not, however, appear to me to be formed in the ordinary way. The tree is a baobab, but one of the most singular that I have ever seen. It is one of those prodigies of nature which we sometimes meet with, and which never fail to arrest our attention. The tree was full grown, but entirely without trunk. Instead of developing the massive column which distinguishes its family, it has sent its branches along the ground, twisting and turning, interlacing and intertwining with each other, in such an eccentric fashion as to form a vast, hollow knot, with two apertures at the top, in places where the branches, deviating from the regular curve, do not meet. The top looks as if it had been pushed in by some huge Titanic fist, and so forms a hollow roof, which collects the water, and pours it into the openings mentioned above. Measuring the hollow roughly with a stick, I found it to be about three feet in depth, but nearly six in width, so that it is capable of holding a good supply of water, and has no doubt been blessed a thousand times by the

thirsty wanderer in these parts. In such a tank the water is reserved especially for man. No animal can get at it to consume or defile it ; and being protected from the rays of the sun, no vegetation finds existence there to decay and breed in it ; while at the same time it is preserved deliciously cool, and therefore supplies a pure and refreshing draught. There is an advantage in the reservoir being not too large, otherwise its contents might remain season after season, and become stagnant and foul. As it is, its supply is by no means contemptible, and it is renewed fresh from the windows of heaven year by year.

Having eaten a little food, and filled our bottles, pots, jars, etc., with water, we ordered another march. Some time elapsed before all were on the move, but in the end move we did, though, as it proved, somewhat slowly. Leaving the beautiful lawn already described, we entered upon plains of sand. Towards the evening we passed through a considerable forest of pretty large brushwood, but containing here and there some very good timber. Here it was only with very great difficulty we could sit upon our asses. Unsightly thorns hung across the path, precisely in a line with our eyes, threatening us with their hard sharp points ; in some cases the more to be feared on account of the poisonous juices they contain. A little forgetfulness might have led to serious injury. It was only with the greatest care that we could maintain our dignified position ; and, if there be a degree beyond the superlative, with still greater that we preserved our eyes. Our hands and faces suffered from scratches long and deep.

Emerging from this wood we passed over a tract

of country thickly covered with tall grass, indicating a soil exceedingly rich. Night, however, began to fall fast, and a discussion took place about the propriety of seeking a place in which to camp. Buiya left the path, and passing through the thick grass made directly for a dense mass of vegetation near at hand, with the same assurance as if he expected to find there his own house. Reaching it, and pushing aside the bushes, he disappeared, followed by the whole company. It was not a fairy spot, but a dark, damp, noisome den—a place where serpents might creep, and the vilest reptiles cower. I half shuddered as I entered it. The sun had gone down, and there remained only a dull, grey light overhead, fast deepening into gloom. Entering the thicket, all was dark. It consisted of a few large trees, surrounded by a girdle of smaller ones, thorn bushes and shrubs, and the whole was so overgrown and interlaced with giant creepers, that it looked like a work of art, intended for the home of some evil forest monster, whose nature it might be to shrink as much as possible from the light of day. There was a clear open space in the centre; for what could grow beneath a covering so impermeable to light? A carpet of rotting leaves lay upon the ground. The gloom of the place oppressed me. At mid-day it would have been different. Then it would have been a delightful retreat from the heat of the sun. We experienced some difficulty in getting up a fire. The cook had misplaced the matches, and they could not be found. The Gallas came to our help. Fortunately they had their fire-making apparatus with them. This consisted of two pieces of wood, one a long round stick,

like the shaft of an arrow, and the other a short flat piece, about an inch broad and a span long. The short, broad piece is laid upon the ground, and held firmly in place by being pressed at each end with the two large toes of the operator. The long stick is then taken, and the end of it is placed in a small notch cut in its fellow. It is then firmly grasped at the top, between the two palms, and twisted backwards and forwards with all the speed the man can give it. It is necessary, however, to press it so hard that in about half a dozen twirls of the stick the operator finds his hands at the bottom, when he is obliged to raise them quickly, and repeat the action. He does this several times before any sign of fire appears, or, growing tired, he is obliged to give place to another man. At length a little smoke curls up from between the sticks, and then a little red spark is seen. The tiny heap of powder, produced by the friction, is soon all on fire, and taken between a few dry leaves, grass, or any other easily inflammable material, is blown quickly into a flame. Under favourable circumstances, in extremely dry weather, it is done much more expeditiously.

After a while our fires blazed, the room was swept of its rougher materials, the cooking proceeded, and in a little time the supper was served. This over we spread our rugs, and stretched ourselves on the ground. In another hour or two I lay absorbed by my own thoughts. Once I rose to look round on the company. The Gallas had had a little quarrel among themselves, and formed two groups. There they lay, their long, lank, black forms only partially covered, they looked the veriest savages in creation. Our

porters lay about in great disorder, as if all had fallen down just where they happened to be standing, too tired to seek each other's companionship. Wuledi, Tofiki, and the two boys had placed themselves near to us, feeling, perhaps, that this was both their duty and their privilege. The fires were burning sluggishly, as if half inclined to go out, but it was by their fitful, lurid glare that I had made out what I have described.

I lay down again. The fires ceased to blaze, the darkness became like pitch. The hard breathing, and, in some cases, snoring of the company fell unpleasantly on the ear, which was not at all improved by the multitude of sounds that rose from the millions of insects which were making their discords among the grass. Presently a streak of light passed across the gloom, and then became fixed, like a diamond, before my eyes. This was beautiful! It was only a fire-fly, but oh! in such circumstances, how exquisitely lovely. It dispelled the gloom from my mind, and made all light; so I fell asleep, musing upon pleasant things.

We were now in the country called by the name at the head of the chapter, Bararetta, the district between the camp and Mambrui being called Jalicha. Our course had been N.N.E. Our camping-place is called Kutungu, but there are two other Kutungus in the same district.

We met with a man on this day's march who told us that we should find a cow at Kurawa, which had been left there by the Masai. The Gallas, suspicious that there was sorcery in connection with the leaving of this animal behind, were afraid to touch it, to say nothing of killing it. Our men, having nothing to

fear from the Masai, rejoiced at such news, and began to congratulate each other upon the prospect of plenty of beef. To be candid, we ourselves were a little gratified, inasmuch as for aught we knew we should have to travel several days without food. Our attempts at shooting the game we had met that day had proved so unsuccessful as to excite our apprehensions that we might have to suffer, in a land of plenty, if compelled to rely upon our guns alone. A bullock in the pen was just the thing for us.

Rose early on the 3rd, but did not commence our march before seven o'clock. The country was now becoming much prettier. It was still a level plain, well carpeted with herbage, fresh and green, but it was more thickly wooded than that over which we had passed the last two days. Overhanging the path were many trees, bearing edible fruit, some of which we gathered and ate with relish. True there was nothing comparable to European fruits, still there were some that were far from despicable, especially to men in such circumstances as ours. There was one kind really delicious to look at, and not obnoxious to the taste. In appearance it was like a fine, red cherry, but not so fleshy. In taste it was too sharp and acid to be generally agreeable, but it was very grateful to us then. Another kind was not so tempting in appearance, but much more palatable. In size and colour it was not unlike a small russet, but with less red and more brown in it when ripe. In an unripe state it is as green as a crab. In flavour it resembles a mellow pear, so much so that it might be mistaken for this fruit if judged of only by the taste. These wild fruits supplied us with a breakfast.

Towards noon we met with a couple of Wata women. They were not afraid of us, as the Wasuahili and Wanika have invariably been when we have first met with them. Though they had never seen a white man before, they now stopped in the path, waited for our approach, and after a little while entered freely into conversation with us. While talking with them a man, who proved to be their husband, put in an appearance, and he was equally self-composed and courteous. We were not as yet in the Galla country proper, but in that portion of it occupied by the Wata. These two were the only human beings we had met with since we left Muando Mpia, from which it will be inferred that we had not passed through a very populous district.

Some distance farther on, at a place called Alango Niaicha (crocodile hole), where there was a pool of muddy water, we met with Gurene, a Galla, and an old acquaintance, whom we picked up on our former visit to these regions, and who acted as our chief guide through the wilderness to Mambrui. Poor man! he complained bitterly of the Masai, of whom he had a very sorrowful story to tell. He said they had taken all his cattle, and had murdered all his children but one. Reduced to the greatest poverty, he told us he was going to Malinde to pick up, if possible, a little food; that is to say, he was going to beg it, or, as was more likely, to work hard for it. The latter for a haughty Galla, in whose estimation work of any kind is disgraceful, would be no mean trial. He said he should not stay long at Malinde, he hoped to return before we should leave the country, when he declared it to be his

intention to take his wife and only child and follow us.

But he had another story to tell, viz., that of the Masai bullock. Unaware of its presence, he had entered the hut in which it had been bound, and had run a close chance of being gored to death by it. The brute had fiercely attacked him, yet such was his position that he could not make his escape. In self-defence he drew his knife and cut and slashed right and left, in the end succeeding in bringing his antagonist to the earth. Then he described how he drank its blood, and calling a number of Gallas together, how they devoured its carcass. In the relation of this fact Gurene grew quite animated and eloquent. Buiya laughed heartily as the man told the story, and did not seem to apprehend any fatal consequences from the death of the beast. Some of us felt a little annoyed at the accident which had robbed us of our beef.

While resting at this place our men complained of hunger. They had been supplied with means of obtaining several days' food, yet had omitted doing so, and they were now suffering in consequence. We had been supplying them from our own private stores, but if we continued to do this we should soon be without ourselves. What could be done? We were in the neighbourhood of game, why not try our hand at bagging some of it? we did so. During the chase I came upon the largest number of apes I ever saw. They started out of a thicket directly before me, and made off in great alarm, screaming in the wildest and most unearthly manner. They were as large as the orang-outang.

After fortifying ourselves with a little food, and bottling up a quantity of muddy water, we set off again. At sunset we came to another pool of water, and a conversation took place as to the propriety of camping there. Here it was declared we should be troubled with mosquitos, while at Kurawa we should be without water. In the end it was decided to stay where we were. The Gallas again knew the spot; and, leaving the path, led us directly to what seemed to be an ordinary camping-place, which, instead of being a thicket, was a spot upon which not a shrub or tree grew, and claiming for its only covering the magnificent alcove of the sky. In the immediate neighbourhood were trees enough, but the fancy of the Gallas seems to run in contrasts and extremes. Yesterday in an open space we must need seek a thicket; to-day in a thicket we must select the most open spot to be found.

Mosquitos came in swarms, making it necessary to lie as close as possible to the fires, and on that side of them over which the smoke blew. Fire and smoke are the only protection against these virulent pests. In a climate like this we cannot endure to be covered overhead with a thick sheet or rug, and a thin material the insect pierces with the greatest ease. It may appear strange, but to me the bite is sharpest coming through one's clothes; like an exceedingly fine needle it enters your skin, and makes you start again! This place is called Kakole. Our course throughout the day had been, as before, N.N.E.

We rose on Friday, the 4th, after a very unsatisfactory night's rest. All our precautions against mosquitos were insufficient. They annoyed us all through

the night. We rose early, intending to take advantage of the cool air; but another annoyance arose—our donkeys were not to be found! Men were despatched in all directions to seek them. They could not, we supposed, have strayed far, because their forelegs had been hobbled. One man after another returned, however, saying that the animals could not be found. Lastly, two men brought the cord with which they had been tied! Here was a misfortune: the donkeys had got free, and had returned no one knew how far. Wuledi and a Galla were sent for the purpose of seeking them, and bringing them back; and, hoping that they might return by noon, we waited until then where we were.

We spent the morning in search of something for dinner; but we bagged only a few pigeons, which, however, were very acceptable, for dry rice is not in itself either a very tasty or strengthening food. Even East Africans cannot do with it without a little relish of some kind, and to the European it is a dry morsel indeed. Our pigeons then, as a relish, were not to be despised.

We were surprised to meet with so few birds in so quiet and lonely a spot, for an East African wood is, as a rule, exceedingly rich in the feathered tribe.

Noon arrived, but the donkey-seekers had not returned. We waited until three o'clock; still they did not appear. We wished to have gone on now, but the Gallas and some of our men were off in search of honey, and we were obliged to wait a short time longer for them. They returned in half an hour without the sought-for luxury, much annoyed that

they should have been at so much trouble without reward.

Made a start at 3.30 p.m. In less than an hour we came in sight of some Galla huts. We were making directly for them when Buiya suddenly stopped. He saw what he did not expect, a Galla party with a herd of cows. Now, instead of going straight to the huts, we were led off in a sideways direction away from them, as though it were necessary to keep at a respectful distance from those mansions of straw. Buiya stationed us beneath the shade of a small tree, and then, accompanied by Aba Rufat, walked across to the huts, to get the news, and prepare the way for us. All this nonsense was very annoying, but as it was no use objecting we took it as easy as we could, swallowing our bile, though in danger of choking, and ransacking our hearts for what patience remained.

Buiya returned with the information that the party at the hamlet had just come back to their home, with the hope that the Masai had left the country, and that they might now occupy their fields and feed their flocks in peace. We were led a short distance farther on and again called to a halt. Another "dubbi" took place, at the end of which we were told that we might occupy two or three huts, which were pointed out to us. Taking a stroll we came upon a large herd of "torpe," and presently our attention was called to a pair of ostriches, leisurely striding over the plains in the distance; and, as I wished to get a good view of these kingly birds on their own ground, we followed them up. Knowing their excessive timidity, and their extraordinary sagacity, we made towards them carefully, but they soon became aware of our presence, and

strode proudly away. Creeping behind some huts that were between us and them, we gained some little ground, so that they were fairly in sight, still far away beyond gun-range. On they strode, and were soon lost to view. It was now sunset, and we returned to our friends.

The man who had arrived in the district as we came up, we were told, was a "Toib," an important personage, and must "have his heart made glad." We were, it was declared, his visitor, and he wished to treat us as such. It was his intention to give us a cow in the morning, and he was anxious to know what we would give him in return. We said that the promise of a cow was a kindness we knew how to appreciate, and that if fulfilled we were prepared to make our host an ample return. This was not enough. *Custom* was in the way. It was insisted that we ought to give the "Toib" first of all a present of five articles, and five more to a couple of old sub-chiefs who were with him. This done, he would give us the cow, and then we were to give him another present of five, each five being the full worth of the beast! We objected that this looked too much like paying for our meat thrice over, to do which was contrary to *our* custom. We were anxious, we said, to do what was right, but with this demand we could not comply. After a great deal of talk we were addressed as follows: "The Toib hears what you say, and is content. He will, as your host, give you in the morning a cow, for which you may present him in return what you please." That we declared was a most sensible conclusion, such as became a great man, and we sent him our salaam.

On the following morning the promised cow was brought, and bound near to the camp. She was a poor brute, and looked to me as if she were suffering from disease. The Gallas, however, declared that though she was not one of the finest animals in the country, she was in a good healthy condition, and would supply us with a wholesome meal. But their notions of these matters are far below *par*. They live to a great extent on the diseased of their stock from principle, that is, from the principle of economy. A cow, sheep, or goat, say, grows thin; in fact it is going to die. Now, say the Gallas, that animal will soon be dead, let us kill her to save her flesh. So the beast is slaughtered, and a feast ensues. It is probable that the greater portion of a niggard's meat comes to him in this way.

Abajila, a supposed judge of such things, was appointed to examine this beast, and declaring her fit for food, she was at once despatched. Such a scene followed as I hope will seldom fall to my lot to witness. No sooner was the knife drawn across the animal's throat than the Gallas, as many as could jamb their heads together within the necessary compass, fell first upon their knees, and then upon the beast's yawning neck, and sucked and sucked at the hot, living, gushing stream of blood until they could do so no longer. Then, covered with gore, smacking their lips, and quite out of breath, they rose to make room for others standing near and longing for the horrible draught. My flesh crept, and I felt as I never did before; my very hair stood on end! Buiya was excited beyond measure, evidently enjoying the thing greatly, his eyes aflame with savage light. I expressed to him my

utter disgust, when he replied somewhat testily, "Oh, you are white men? We Gallas think it delicious! nothing better in the world!" Who can wonder at the brutal expression which almost every Galla carries in his countenance? Next arose a great difficulty, viz., as to how the flesh was to be divided. One man demanded this, another that, as his "ada," a word which must never be trifled with. If a man can only quote "ada," and obtain a witness, the thing is settled. Woe betide the traveller who sets himself up against "ada" in these countries! He is almost sure to go to the wall. Well, every man demanded his "ada," and the whole company quarrelled about what each should have. This continued some time, when we took matters into our own hands. Some of the men had commenced cooking the tit-bits that every one wanted. These I took out of the fire and pitched into the grass. No one could quarrel more about them. Next, all that remained was ordered to be brought before us; the whole mass was divided, and every man had given to him an equal share.

After what I had seen my appetite was gone. The little that was set apart for us I could not touch. To be fastidious in our circumstances would be ridiculous; but such scenes as we had witnessed were enough to offend the strongest stomachs.

During the morning some Galla women, the wives of our host, came into the camp. They begged for cloth, beads, etc. The latter we did not deny them. Quite a large company gathered about us, all watching our every movement with interest. Having no private apartments, we were obliged to wash, etc., before them. These operations greatly amused them.

On taking off my hat I received a compliment I did not expect. "*How like a "galdesa" (monkey) he is!*" exclaimed one. This was in allusion to the colour and straitness of my hair, but perhaps rather to its shortness, for at that time I wore it cut close to my head.

Towards noon the "Toib" came to look for his present. We gave him two shuka, one kitambi, one kikoi; and in addition put in some needles, ear-rings, beads, etc. This did not please him, and a thunder-cloud instantly darkened his countenance. "What!" said he, "is this all you can give me?" Aba Rufat resented his covetousness, telling him he was generously treated. The man's black looks remained, but he said no more.

Spent some hours in rambling the country hereabouts. It is called Kurawa, and is the prettiest district over which we had yet travelled. It stretches out far and wide, on all sides, in a grassy plain as level as the sea. The soil is of a light, loose, and sandy character, is covered with a rich, green sward, and is further adorned by a thin shrubbery of very pretty evergreen bushes, the chief of which is a species of thorn, in form and growth not unlike fir, but not so large. As, in addition to the wild herbivorous animals that abound here, it is a cattle-grazing district, the grass was very short, giving it the appearance of a newly-mown lawn. Here and there in low, marshy places, the grass grew long and rank, but generally it was as above described. This gives to the district a remarkably light and open aspect, and makes it exceedingly pleasant. As you look over these charming plains you do not realize the fact that you are in a country of savages: all is so

quiet, reposing, and fair. There is nothing of the wilderness, desert, or jungle about it; everything wears an appearance of mild, poetic beauty, very exhilarating and enjoyable. In the evening, when the scene is bathed in the soft and changing light of the setting sun, these feelings especially possess you.

This district was more thickly inhabited than any we had yet seen. The plain was dotted all over with small hamlets, containing, as a rule, five or six huts in a cluster. Each hamlet seemed to be occupied by only one family, comprehending, doubtless, in some cases, the representatives of three generations: father, son, and son's sons. We saw, perhaps, half a score of such hamlets occupying an area of about four square miles. Thus, allowing two persons to every hut, there would be living upon the space mentioned about 120 souls. Say that a population occupies the country at the same ratio, over a territory of one hundred square miles in extent, we should have in such a district just 3,000 human beings, but this I am convinced would be far in excess of the true population. Think of our travelling over districts two and three days in extent without meeting with a single soul. From the very nature of things the Gallas must be a widely scattered people. Pastoral, they are nomadic, and need much land. The cattle having licked up the grass here must go elsewhere, and if they be numerous must remove again and again before they return to the first spot.

The huts are very small and very loosely built. As architects the Gallas are certainly inferior to the birds. A few pliant branches are stuck into the ground, bent over, and tied together, so as to form a very shaky

hen-coop. Over this, dry grass, hay, straw, fern leaves, fan-palm fronds, rushes, or it may be hides, are thrown, indifferently made fast, and the house is complete. When finished it looks in size and form very much like a heap of hay or a poor gipsy-tent. An English field in hay harvest will look much like a Galla town would do, if the huts were only more numerous and were built in rows. As it is the English field has the advantage. All the huts we saw were empty, the Gallas having fled the country on account of the Masai.

At 4.30 p.m. we left this place, and at sunset reached a hamlet of five huts, which belonged to one of our men, Boije Hirebaya, his family having been driven from it in his absence by the Masai. Here we put up. While our men were collecting fire-wood, sweeping up the huts, and getting up the fires we took a walk over to another hamlet about three hundred yards off. All the huts seemed to have been left in great haste; for calabashes, skins, stools, cooking vessels, and utensils of all kinds were found in almost all of them. Buiya explained that the people had taken away only what was necessary, that they might be the less encumbered with goods in their flight. It was grievous to see the country so deserted.

It was now fast growing dark, and we returned to the camp. Hark! the musquitos have risen, and their low hum falls unpleasantly upon the ear. Our necks and faces are covered with them, and we sweep them off by scores with our hands, which holding up in the dim light we find to be streaked with blood. Ugh! No one should think of being out of doors here a moment after the sun has disappeared. The house should be sought; windows, doors, and every aperture should

be closed ; otherwise no hope of rest could be entertained.

It is the custom of the Gallas to make a fire at the doorway of the hut as soon as the sun sets ; then to beat the room well with their togas so as to drive the insects outside, and when this has been well done to cover the doorway, in order to prevent their return. We found this a good plan. We got rid of vast numbers in this way, but there were always a few that in spite of our best efforts would remain.

As soon as our hut was ready we entered, fought our enemies, closed the door, blew up the fire, and threw ourselves upon our rugs. The Gallas have a little idea of comfort, hence all the back part of the hut is well matted with rush and straw, and it was on such a mat that we made our couch. A small portion of the floor, near the door, is left bare, and on this the fire is made. We had just room in which to stretch ourselves without putting our feet into the fire, still we were in danger of doing so at times. It is something wonderful that such huts are not constantly burnt to the ground. This does occur occasionally, but from all accounts by no means so often as might be expected. Before we slept we heard that some Gallas had come to the camp from Hirebaya.

CHAPTER IX.

WEICHU.

ON Sunday 6th we rose early after a very disturbed night. A sufficient number of mosquitos remained in the hut to annoy and keep us awake a long time. Then just as we had fallen to sleep "Charlie," my dog, made such a disturbance as to wake us all up. He scampered over us and rolled himself among our rugs as if he had gone mad. But we remembered that he had been afflicted in this way before. The black ants had got into his coat. He could very well endure mosquitos, but ants were too much for him. I took him in hand, and was trying to rid him of his foes when my companion began to cry out: the ants were upon him. No time was to be lost, the enemy had entered our castle, and had to be expelled. We turned up our rugs, and there were the foe in countless myriads. In a few minutes the whole camp was astir. The swarming legions had attacked every hut. The fires were blown up, and firebrands blazed in all directions. Tofiki came to our aid. It was sad work, but we were compelled to do it. The firebrand was thrust among the crowding hosts, and fearful was the slaughter done. We could distinctly

hear the bodies of our assailants hissing, and crackling beneath the scorching blaze. They could not stand before this, and we were not surprised to see them beat a retreat. But on the field what a sight remained ! Myriads of black and shrivelled forms bespoke the terrible havoc that had been made among them, and I am not certain that our consciences did not smite us. Yet we only acted in self-defence, and this reconciles us to our woeful deeds. Tofiki was about to prepare us a little food, before we started, but he found the meat we had put by from yesterday's stores covered with ants, a living, creeping, compact, mass—like a swarm of bees. It was no doubt our meat that had attracted them to our quarters.

The men who came last night, from Hirebaya, said they had been sent by him to invite us to his place at Weichu, where he would meet us. To Weichu therefore we determined to go.

Just as we were about to start a pair of fine ducks alighted on the ground just before us. We had no food, and, Sabbath though it was, I fired. One fell, but the other rose upon the wing and escaped. We felt thankful for the supply, which was much needed.

We left the camping-place at 7 a.m. The road was a very good one—the one, our Gallas said, which had been lately travelled by the Masai. Farther on we saw many evidences of this; for broken stools, cooking pots, drinking vessels, thongs, etc. lay about on each side of the path.

“What are these things,” we enquired of Buiya, “they do not look like Galla articles, then what are they?”

“No,” he replied, “they are not Galla traps, they

are Masai, and must have been thrown aside when in hasty pursuit of our people."

A little beyond we found a Masai shield, then another and another. There was no mistaking the meaning of all this; we were following the very track the Masai had taken before us. Had we been a little earlier, say had we left Malinde when we were delayed by the wreck of the "Clutha Belle," we should probably have fallen in with them, and what would have been the result who can tell? Truly

"There is a Providence that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

Pressing forward we presently met with a company of Gallas who were returning to their homes at Kurawa. This was Boiji Hirebaya's family. Yesterday he had begged permission to leave us that he might go forward to see his friends, but he did not tell us the real object he had in view, yet here he was back again with his two wives and children. Several other parties were met with, who were also returning with their household stuff to their homes, and we saw to what good account they turn their asses. Each party drove before them one or more of these animals. All the household furniture, and in some cases the children, were packed upon their backs, and they were either led or driven by the women, who were generally empty-handed. This is a step in advance of the Wanika and some of the other tribes of Eastern Africa, among whom the *women* are treated as beasts of burden. The difference was a pleasant one, though even here, it will be observed, that the women had to attend to the animals while the men did nothing. Each party drove before

them their own cattle, but in no case did we see what might be called a large drove, twenty or thirty being the order of the day.

The people did not seem much surprised to see us, nor did they take much notice of us. Some did not condescend to speak, nor even to give us a word of salutation ; but this may have resulted from a supposition that we did not understand their tongue.

Presently the country became swampy. For some distance we had to wade through water up to our knees, and in one place it rose to our armpits. This greatly interfered with our progress, and our travelling became very slow.

We passed through Korní Waiamo and Barole, sub-districts of Weichu, about noon.

Hereabouts we saw some very large herds of zebra and torpe. Both are indeed beautiful animals, the former especially so. It is impossible to speak too highly concerning it. No drawing I have ever seen of the animal gives an adequate idea of the real thing. Such a splendid coat, such symmetry of form, such grace, elegance, and, I had almost said, such majesty of mien!—a herd of these animals is one of the finest sights the wilderness affords. To me the zebra is a marvel of beauty, but to be properly appreciated he must be seen, as we saw him, in his own home.

We were struck with their extraordinary tameness. This is to be accounted for by the fact that they are not hunted here. We were now really in Galla territory, and the Gallas, not eating such things, do not chase them. On the other hand, the Wasania, through whose country we had hitherto been travelling, live entirely by the chase, and give their whole time and

attention to these pursuits. The animals, therefore, in the country over which these Nimrods roam are naturally more shy, and keep a safe distance between themselves and all of human form. But had it not been the Sabbath we could have shot down any number to-day. The zebra, gazing at us curiously, allowed us to approach within fifty yards of them. "If you wish to get near them," said one of our Gallas, "don't try any artifice, such as stooping, hiding behind bushes, and the like; but take your weapon upon your shoulder, and walk carelessly towards them, as though you wished simply to pass by. This excites no suspicion; but the moment you begin bobbing, and dodging you frighten them, and they are off."

At three p.m. we reached a small hamlet, where we came to a halt, and before long a company of Gallas made their appearance. Some were strangers; others we knew, having met them at Malinde. Among the number was Dado Guia Shelot, the man who, in connection with Hirebaya, left us at Malinde to prepare our way. This party came on purpose to meet us, there being no one then living at Weichu; for, like Kurawa, it had been forsaken upon the coming of the Masai. We enquired for Hirebaya, and were informed he had not been able to come, but might be expected on the following morning. Here then we decided to encamp.

The Gallas brought us no news, but they confirmed all we had heard of the Masai, and the consequent escape of all the people north of the Maro. Confidence, however, it was said, was returning; the Masai had gone, and the people would soon be settled in their homes again. We had a long talk with these men, in the course of which they begged for beads and

cloth; and we found an opportunity to speak a few words for Jesus Christ. Notwithstanding the confidence of the Gallas that the Masai had left the country, we were at that very time, as the sequel will prove, within a very little of falling into their clutches.

Towards evening Abajila asked permission to go on to the Wapokomo, on the Maro, to seek for food. He would, he said, return early in the morning. Buiya came next. He wished to go and see some friends. So two of our right hand men left us. We had, however, nothing to do, and Aba Rufat still remained with us. Boiji Hirebaya, it will be remembered, had left us yesterday, and we had met him to-day with his wives, on his way to Kurawa. Dado was in the camp, but we had no faith in him; he carried treachery in his very looks. The other Gallas we did not know enough of to depend upon them in the least.

After dark Tofiki served us with rice and a portion of the duck I had shot in the morning, and having had nothing to eat for the whole day we found this very acceptable.

Our hut being a pretty good one we hoped to obtain a fair night's rest. Mosquitos swarmed and plagued us with their horrid hum, it is true, but we hoped, by-and-by, to drive them from the hut, and to keep them at bay with fire and smoke. We beat well the air, blew up the fires, filled the hut with smoke, shook down the doorway covering, which was in this case a bundle of loose grass hanging from the top; bore with patience our choking throats and smarting eyes, complained not of the oven-heat which the atmosphere of our small apartment attained, wiped the

dripping perspiration from our brows ; but despite all our endeavours we were conquered by our foes. There we lay exhausted by our efforts, teased, pierced, and drained of our very blood, by an enemy whom the breath of our nostrils ought to have carried far away. We ought to have slept in spite of them ; for we had had little sleep enough of late, yet we tried to compose ourselves in vain !

Finding it impossible to sleep within the hut we came outside. Some of the men had got up a blazing fire, and invited us into their midst, each man prepared to give up his own place to us. This was more respectful than they usually were, but trouble often makes crooked things straight. The men being plagued themselves felt for us. As they sometimes said, "How should Wazungu with their soft, white skin bear hardship as we do !" We found mosquitos less numerous about the huge fire than inside the hut, so, ordering our rugs to be spread, we lay down beside it. The stars shone brightly in the heavens, yet it was very dark. The tantalizing buzz of mosquitos was distinctly heard ; millions of other insects were creaking out their discords from among the grass ; frogs sent up their varying but dismal croaks from their muddy pools ; from the distance came the clear sharp bark of the zebra ; while the hyena snuffled, coughed, and howled in our very ears. I rose several times to drive these latter off, but I had no sooner laid down than they came again, sniffing and howling as before.

So the hours passed by drearily. At length I fell into a half dose. The next thing I remember was rising upon my elbow, rubbing my eyes, looking across the

fire, and peering into the darkness beyond. I made out the dark forms of several men. They seemed excited and were speaking. "Hirebaya!" I heard one of them say in an anxious undertone: "is Hirebaya here?" "Hirebaya is not here," was the reply, "but Dado is." The men strode over the thorn bushes in their way, and went towards the hut in which the Gallas were. I lay down and again dosed, but awaking almost immediately, I heard my companion say, "I say, New, what shall we do? Some Gallas have just arrived with the intelligence that the Masai are at Kurawa and will soon be here. Aba Rufat says we must fly."

"Well," I returned, "this is awkward. But the Masai won't touch us, so why should we run? Let's wait until the morning."

"Aye," was his response, "why not? we have nothing to fear."

Then came second thoughts. Buiya had gone; Boiji had gone; Abajila, our interpreter, had gone; Aba Rufat, of all our Gallas, alone remained. The strange Gallas who were with us would of course fly. Wuledi, our best man, and who alone of our own men could speak a little Masai, was also away. Our porters were for the most part young and inexperienced, and were not to be depended upon in the least. What could we do with such a staff as we had in a strange country, and no one able even to speak with the enemy who was at our heels. No; all things considered, we thought it better that we should retreat with the rest.

While we were yet undecided Aba Rufat came shouting, "Dunga! Dunga! Ibida bobes! Ibida

bobes ! (light up the fires ! light up the fires ! (Kawe bus ! Kawe bus ! (load up the guns ! load up the guns !) The Kori (Masai) are coming ! the Kori are coming ! up ! up ! fly ! fly ! tie up your goods ! quick ! quick !"

We objected to such precipitance. "Lakis, lakis ! leave such talk alone now ; fly, fly ! quick, quick !"

So we ordered the men to pack up. But this took some time, greatly to the trial of Aba Rufat's patience. He ran about the camp with tears in his eyes, exclaiming, "Dunga ! Dunga ! quick ! quick ! fly ! fly !" His Galla friends would not wait, and he was left alone, which was no doubt very trying to him.

We charged our guns and looked at our pistols, deeming it necessary to be on our guard, as for aught we knew we might be overtaken on the road. All ready we set out upon our midnight flight. We had gone about a hundred yards from the hut when we thought of "Charlie." He was not with us. Tokfi ran back, several of us awaiting his return. "Charlie" was found, not asleep as he must have been when we left, but running about in great concern trying to scent out our path. We soon came up with the rest of the party, and so continued altogether our dismal march. Mosquitos stormed us by millions, and with such a malignance did they inflict their bite, as suggested that they had either determined to make the most of a delicious opportunity for gloating themselves with white man's blood, or that, greatly irritated at being disturbed from their normal condition by such a cowardly set of midnight wanderers, they were bent upon punishing us severely for it. We covered up our necks and faces with our pocket-handkerchiefs, and kept up a

constant motion about our ears and over our heads with our hands ; but this did not prevent us from being inoculated in a thousand places with the poisonous juices of our bitter little foe. Wild beasts growled louder than ever, though I question if the greater bulk of our party heard them ; for in the estimation of most we were fleeing from much wilder men, and this was all they could think of. For a considerable distance we had to splash our way through water knee deep, but at length we were pressing through it, seriously entangled with weeds, up to our very necks ! Now, carrying everything in our uplifted hands and upon our heads, and unable to protect ourselves against mosquitos, they settled upon us and drunk our blood to their full. Night though it was, they clouded our eyes, filled our ears, and plugged our nostrils—buzz, buzz, buzzing, as though in triumph at our hapless state. Emerging from this slough of despond we at length stood upon dry ground,—a small island in the midst of the marsh. Proceeding a few paces the Gallas halted, and turning to us said. “ We must wait here till morning.” “ Why not go on ? ” “ We can’t,” was the reply ; “ too much water ahead until the morning we are safe here.”

Imagine our condition if you can. There we were in the dead of the night, in the country of a people dreaded by all others in East Africa as a most treacherous and bloodthirsty race, and, as we supposed, pursued by a horde of savages vastly more to be dreaded than they. There we were on a small mound of dry ground, in the midst of a deep morass, soaked to our very skin, and dripping from head to foot. Mosquitos I will not mention here ; I am tired

of the very name. Yes, there we were, uncomfortable enough I must confess ; but far, very far from being unhappy. We were in God's hands.

We were anxious to ascertain the time, but it was too dark to make out the face of a watch. Opening it, however, I felt for the fingers, and found the hour to be, as near as possible, 3.25 a.m. At the very least then we must wait two hours for dawn. We were wishful to make up a fire, but the matches could not be found. No one present had with him the native apparatus, and we were about to give up the idea altogether. But necessity is the mother of invention. The men were able to create a spark, and for tinder they used gunpowder. A fire was soon blazing, but surrounded by one of the most wretched-looking companies ever beheld. The Gallas were a little afraid that the smoke and glare might prove a guide to the enemy, but as the Masai are said to be mortally afraid of deep water, they did not strongly object to the fire. It was most acceptable to us, first, because we were cold ; and secondly, because it kept the mosquitos off.

We were not alarmed, but the two hours we waited seemed exceedingly long and tedious. We talk and sing of the fleetness of time, but it is wonderful what duration there may be, under certain circumstances, in two simple hours. I sat with my face eastward, watching for signs of opening day, with feelings of uncommon interest. A star rose with exceeding brightness and beauty. "That is the morning star," said several of the men, "the dawn is near." Not so near, however, as was imagined. At length the eastern horizon began to pale ; stars disappeared one by one ; finally the mighty

globe of light arose, and the long desired day was ushered in. We were wet and miserable, and could think of nothing else ; still the daylight was most acceptable. Thus dawned Monday the 7th.

Our men were about to take up their loads at once but Aba Rufat said, "Stay a little longer, remember the 'bini' and 'bisan' (mosquitos and water). At 6.30 a.m. we were on the march once more. On the march, I say, but our march that morning was only slow wading, for we entered the water the moment we started, and during the greater part of the way it was up to our waists. The bottom, being very uneven, made it exceedingly difficult to maintain our footing, and the man immediately before me fell sprawling several times, his load, a small bag of biscuits, and the only food we had left, being immersed. Fortunately the bag was of painted canvas, and perfectly waterproof, so the biscuits were not spoiled.

After an hour's wading we stood upon the bank of the Galana Maro (river Maro) ; the Mto Tana of the Wasuahili ; the Pokomo of the Wapokoma ; and the Thana, Zana, and Kiluluma of the Wakamba. On the opposite side were a few huts, some Galla and Wapokomo men and women, and a number of cows. Some of the Gallas were those that had fled with us from Weichu, and the cattle belonged to them. They had hurried forward, anxious, I suppose, next to themselves, to save their stock. Abajila, our interpreter, was there, and also two Wasuahili from Kau. They came across to us in a small "mtumbui" (dau) belonging to the Wapokomo, and ferried us and our party, a few at a time, to the land of safety. We were

now beyond the reach of the Masai, these people never having been known to cross a large river. This cannot be so much because they are afraid of water as on account of the difficulty of beating a retreat with a lot of cattle over such an obstacle. The Gallas breathed freely. As to ourselves we could not help wondering what was to be done next. This side of the river, like the other, was deeply flooded, and so also was all the surrounding country. We were standing in several feet of water, and there seemed to be no dry ground anywhere. What were we to do in such a place? After a while we were told that we should have to stay here for several days. There were about half-a-score of huts, which the Wasuahili called mji (town) of Mana Mvoko. The huts are small, being only a little larger than those of the Gallas, but much more strongly built. They are cone-shaped, and are from six to ten feet in diameter at the base. The frame is made of strong poles, which are stuck into the ground, about eighteen inches apart, and then bent over and bound together at the apex upon a central post. These poles are further strengthened by a system of hoops from top to bottom, the chief use of which, however, is the support of the thatch. Thus, when complete, the frame looks like a large crinoline. This is covered with a very thick thatch of straw, perfectly air-tight and waterproof. The ordinary small hole, just large enough to admit a man bent double, is left on one side for the doorway. Doors are made in a variety of ways: by tying bunches of straw together into the form of a mat; by rough wicker-work frames; fastening pieces of bark together, etc. The floor is necessarily raised above the level of the

water. It is formed by planting forked uprights in the ground, laying across these as many joists as may be required ; and then binding across the joists, very closely and regularly together, a layer of rods or laths, from the smooth stems of the Ukindu fronds. When complete, this hut looks like a large beehive raised upon posts—the “straw-built citadel” of Milton.

Malau, one of the Wasuahili mentioned, and of whom more hereafter, led us to one of these huts, saying, “This hut is mine, but I place it at your disposal. I will seek quarters elsewhere. You are strangers: I know the country and people well.” We accepted the hut, glad of a place in which we could change our clothes, and obtain a little rest.

It was expected all day that the Masai would appear on the bank of the river, but they did not come to the part where we were. They were, however, seen by the Wapokomo lower down. We were somewhat curious, and since they were in the country, should like to have seen them. Tofiki wished they would come, as he coolly said, that he might have an opportunity of shooting one or two of them. “But, Tofiki,” it was urged, “you would not be such a coward as to shoot them in cold blood, when in a position which would make it impossible for them to defend themselves, or to do you harm.” “Why not?” he replied, “certainly I would. These are the ‘Wakafiri’ (infidels) who show no mercy, who kill and murder whenever they have an opportunity, and with whom it is impossible to do or say anything unless you slay a few of them. Once let them see that you have it in your power to hurt them, and you may begin to talk of friendship, but not till then.” He confessed it

would be more honourable to kill them in fair and open fight, but he did not see that it would be wrong to shoot down a pursuer simply because he had got beyond that pursuer's reach. This he thought would be carrying magnanimity too far.

We thought of the man whom we had met at Kurawa. He with his whole party must certainly have been taken by the foe. Boiji Hirebaya, too, and his family, how had they fared? We were glad to be informed in the evening that both parties, having been warned in time, had escaped in the night. Boiji soon after put in an appearance.

As to our own plans we were now entirely in the hands of the Gallas. We were wishful to proceed to Ganda without delay, but were told this would not do. It would, it was urged, be necessary to inform the Chief of our presence, and Aba Rufat, his brother, was despatched for this purpose. He took his leave of us saying, "I shall be back on the day after tomorrow; in the meantime you must wait here." The prospect of spending two days in such a place was not cheering, but we were obliged to submit.

Hirebaya and Dado came to us in the course of the day, and desired to see the goods we had brought for their "Aiyu" (king-chief). We objected, urging that the loads could not be conveniently unpacked, and that we wished to convey them as they were to their proper destination. They replied, "Are we not your friends? Was it not with us that you first consulted about coming into our country? Are we not anxious to fulfil your every wish? It is necessary that we see these cloths in order to make all right. Leave everything to us, and you will afterwards see that what we wish

to do is for your good. You don't know the customs of our country, we do, and must be allowed to help you." We resisted, but they urged the indispensable necessity of all they proposed. At length we reluctantly yielded the point, and the next day was appointed for the purpose. For the present they asked for one gora (piece) of calico, declaring it to be absolutely necessary to conciliate some malcontents who were not to be trifled with. This was granted, and the piece was at once cut up and distributed among a number of Gallas who were then in the village.

In the evening a band of Gallas collected for the purpose of reconnoitring Weichu and Kurawa by night. Unable to stand before their foes by day, they go out by night in hope of finding them asleep. If successful, they spear them and make off, their thorough knowledge of their own country giving them great advantage in this dastardly work.

The country over which we have travelled is a part of the large tract called by the Gallas Bararetta, which consists of the whole territory between the rivers Sabaki and Tana; is bounded on the east by the Indian Ocean, and on the west by the district of Mule. We had passed through the sub-districts of Jalicha, Kurawa, Weichu, and Chaffa, to the west of which are Kofira, Goletsh, Kurte, Hames, Balesa, etc.; while still further west are Omara, Ais, Adably, Galole, Hiranman, and Kokani. Mule stretches to the confines of Ukambani, and comprises Malau, Adel, Komole, Ramadu, etc. From all we saw and could gather of the natives it is clearly a very fine country, and, lying between two rivers, it possesses advantages which very few districts in East Africa can claim.

CHAPTER X.

ON THE TANA,

ON this side of the river we were out of Bararetta, the country here being called Kalinde. A little farther north is a place called Ramo, upon which the Gallas make their retreat in times of war. Being, as it is said, completely surrounded by water it is considered inaccessible to such foes as the Masai, and therefore quite safe. There all the Gallas who had fled from Bararetta were now staying, though the place is said to be little better than a swamp. Wishful to see as much of the Gallas as possible, we asked to be taken there, but our guides shook their heads, evidently jealous of our learning too much.

Mana Mvoko was to be our quarters for the present. It belongs to the Wapokomo, and has already been sufficiently described. Among the Wapokomo, then, we were to spend some days.

It was well that we got a little sleep by day, for we found it utterly impossible to sleep at Mana Mvoko by night. On Tuesday the 8th we rose without having scarcely closed our eyes for the whole night. We had got beyond the reach of the Masai, but not of mosquitos. We found the latter more numerous here upon

the water than we had done upon dry land. As if in haste to commence their work they rose before the sun had fairly set, the teasing hum of myriads of tiny trumpets being distinctly heard. To remain outside the hut after this was impossible. On account of the water we were obliged to move about, in native fashion, with naked legs and feet. What an opportunity for these blood-suckers! We were obliged to retreat precipitantly to our hives. Unable to make a fire upon the water outside, we were under the necessity of making a doubly large one within. It was a desperate but still our only remedy. The smoke greatly tried our eyes, while the fire made the hut intolerably hot. Fancy us cooped up there, unable to see each other for smoke, and sweating from every pore. We rose in the morning feeling more dead than alive. We could not bear many such nights. Had there been the alternative of turning out, as at Weichu, or any place to go to for a change, we could have endured it, but to be cooped up in that cage, smoked, melted, and blood-sucked—this was too much.

According to yesterday's arrangement Hirebaya and Dado came to-day to examine the present we had brought for their chief. Notwithstanding their protestations, we feared their object was to fleece us. Hirebaya brought with him Malau as interpreter. To this we did not object, though his presence was, in our estimation, quite unnecessary, and we knew that the onus of his pay would fall on us. The Gallas however preferred him to our interpreter because he was an old man, and had doubtless engaged to work into their hands.

The goods were opened before these men, and they

went through them very carefully. "Had we got any more?" "Yes, but these were all we had brought for their chief. Would they do?" "Yes, but there were several important things wanting. Why had we not brought this? Why had we not brought that?" "Because," we replied, "we had not engaged to do so. We had agreed to bring them a certain number of articles, and these we had brought." "Very good." Then they examined the articles again, and divided them into several parts, with the apparent intention of appropriating some to themselves. Again we objected: "These goods are for your chief. You yourselves made the arrangement with us to bring them, and now if you divide and make away with any part of them your chief will not be pleased."

They replied, "You do not know all; we do. Leave everything to us. We are acting for the best." This was cool, but we allowed them to proceed, watching their schemes carefully.

They cut up and divided everything, taking about one-third themselves, and returning the other two-thirds for the chief. It was pretended that the articles thus abstracted were to be given to "great men," whose good favour it was as necessary to secure as that of the chief. We suspected some roguery was being practised, but said no more for the time.

Malau displayed, in this business, a little of both his cunning and folly. He had recommended the putting aside a certain portion of goods, upon the plea that the Gallas would covet all they saw, and would give us no rest until they obtained it. We told him that it was our intention to show them only such things as we had brought for them. These we were willing they

should have; the rest were ours. There was some force in his suggestion however, so such things as we did not intend for the Gallas were put out of the way. When Hirebaya and Dado had gone Malau came, gravely requesting us to divide with him the goods we had put by. Astonished at the man's audacity we enquired why. "Because," said he, "but for me the Gallas would have taken all. I shall have saved you these things, and it certainly is not too much for my labour that I share the spoil."

Was ever such impudence heard before! We gave him to understand that the goods were ours; that what we had brought for the Gallas we intended to give then; as for the rest we knew perfectly well, without his assistance, how to take care of our own property. Besides his services had not been sought, they had been self-imposed; or, at the best, at the request of the Gallas, which was nothing to us whatever, except a nuisance. He left the hut murmuring that he had acted like a "mjinga" (simpleton, or fool). This certainly was true, but he might have added, a *knave* too. In his estimation he was tricking the Gallas out of cloths which we would otherwise have given them, thinking that this would secure our approval and himself a rich reward. He was surprised to find himself altogether wrong.

Hirebaya brought with him a small sheep, giving us to understand at the time that it was his own present, but we afterwards learned that he paid for it out of our cloths. He also brought a small "sororo" (a kind of water-vessel made by the Gallas) of milk. Dado brought us nothing. I mention this to show the character of the men. They had received, on

several occasions, handsome presents from us, and when at Malinde, Mambrui, and Lamu had been well fed by us. Now we were in their country, and were their guests, yet they brought us nothing. We succeeded, however, in buying from the Wapokomo a little rice, Indian corn, and a few plantains.

To-day I collected the following names of Kipokomo districts and villages, all along the course of the galana (river) Maro: 1, Kalindi; 2, Ngau; 3, Watu-wa-Tini; 4, Yunda; 5, Bu; 6, Ngatani; 7, Kullisa; 8, Mugundu; 9, Andani; 10, Selo; 11, Mbuea; 12, Akani; 13, Nzao; 14, Muina; 15, Ndera; 16, Guanoni; 17, Kenokombo; 18, Nthorai; 19, Trobakini; 20, Malaluni; 21, Malenkole; 22, Korokoro; 23, Manyole.

The people of the two last places are said to be cannibals. Beyond these extends the country of the Masai, or Kori, as they are called by the Gallas.

I stood in the water knee-deep writing these names from the lips of several Wapokomo, but before I had finished the mosquitos were stinging my bare legs, which told me that it was time to retire to my cage.

Wednesday the 9th was wretchedly spent. We fondly hoped that Aba Rufat might return from his brother and conduct us to some more comfortable quarters, but we hoped in vain. We were deserted, too, by all the other Gallas, and Hirebaya failed to visit us, though he promised faithfully to do so. How long *should* we have to remain in these circumstances! But for the Wapokomo I know not what we should have done. These people were very civil. Again they brought us grain and bananas for sale, so we were able to close the mouths of our men, who were showing a disposition to complain of starvation.

On the 10th we rose after a very restless night, to be told that there was nothing for breakfast but plantains and rice. Taking a small dau (canoe) therefore we proceeded up the river in search of a wild duck. But the canoe being very small and, as the natives say, tipsy, before we had gone far she capsized and pitched us all into the water ! Thoughts of hippopotami and crocodiles were not pleasant at such a time, but as we could all swim a stroke or two brought us to land, and beyond a thorough soaking no harm happened to any of us. My gun went to the bottom, but as our men were capital divers, after several attempts the weapon was recovered.

They expected to have been soundly scolded, and were astonished when we took the accident in good part. "What good-tempered men, these Wazungu are !" I heard one saying to the rest, "if they had been some men we should have got a thrashing."

Hirebaya and Buiya came a little before noon, bringing with them a small sororo of milk. It was about to be put aside when they desired us to look at it. The lid was removed, and was found to contain about an ounce of butter, for which they expected payment, and they were not satisfied till they had obtained three times the worth of it in beads.

As Aba Rufat did not come, and we had received no news of him, we asked Hirebaya and Buiya if they could explain matters. We declared that we were excessively annoyed to be shut up as we were in such a place. For three days we had endured more misery than we could easily express, and had not complained, but we were most unwilling to do so any longer. We urged that they should take us

direct to Ganda, or at least find us a place upon dry land where we should have room to stir.

Hirebaya admitted the unpleasantness of our position, but declared that it was "waka" (the work of God.) "What can we do?" he continued, "we are doing everything for you we can. Wait a little longer." He said that Mara Barowat would probably come down to us on the morrow. He intimated that our coming to their country was an extraordinary thing, and that there was much to be thought and said about it. "Dubbi" (palaver) was proceeding, but decisions could not be arrived at in a moment.

In the afternoon a rumour reached us that the Masai had been seen on the opposite bank of the river, and some Wapokomo were despatched to ascertain the truthfulness of this report. They returned at night to say that they had seen nothing of the marauders, but were unable to assert that they had not been seen by others. If the Masai had been to the river they had returned before our scouts had arrived.

Friday, 11th.—Hirebaya came about noon, this time without Buiya, Aba Rufat, or Mara Barowat. Dado had disappeared since the division of the cloth; we had hoped better things of him.

Hirebaya said he had sent word to Ganda that we were tired of waiting, and had received an answer to the effect that no boats could be obtained by which to bring the chief and his party down the river; that, however, Buiya Dubassat had been sent up the river, to some Kipokomo villages, to collect as many daus as were required, and that if he succeeded in getting them Mara Barowat would come to us, without fail, on the morrow morning. Hirebaya concluded by guardedly

saying, "I don't know that this will be so, but this is what is at present intended."

What could we say to this, but express a hope that we should not again be deceived? How could we know that we were being told the greatest untruths?

While Hirebaya was with us some Gallas arrived from Bararetta, bringing with them strange news. They said they had met in their way a Msuahili, who was running for his life. They stopped this man, and were told by him that he was flying from Mambrui, which place had been attacked by the Masai. There had been four days' hard fighting, and many on both sides had been slain. The Masai had come off conquerors. The people of the Muando Mpia (new village) had all fled. Many Kisuahili slaves had been taken prisoners, huts had been burned, and much goods and property had been scattered to the winds. On all sides were to be picked up cloth, beads, and household furniture. The Gallas who brought us this intelligence were in possession of some of the spoils, which they had picked up in the path, and which, in the estimation of most, stamped all they said as true.

This information filled our porters with distress, and they began to wail. Had they not left behind them, in the very places said to have been attacked, fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, friends, neighbours, etc.? All had certainly been killed. They talked lamentably of their supposed bereavements, and condoled with each other upon the great calamity which they thought beyond doubt had fallen upon them. Some of them even hinted at the necessity of their returning to take part in the funeral ceremonies, which would be held over the slain. Strange people! so used, as

they are, to finding themselves led astray by believing false reports, yet every new thing must be true. They credit first accounts with the same avidity as ever.

Not so, however, with us. We were sufficiently hard-hearted to smile at their grief. We had no doubt that there might be a smattering of truth in the account we had heard, but the probability was that it was vastly exaggerated. All native accounts are. East Africans cannot paint except in the very highest colours. No matter however sober the subject may be, they must dash on their thick vermilion. So we rallied our men, and told them to wait awhile.

Saturday, 12th.—On this day Hirebaya did not come, though he sent his little sororo of milk. This looked exceedingly strange, as though indeed we were being trifled with still. After telling us so many times that the chief would come to-morrow, and after having seen us so often surprised and disappointed at his non-appearance, he was probably beginning to feel ashamed of the part he was playing. Not that we suspected he was wilfully deceiving us, though it looked very much like it. A conviction nevertheless began to steal over us that a plot of some kind was being laid against us, for some mysterious ends, known only to the Gallas. Not being magicians, of course we could not divine the mystery.

But if Hirebaya did not come, Buiya did. Was this part of the plot? We knew not. We questioned him closely, but could get nothing satisfactory from him. The chief could not come on account of the water. This was an excuse that did not content us. Other people could get through the water, why then

could not he? Was the Galla chief made of such tender stuff! We further enquired of Buiya about the daus it was said he had been sent up the stream to fetch. He did not explain. That story then was all a farce.

Sunday, 13th.—Hirebaya brought his sororo himself this morning, accompanied by Taki Galgalo, one of the men that met us at Malinde. Taki, it was pretended, had come directly from Ganda and Mara Barowat, and had been sent by the chief to assure us that he was on his way to us, and as a guarantee that he would be with us on the morrow. Never did I feel so fully the truth of the common adage, "To-morrow never comes."

The companionship of Taki kept Hirebaya marvellously in countenance. Was this another ruse? The statement they made was the same story as that which had already been related, only with greater assurance. "Had not Taki come from Ganda? yea, from the chief?" We could not deny it.

"Yes," said Hirebaya; "here is Taki, and he will confirm all I say; nay, he has been sent to explain matters himself." But Taki was silent. Hirebaya went on. "The chief is coming, he is on his way. The great misfortune is there is so much water, the chief finds it difficult to press his way through it, and he is tired. He is bringing with him three cows, as a present to the Dunga, his friends. This increases the difficulty." The promise of these cows was in their estimation a fine salve for our wounds.

We expressed our extreme displeasure, showed them what their to-morrow had hitherto been, and declared it to be impossible that we should listen to such

excuses any longer. Why should the chief come to meet us where we were, a place in which there was not room to move? If the chief could not make his way through the water to us, why did they not take us to him? As to the present of their cows, we had not an inch of dry ground upon which to slaughter them, nor place in which to cook the meat. We intimated that unless they could treat with us in a more satisfactory manner we would return immediately to the coast. They saw we were in earnest, and Hirebaya, who has a good deal of craft, returned: "We are sorry you should come to us at so unfortunate a time, but it is the work of Waka (God). How could we know that the Masai would come down upon us just at this time? Then, too, there is the inundation of the country, how can we control this? You yourselves thought of leaving Malinde a month earlier than you did. But you say you were detained by the shipwreck. Could you control those circumstances? No. Your being delayed was the work of Waka; the coming of the Masai is the work of Waka; the overflow of the river is the work of Waka; and we cannot alter any of these things by our complaints."

We assented to all this, in some measure, but gave them to understand that we did not believe God was the author of the trickery, falseness, covetousness, and inhospitality of the Gallas.

It was very objectionable to us to have our Sabbath interfered with in this way, but we could not avoid it. As soon as we could secure an hour's quietude we set Tofiki to guard our pigeon-hole doorway, and read for our instruction and consolation a portion of the Inspired Word. Thus in our small

wigwam we found a little privacy for the worship of God.

Monday, 14th.—Wuledi and Dadi, the donkey seekers, came back this morning. The following is the substance of the account the former gave of himself and companion. It will speak for itself.

On the day they left us at Kakole they made a good march, scarcely ever missing the track of the straying animals. They were pressing on, across one of the open sand-flats described in this journal, when they espied a man in the distance, they thought making towards them. They judged him to be a man rather than knew him to be so, for he was so far off, they said, as to appear to them in size quite a child. But they suspected nothing. They went on, and towards them came the pigmy-looking figure in the foreground. Before long, to the overwhelming terror of Dadi, they found themselves face to face with a strong, well-armed, warrior; a Masai! Dadi shook like a man suffering from ague; he was almost ready to sink to the earth. Wuledi levelled his gun at the on-comer, and fired. The man imagined he was approaching Gallas only, but the gun undeceived him, and he came to a stand. Then tearing a handful of grass from the soil, and putting it to his mouth, a custom with the Masai signifying amicable intentions, he shouted deprecatingly, "No, no; don't fire again; I have no quarrel with the Wajomba, peace! peace!" Wuledi, his gun still levelled at him, returned, "Stand where you are, don't come another step forward, or I fire." The savage still declared himself for peace, and begged to be allowed to approach. "No," returned Wuledi, "the moment

you move forward I fire. Go back." Finding it was of no avail the would-be murderer returned. But he would doubtless proceed, return to his party and secure aid to do what he dared not attempt alone. Our men feared this, and fled into the mangrove swamp, where they knew the Masai would not be likely to follow them, that people having a great dread of woods and thickets, and never pursuing a foe into such places.

Wuledi and his companion slept in the swamp that night, but continued their way early on the following morning. Up to the point of meeting with the Masai they had tracked the donkeys, but after this they found no traces of them whatever. They suspected the animals had fallen into the hands of the marauders. In their search they came upon what had been the Masai camp. It is singular that these people, who live wholly on flesh, never eat the animals' heads. That day Wuledi counted fifty cows' heads upon the Masai camping-place. This will give us some idea of their numbers. How many will one bullock feed? Say twenty, at least. Then there must have been one thousand Masai up on that spot. But this fact suggests many other thoughts. If a body of meat hunters eat in one day fifty head of cattle, how many must be consumed in the course of twelve months by the whole nation, of whom that body is a mere tribe? Suppose, for the sake of illustration, we reckon the Masai population at one hundred thousand. Allowing fifty head of cattle for every thousand men per day, their requirements will amount to 1,825,000 per year! ONE MILLION, EIGHT HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND HEAD OF CATTLE PER ANNUM!! Who can wonder

then that the whole of Eastern Africa should be swept to supply the necessities of such a larder.

But to proceed. The two men went on to Muando Mpia and found it utterly forsaken. There was not a single soul in the place. An attempt had been made to burn it down, and that end of the village where we had taken up our quarters was reduced to ashes the very house in which we had slept being burned to the ground.

The men went on to Mambrui and found that place also almost deserted. Of many hundreds there were not a score left. All would have gone, but Hemmet bin Sayid gave orders to the man at the ferry not to take any more across the river. It was reported at Mambrui that we were killed. The donkeys had been seen in the hands of the Masai. Wuledi assured the people that we were alive when he left us, but they laughed him to scorn. They told him he had made his escape, and for some reason or other wished to hide the truth. All he could say would not convince them. It was the same at Malinde, everybody believed that the two Wazungu and their party were dead. There was not a doubt about it. Look at it! The Wazungu leave Muando Mpia on the second of the month; on the third the Masai come from the direction in which the former had gone, with the white men's donkeys in their possession; and on the fourth one of the Wazungu's party returns. True, the man declared we were alive, but this was to cover his own cowardly retreat, and other rascality. Could anything have looked more natural, more convincing? To me it is wonderful how we missed them. A lucky chance say some, to which I reply, "No, an astonishing providence.

‘The eyes of the Lord goeth to and fro, throughout the whole earth, that he may show himself strong on behalf of them whose hearts are perfect towards him.’”

Finding that the Masai had picked up our donkeys, and that they were past recovery, Wuledi was desirous to return to us without delay. But his companion Dadi was too much frightened to return so soon. “The Kori! the Kori!” said this craven-hearted fellow, “let us be sure first that they are gone.” Wuledi urged that the Kori had gone; but no, Dadi wished to be on the safe side. Wuledi would have returned alone but he was a stranger, and if found alone in their country, by any wandering Gallas, it might have been worse for him than to have met with the dreaded Kori. Dadi was his guide and safeguard among the Gallas. When Wuledi told the people of Malinde that he was going to return to us they thought he was mad. “The Wazungu are dead,” they cried, “what are you thinking of?” “I don’t know that they are dead,” he returned, “I must go and see.” They tried to detain him, but it was of no avail.

At length Dadi summoned sufficient courage to consent to return. At Mambrui they met with more opposition. Hemmet bin Sayid declared most positively that we were dead. “I have received fresh confirmation of it,” he said, “from Ungomeni. Look, here is the letter.” And he read to the man a most circumstantial account of all that was known concerning our fate. Then, he concluded, “Don’t you believe me? Fetch any one else to read the letter. I tell you they are dead. Don’t go after them. You cannot restore them, though you will expose yourself to danger. Stay with me. I want a man who can speak the

Masai language. Stay with me, I say, and I will give you fifty dollars a year." This is two more than we gave the man ourselves, and very high wages they were for servants in this country. I don't believe he would have given such money, but this was the bait he held out to the man. But, "No," said Wuledi, "I must go. What you say may be true, I don't know what has happened to my masters since I left them, but I must go and see. I shall then learn the truth." Before he left, however, Hemmet took him aside saying, "They are dead, there is no doubt about it. What have you got belonging to them?" "I have nothing," said Wuledi, "but this gun." Hemmet took the gun and examined it well. "It is a very good gun," he said, "and the Wazungu owe me thirty dollars. The gun is not worth that, but you must let me have it, it will be something to cover the loss." But Wuledi seized the gun and held it tight. "I can't let you have the gun," he returned, "it is not mine. Besides we don't know all yet; the Wazungu may not be dead." So the good, brave fellow, as I must call him, carried the day.

Wuledi left Mambrui on Friday the 11th inst., and Dadi, with many misgivings, left with him. They travelled night and day. Dadi's terror increased with every step. The rustle of a leaf made him tremble, whilst the appearance, every now and then, of an animal from behind a clump of trees made him start and turn aside. Everything he saw, or thought he saw, was *Kori*. At last Wuledi said, "He made *me* afraid." On Sunday night they slept a few hours somewhere, not far off, so reached us early this morning.

In the encounter with the Masai some Wasuahili

had been killed, but not many. A goodly number of slaves, who were found at work in their plantations, had been captured and carried off. No Masai were slain.

When our men heard this account they said, "Then it is not we that have to lament the loss of our friends, but it is they who will lament us." Hemmet bin Sayid had sent letters, Wuledi said, to Lamu, Mombasa, and Zanzibar, giving an account of the Masai attack, and of our death. Then said the men, "Our friends will believe it of course. They consider us dead, and are now holding "matanga" (funeral ceremonies). Some smiled at this, but others looked sad. "Never mind, men," we said, "when you reach Lamu it will be like a resurrection to your relatives, and you will be welcomed the more heartily." "Yes," they returned, almost shuddering to think how near they had been to finding their graves in the wilderness; "but it was a narrow escape. El Hamd el Allah!" (Praised be God).

About nine a.m. Hirebaya and Taki came, bringing the old apologies and shifts, but of course with a promise of to-morrow. We had swallowed the dregs of our patience yesterday, and could no longer be tampered with. Our feelings of annoyance now began to verge on irritation. It was really too bad. We asked what we should do;—pack up and return to the coast, or pack up and proceed to Ganda? They replied, "We wish you to go to Ganda, but what is to be done? You cannot carry all these things through the water, nor can you take them by the river, the "obolo" (canoes) are small." We enquired if we could not proceed through Weichu, which we knew to be

dry land. To this it was objected that the Gallas were afraid of the Masai. We stated that we were not afraid, and if there were a path through that district we would willingly take the risk, but we were of the opinion that there was nothing to fear. The Gallas shook their heads. Well, there was no necessity that we should take all our baggage; we could take what was needed, and leave the rest behind. For this, perhaps, we could obtain sufficient canoes. We proposed this; the Gallas agreed. "When shall we start?" "Now." This was getting on. What! were we really going! Yes, the necessary things were packed up, and the canoes were got ready. Wuledi, Tofiki, and two of our most trusty porters, Abajila and Siwatu, were selected to accompany us. In consideration of his late hard travelling we would willingly have excused Wuledi, but he would not be excused. He was determined to go with us to the end of the chapter, come weal, come woe. So the Gallas in one dau; ourselves, a couple of men, and two Wapokomo boatman in a second; two other men, our interpreter, and a couple of boatmen in a third; and each lot well wedged in by the goods we took with us, we headed the strong stream, and began to move slowly towards Ganda! We were told that we should have to sleep on the way, and proceed to the capital *to-morrow*. Yes, there was a *to-morrow* in the way even yet.

Leaving Mana Mvoko, the [next place we came to is called Bandi. It is the "kondi" (plantation) of Aba Ganda, whom, and whose dau, we had in our service. This man deserves honourable mention, for, as will be seen, he was of great use to us. He is a man of

middle age, of a light mercurial disposition, and possesses considerable influence among his own people. His plantation is one of bananas and rice, as indeed are all other Kipokomo plantations; for these two articles seem to be the chief of their productions, abundance of water in the country being favourable to both these plants. The next bend in the river beyond Bandi is called Mulomi. There was formerly a village here, but nothing remains of it now. The Wapokomo are probably like the Wanika and Wasuahili, who work a patch of land until it is exhausted, and then seek a plantation elsewhere, on virgin soil, or at least on soil that has long rested, which amounts to the same thing. Beyond Mulomi is Mana Thamba, also formerly inhabited but now abandoned. Here the left bank of the river is lined with the evergreen, large-leaved mkungu trees, while the right is covered with tall, thick, rank grass and rushes, with a sprinkling of the makormo, (fan-palm) lying a little in the background.

The next place is called Forforeni. Right bank of the river still covered with grass, and lying back, a little behind, makorma trees, through which was a path leading to Mana Mvoko, but all was under water. Further on is Virarani, on the left bank of the stream. There was once a village with plantations here, but all had passed away. It is marked by a thickish growth of makorma, and has the advantage of containing a little plot of elevated and, therefore, dry ground. Next come Malka Bakolele and Kiluluni, where there are makondi (plantations) of bananas and rice. Next we reached Kikau, a village on the right bank, flooded and scarcely visible among

the mass of foliage in which it has been built. The people peeped at us curiously from every little opening in their leafy abode, their dark forms being scarcely discernible in the deep shade. Thence turning another bend in the stream, we came upon a novel little hamlet, on the left bank, called Kinemu. It consists of five or six bee-hive huts, built, like some of the Galla hamlets, in the form of an imperfect crescent, and rising out of the water does not look unlike what, according to the descriptions of travellers, a small settlement of beavers must be. Only that the beaver seems to be a far better architect and builder than are the Wapokomo, his habitation of earth, stones, etc., being a great deal more substantial than these huts of stick and straw. Kinemu is knee deep in water, and is shut in on all sides. Before it rolls a deep, strong stream, while behind, and on either hand, rises a thick wall of rich and ever-verdant, vegetation. It would be ridiculous to call Kinemu a beauty, the stream a silver ribbon upon her bosom, and the wood behind a crown of never-fading laurel upon her brow; still she is picturesque for all that. Coming upon her, as we did, suddenly, we both exclaimed, "What a queer, novel, pretty little spot!" We crossed the stream, saluted the natives, and passed on.

Makendani is a houseless district beyond Kinemu, but is to a great extent under cultivation. Here a creek, from six to ten yards wide, issues out of the right bank, in a north-easterly direction, and spreads itself for miles over the surface of the country. It is, however, navigable by daus for a considerable distance. Lastly, we reached Ngau, another village of some half-a-dozen huts, on the left bank of the

river, and for a wonder, *high and dry!* Here we were told we were to stay the night. Hurrah!

Delighted at the prospect of finding ourselves on dry land once more we accepted the proposition with a great deal of satisfaction. Now I felt I was out of prison. Dry land! What a treat! I had not hoped for it again! I think I had begun to get water on the brain! But little high and dry Ngau stopped the disorder; I was saved! Presently the thought struck me, why were we not brought here at first? This, compared with Mana Mvoko, would have been a paradise. I felt vexed with the Gallas, who knew that there was such a place, yet, despite our complaints, did not bring us hither. We asked why they had not done so, but obtained no explanation.

We were shown into a very good hut, a new one, of the ordinary description. It contained the same raised floor as those huts which are built over the water, though in this case it was not needed. Here we see the force of habit or custom. The people build a raised floor generally on account of the water; and here, on a little hillock, where no water could lie they do the same thing!

Thankful for having found such accommodation on dry land, we lay down that night at peace with all the world. We almost forgot our past troubles, and forgave, even the Gallas, in our hearts.

CHAPTER XI.

WE GO TO GANDA.

AFTER such a night's rest as we had not experienced for many a day we rose on the morning of the 15th as fresh as the lark. We were in excellent spirits. The long-looked-for day had come at last and we were to go to Ganda, at least so the Gallas told us. Hurrah! we might have been schoolboys going home for their holidays, instead of defenceless men going to meet a crowd of savages whom we had reason to believe were not over friendly in their feeling towards us.

But there was no starting till some time after the sun had risen, for it was necessary to our comfort that the mosquitos should be dispersed. At length we packed ourselves within our dug-out canoes once more, all squatting down in the bottom exactly in the centre, with our knees under our chins, and holding on to the sides as if for our very lives. "Steady! Steady! whose that sitting on one side? All right!" No; some one moves again, and over she rolls, shipping a sea that covers the bottom of the boat. and we are sitting in two inches of water. "Now, all right?" "Yes, go on ahead." "Don't hang your hand over the side of

the boat like that, Buana, or a mamba (crocodile) will be snapping it off as we snap off the end of a peice of cassada," observed one of our careful men; and now the boatmen begin their song, without which nothing is ever done in East Africa. In the present case the singing was some of the noisiest bellowing I ever heard. Whatever the Wapokomo may be wanting in, they are not wanting in vocalpower. The sounds rose on the still atmosphere, and awoke from these solitudes a thousand echoes. Startled water-fowl rose upon the wing and flew screaming through the air; monkeys and apes of all sizes leapt wildly among the branches, spitting and vociferating in the most uncanny manner; unseen monsters rushed through the undergrowth, barking, growling, and groaning in terror; and lizards, crocodiles, and other reptiles sprang with a splash into the river and lashed the water into foam.

Not more than fifteen minutes from Ngau we came to a bend in the river turning off due east. Here there was an opening in the left bank, through which a strong torrent was flowing into the river. "Steady!" cried the boatmen, "steady! we are going through that creek." But they had their work to do, and we were nearly capsized. Paddles were of no use, so the long pole was brought into operation, and we were pushed against the stream an inch at a time. Fortunately it was only a short creek, not more than fifty yards long and about three or four wide, emerging from which we entered upon a broad and beautiful lake. "This," said one of our Wapokomo, "is the Ashaka Babo" (lake or marsh Babo, *i.e.*, pelican). We had entered it at its south-eastern extremity, where, in a direct line, it is not more than half a

mile wide. We crossed it diagonally, running into a deep bay on the other side, which made the distance nearly a mile and a half. Further west it becomes much wider, being, perhaps, as much as three miles across. It is said to extend a distance of two days westward, and to receive its supplies from a river, which our Wapokomo called the Tarasaa. This river is said by some to flow from the Sabaki, by others to flow direct from the far interior. It is possibly identical with the Thua, which is crossed by the Mombasian caravans midway between the Athi—the interior extension of the Sabaki—and the Kiluluma, or Thana, on their way to Ukambani, Kikuyu, etc. More probably the lake is connected with the Tana, receiving its waters from a higher part of that river, and then pouring them back again by the creek through which we had reached it. This leaves the Thua to be, what it is generally understood to be, a branch of the Sabaki.

Where we crossed the lake it is not deep; for it could always be bottomed by the long spears of the Wapokomo, its greatest depth being six, or at the very outside, eight feet. But then we only crossed over the end of it. Further west it is reported to be very deep. Our boatmen said it would cover the palmyra. It is the home of innumerable hippopotami and crocodiles, and in its waters the elephant also makes its huge sport. To a great extent its shores are covered with giant grasses; in other places they are adorned with many varieties of the great palm family, among which the mkindu (brab) and the palmyra, with its clean, bulging, but stately column, and its peerless plume of fans, stands conspicuous; while the sycamore

and other tropical trees of less note fill up the scene. Pelicans, herons, storks, cranes, wild-duck, and other water-fowl line the shores, swim in swarms upon the surface of the lake, sweep in clouds overhead, or, settling, crowd upon the trees with much fluttering, confusion, and noise.

The pelican deserves especial notice, for both on account of its numbers and its peculiar appearance it attracts attention. It is a large bird, as large as a goose, with a swan-like neck, enormous bill, and extremely large pouch. We shot a couple, and actually tasted a portion of their flesh, but I had some compunction about that matter. The membrane composing the pouch is so large, elastic, and tough, that the natives make drums of it. While we were there the Wapokomo stretched one over a large, earthen pot, capable of holding a gallon at least, and it completely covered the vessel on all sides, the ends meeting at the bottom. From this instrument the makers educed music which they considered very entertaining, giving us performances upon it almost every night. The pelican, remarkable for its fondness for solitary and marshy places, finds a congenial home in these regions, and its presence lends a very weird and gloomy aspect to the scene.

Landing in the bay on the north-east shores of the lake, we were led through the tall grass and among the trees for a short distance, when we came upon two or three old and deserted huts. This place is called Dirbu Bakomoli, and had been a Kipokomo village. Here the Gallas of Ganda were to meet us. But they had not arrived. After waiting a short time it began to be whispered that the Ganda men would

not come to-day, and that we should have to sleep there for the night. *To-morrow had not come yet.* The idea of sleeping in that place made me shudder. The huts were all falling; their framework had been devoured by white ants, and their loose thatch had become a nest for all kinds of vermin. Mosquitos, while the sun was yet high, were troublesome; what would they be when the sun should set? The whole place reeked with pestilential vapours. It was dark, dank, noisome; everything forbade a night's lodging there. The moment we were assured the Gallas would not meet us that day we gave orders to return to Ngau. We were quickly paddled back again across the lake, shot through the narrow, rushing channel like an arrow into the river, and down this with the speed of a steamboat to the little village, the return occupying us only half an hour.

We had had little food all day, and we returned to a very unsatisfactory supper. Pelican we did not care about a second time. We were in poor circumstances. Still, be it observed, we had before us the precious prospect of to-morrow! Of *this* we had *never* been bereft. Certainly if it had not been for the consolations of the Gospel we could not have endured the discomfort and rebuffs with which we had met.

Wednesday, 16th.—We thought of returning to the little rotten village over the lake early this morning; but our Wapokomo said, "Wait a little, until the sun has dispersed the mosquitos." Good advice; besides there was no necessity for being in such a hurry. While we were waiting in this way who should make his appearance but our long-lost Aba Rufat. We were exceedingly glad to see him, and he seemed equally glad to have,

at last, returned to us. He put his long arms about me, and gave me a good hug, to assure me of his great delight. "Aba Rufat," I observed, "you have been away a long two days." He gave me a look which seemed to say, "True, but it has not been my fault ; really I have done my best ;" and then he observed, "*Dubbi Guddio ! GUDDIO ! GUDDIO !*" Yes, this was it ; there had been much "palaver," and he had been detained. But fancy nine or ten days' talk about admitting a couple of strangers into their country, whose visit had been pre-arranged. The truth is that every Galla is looking for a prize. "Strangers are coming into our country, what shall I get," is the language of almost every man. To this is added, "I shall not consent to their coming unless I can get *so* much." So they all contend with each other about the spoil.

"But everything is ready now," said Aba Rufat ; "Mara Barowat will meet you on the other side of the lake to-day. He is bringing a steer for you, and all your affairs will be talked over. Come, we must go at once." We were quite ready, and before an hour had elapsed we were in the wood on the other side of the lake. The Gallas had not arrived, but we were assured they would come without fail. We had not to wait long. We occupied the interval by taking a little trip along the northern shore of the lake. The Wapokomo were afraid to push out into deep water, on account of hippopotami, etc. After some time they ceased paddling, listened very attentively for a few seconds, and then said, "They are coming." "Who?" we enquired, for we could hear nothing. "The Gallas," they returned ; "we hear their singing."

So they paddled back. A few minutes elapsed after we stepped ashore, and the rolling war-song of the Gallas fell unmistakably upon our ears. Faint at first, it grew louder and louder, until the black figures were discerned moving, one after another, in Indian file, among the trees and creepers in our immediate vicinity. We stood on one side and allowed them to pass until they should have "formed the house," and prepared to receive us. They seated themselves close to the spot upon which we were standing, and commenced "palaver" forthwith. A little on one side we observed three women who were trying to catch a glimpse of us, perhaps in vain, for we were almost hidden by trees. "Turn round and face about," said some of our friends, "the ladies are anxious to see you." Flattering as this was, we thought there was time enough yet.

Palaver commenced at once. We expected to have been called, but were not; they had another way of doing business. Bolio Bonëat—brother to Dado Bonëat the late great chief, who was killed by the Masai—and Hirebaya, were appointed by the council, to talk with us alone. Compliments over, we explained the object of our visit. Bolio Bonëat replied: "We are glad to see you. You are to us as our children and brothers, though we never saw the like of you before. We have brought you a cow, a small one, nevertheless take it, it will afford you food for to-day. We will now return to our friends for further consultation."

Coming back to us, Bolio said, "All is well, you are our children and brothers. We are glad you have come. You are in our hands, everything you

have is ours ! Where are the goods you have brought for us ? We wish to see them in private."

We retired beyond hearing and eyesight of the company, and the goods were produced. There were present Bolio Bonëat, Hirebaya, Aba Rufat, and Malau. The examination went on placidly for some-time, though Hirebaya and Malau looked anxious. At length the latter said, "We want one thing, viz., one gora (piece) of calico." "There is nothing more," we returned ; "the Gallas and yourself extracted two pieces at Mana Mvoko. You must explain your doings there." He objected. Now we saw how we had been deceived. Hirebaya and Dado had met us on purpose to purloin what they could for their own use from the goods we had brought for the chief. Now it was their object to make it appear that what was left was all that we had brought for the chief. This was deception and robbery, which we could not allow to pass undiscovered and unrebuked.

Malau said it would not do to explain the proceedings at Mana Mvoko. We insisted that they must do it. We had engaged to bring the chief a certain quantity of goods ; had told Aba Rufat, his brother, and Buiya, what we had brought, and now they were not to be found. We would have them give a thorough explanation of the whole matter. They refused. Malau said it would create a quarrel between Hirebaya and Dado, on the one hand, and Mara Barowat and Co. on the other, the consequences of which might be very serious. We said, "Hirebaya, Dado, and you, as their agent, have done wrong. The truth must be told, and you must take the consequences of your own doings." He was obstinate, but

there were those about who had begun to see how matters stood. By-and-by everything oozed out. There was great excitement. Thunder-clouds gathered upon every countenance; lightnings flashed from savage eyes; angry words were uttered; a tremendous storm was brewing; break upon whom it might. It was by this time growing dark; a fight was anything but desirable. In this state of things we announced our intention of packing up our goods and returning to Ngau. We were preparing to depart, when a sudden change took place in the feelings of the angry company, and Aba Rufat came, still much excited, to say that what we had brought would be accepted, and we could proceed to Ganda. We were not prepared for so sudden a change, so I put my hand upon the goods while we consulted about what we had better do, ultimately agreeing to let them take the things, to return for the night to Ngau, and to meet the Gallas again next morning. We then walked round, and stood among the company, while the articles were being distributed. There were present between fifty and sixty men, and all were seated, tailor-fashion, upon the ground. Mara Barowat was first turbaned, and then his next in command. A score or more of others were honoured in the same manner, though with far less costly cloths. Malau and Aba Rufat made the distribution, the former evidently quite in his glory; it seemed to be quite a pleasure to him to be giving away that which was not his own, for a share of the honour would of course cling to the man taking so prominent a part. We stayed until it grew almost dark and we were quite tired, then calling our party together we returned to Ngau.

On the 17th we were preparing to meet the Gallas, but there were other things afloat. Malau had confessed more than we thought possible. He had told Aba Rufat that the articles abstracted by Hirebaya and Dado, were to be found, most of them, in a Kipokomo hut at Mana Mvoko! whereupon it was decided that Aba Rufat should proceed with Malau to that village, and seek out the missing things. This would delay us a day, but we did not object, especially as we wished to get up a few little things of our own. I therefore went down myself. From Mana Mvoko to Ngau, up the stream, it took us three hours, but down with the flow we did it comfortably in one-third of the time, so that the distance would be from five to six miles.

Malau and Aba Rufat brought out from the robbers' nest eight shuka (pieces) of lemale, some coloured cloths, some blue and white material, looking-glasses, beads, etc. The latter looked grimly satisfied. The poor old man in whose hut the things were found was severely lectured. I quite felt for him, for though he had taken charge of the things he had simply been made a tool of by Hirebaya and Dado. He replied very humbly, explaining all. He frequently mentioned the name of Hirebaya, so that if the truth had not been told before it was coming out now. He concluded with what seemed a plea for mercy, the last words he uttered being, "Abo Kiya! Abo Kiya!" (My father! My father!) This was done in such pathetic tones that my heart was moved. Aba Rufat said no more. Malau made a speech next, and then I made mine, warning him against proceedings of the like nature for the future. Aba Rufat turned

to me, when all was over, saying with emphasis, "Hirebaya is a thief." Aba Rufat and I set out up stream again, at two p.m., leaving Malau, who pretended that he had some business in hand and would shortly follow us, behind. We soon learned, however, that he had no idea of following us, being afraid that the Gallas would call him to account for the nefarious part he had been playing.

On the 18th, as soon as the sun had in some measure driven the mosquitos to their retreats, we went up the river and across the lake once more. We were again first, but were not kept waiting long. Soon the sable chiefs appeared, bringing us another steer. In an hour after our arrival business was once more commenced. To-day we sat in the council for some time, not, however, because we were invited, but simply from the fact that it took up its position where we were sitting, and we were not asked to retire. Some time after the rest Hirebaya made his appearance, at which a general movement took place among the company, and "Hirebaya! Hirebaya! Hirebaya!" was uttered by every man of the party. I presume this was a mark of respect. He passed quietly through the assembly and took his seat behind the chief men, but looked very much like a man who had got to answer for having done something amiss. He said nothing while we remained.

Aba Rufat made the first speech, which was of considerable length, and in which he gave an account of the discovery he had made of the hidden goods, etc. All was spoken and listened to with a coolness quite extraordinary. Other men then made speeches, but we grew tired and hungry, so, leaving them, we went

to discuss the merits of the beef they had given us for the second time.

Bolio Bonëat, and Ijema, were sent over to us for private conference. Once more we explained the objected of our coming to them. Ijema made the speech on the Galla side. He said, "We are desirous to inform ourselves thoroughly concerning you. We have never seen the like of you before. We had heard strange things. We know something of Malinde, Lamu, Patte, etc., but of the land of the white men we know nothing. We know the Amhara (Wasauhili), and we have seen something of Hindoos. When at Takaungu I heard of a class of men who do not eat flesh meat (Banians), and we have heard other strange things. But of you we are entirely ignorant. Until now we never met; our fathers never met; our grandfathers and great grandfathers never met; they knew nothing of each other. You have come, and we are glad to see you. You have brought us presents, and we have 'eaten' them; we have brought you cows, and you have 'eaten' them; we are friends. We look upon you as children, brothers, etc. What do you want with us?" We told them. They replied: "We are troubled with the Masai, as you know, and we wish to be revenged upon them. You know 'Waka' (God). He is great *we* know. Can you tell us how we can conquer the Masai, keep them out of the country, and so live in peace? If you can do this the whole of our country is yours; we ourselves, with our wives and children, are yours; we will heartily receive you. What do you say?"

To this it was replied that our great object was to teach them the *Truth*. There was a class of men in

the world of whom doubtless they knew something, whose aim it was to deceive, by pretending to do that which is beyond all human power. We did not belong to this class. No mortal could do that which was pretended by these men ; they were liars and deceivers, enemies to God, and a curse to their fellow-men. We wished it to be distinctly understood that we disavowed all sorcery and witchcraft, this being the work of the devil. We had come to instruct them in the Gospel, the word of the living and only true God. We could promise them nothing until they had learned to know and love God, but then we assured them they would be blessed indeed. It was written that they who honoured God are honoured by God. God cares for and protects those who put their trust in Him. This is what we had come to teach them : we wished to know if they would receive us as teachers of the Word of God. This is the substance of what was said. The deputation then returned to the conference.

Palaver continued until three p.m., when our interpreter informed us that the general feeling was against us, although Mara Barowat was strongly in our favour. Towards evening we enquired how matters stood. Hirebaya shook his head at us and went off towards the boats. The company was by this time breaking up. Instructed by us Abajila now told them that the simple agreement had been made that we were to give them a certain amount of goods, and that in return they should show us their country. They had taken the goods, and we now demanded the fulfilment of their part of the contract, or the return of everything they had received from us.

At length matters were compounded, and on the

morrow we were to be admitted to Ganda. A hasty good-night to those who were within hearing, and we made for the boats. Hirebaya was already seated as though anxious to be off. He was looking very serious. He lifted his head as I came up, and exclaimed, "Nuinui" (my name), raising and shaking his open hand before his face as much as to say, "the least said just now the better, but this is a bad case." After reaching Ngau he came to us and said, "This is an unfortunate business. I am sorry, but I am not angry with you. I am greatly attached to you both, I like even your dog. You are to me as brothers, or rather children. There is not another Galla in the country that is so interested in you as myself. I wish you every success, and am desirous that you should go to Ganda. I hoped to have stood by you, but I can do so no longer. There have been many words about those cloths, etc. I have heard all ; I know everything. I dislike leaving you under such circumstances, but you must allow me to do so. I have not the face to go to Ganda now ; Mara Barowat and I have quarrelled. However, go you on. There is much feeling against you, but go on. Have your guns, etc., in readiness, in case of opposition. There may be some who will resist you, so be prepared. When you return I will meet you at Mana Mvoko, and take my final farewell of you."

Now, despite the great mistakes of which Hirebaya had been guilty, we believe his disposition towards us was more favourable than any other Galla, except Buiya. He had acted dishonestly, but then it should be remembered that he is a heathen and a savage. Every other Galla would have acted in the same manner probably had they been in his position.

We told Hirebaya that we should have been glad for him to accompany us to Ganda, but under such circumstances would not press him. He would have been no use to us. Formerly he might have had influence with the chief, but the manner in which he had acted about the cloths had ruined all. We thought he would be better away. He was willing to exert himself in our behalf, but for the time being his influence was gone. We thanked him for the first, and did not reproach him with what had led to the latter, hoping that what had occurred would be a warning to him for the future. Once he seemed to hesitate, as if half inclined to go with us, but he soon after came to say he could not do it.

When Hirebaya had gone Buiya came. He said, "I have been with you from the commencement; I am your man. I am with you heart and soul. You don't know this country; I do. You have no eyes; you are dependent upon mine. You have no tongues, but mine is at your service. I have done my best for you; this you know. I have brought you so far, and I will go with you to the end. I am your brother, and I will act a brother's part. You are going to Ganda. Some people are against this, and will probably oppose you. You must be on your guard; make every preparation you can for self-defence. I am with you. I am a Galla no longer; I am a "dunga" (white man). You may depend upon me. If you live, I live; if you die, I die. I shall go with you to Ganda; I shall return with you to the Ozi; and you will then see whether Buiya is a true man or not, whether he is a free-man or a slave.

You have always treated me well, and I will do the same by you."

"All right, Buiya, all right," we replied, "you are a good fellow and we believe in you."

Abajila came next with warnings about the dangers of the coming day. He corroborated all that Hirebaya and Buiya had said. After him came the Wapokomo with cautions to the same effect. Aba Ganda said, "I want to go home; my wife, my children, and plantation all require my presence, but I cannot leave you. These Gallas are not to be depended upon, and I should never know peace again if I were to leave you at a time of danger. No, I shall share your lot, whatever it may be."

Thus, though Malau had forsaken us through fear, and though Hirebaya even could not accompany us, we were not left alone; even then we found friends among savages, in a savage land. We did not take everything for granted that these men said, but after making large discounts there remained a great deal about them that was sincere and true. They were not to be despised; and we were thankful to have them about us.

Notwithstanding all we heard we did not consider ourselves in any great danger. We deemed it possible that we might be attacked, but our trust was in God, and our peace was not disturbed.

Saturday, 19th.—*To-morrow had come at last!* for we were now to set out direct to Ganda. Guns and pistols were carefully loaded; everything was minutely examined, and every precaution was taken to prevent the possibility of our becoming the victims of an unreasonable and hostile party. To us, as

missionaries, the idea of fighting was exceedingly obnoxious, but warned as we had been of danger we should have felt highly culpable not to have prepared ourselves for defence. To my mind it is *not only not wrong* to defend oneself against such attacks as that we apprehended, but an absolute duty to do so. I cannot, however, enter into the discussion of this question here—*To Ganda!* It amused me to think of our preparations for war, and not a little to witness the zeal of Buiya in our behalf. This man calmly sharpened his great spear, and looked so earnest over it as to leave no doubt upon my mind as to his intentions; he certainly meant doing execution. Having put on a good edge, he took a roll of butter from his mouth and spread a thick coat of it upon the immense blade, saying to me very coolly as he did so, "The mere blade is nothing, a man might get over a wound from that, but with this grease upon it it is certain death."

By the time we were all ready the sun had traversed a good three hours' course, and the buzzing of the mosquitos had subsided beautifully. Once more we packed our daus, and were presently gliding through the waters of the Ashaka Babo. We had not to proceed to the old meeting-place, but were to go along the lake up to within a few minutes' walk of Ganda. It proved to be an exceedingly pleasant two hours and a half's paddling, in a direction N.W. by N. The lake lies due east and west. Some splendid palmyra groves adorn the shore along which we skirted, greatly exciting our admiration. They reminded us of some pictures we have seen of the magnificent ruins of "Tadmor in the wilderness," also

called Palmyra. Here stands a group of headless shafts, despoiled of their chief beauty by the wear and tear of time ; there rises a stately and imposing portico with a dome of matchless verdure ; beyond runs a colonnade of extraordinary grandeur, while about and around are beheld pictures of varied and surprising beauty, all in keeping with the great and leading features described. Water-fowl were more abundant than ever. Pelicans swept through the air by scores, their necks bent and their heads lying back in repose ; and cranes and wild-duck rose in flocks from every tree.

At length the lowing of oxen fell upon our ears, and presently a small herd of fine animals came into view. As we were intently observing them, and some one pointed in the direction in which they were, Aba Ganda said, "Be sure not to do that before the Gallas. Do not look much at their cattle, and certainly avoid praising them. The Gallas are very jealous of their live stock ; a stranger's admiration of it would be attributed by them to a covetous heart, and would instantly excite their ire. Take no notice of their cattle, but if you say anything about it let your remarks be of a depreciating character rather than otherwise. You may praise their women and children ; this will please them, but of their cattle take as little notice as possible."

Some little hesitation took place as to a landing, but in the end we were pushed through a belt of rushes and grass until we could push through it no longer, and then we were carried upon *terra firma*. The only beings we saw here were two little girls, who were in charge of a herd of goats, and were looking

very poor and thin. They were not afraid of us, as Kisuahili and Kinika children are, but looked at us gravely and steadily, in a few minutes gathering sufficient courage to beg of us some tobacco to chew. All the Gallas, young and old of both sexes, are passionately fond of tobacco. To us it was exceedingly strange to see sickly, little girls chewing the pungent leaf that we knew would prove too much for many strong men. When satisfied for the time, the precious morsel is taken from the mouth, rolled into a pellet, and put behind the ear to dry for further use! Children do this as gravely as their parents. Such is the force of habit.

At the landing-place we halted while a man went to Ganda and back to carry the chief information of our approach, and bring us permission to proceed. He was not gone long, which was something remarkable; for *once* the Gallas had been content with a few words! He brought back Aba Rufat with him, who said all was right, and that we might go on at once. Passing through a wood of thorn bushes, etc., we came in a few minutes in sight of some huts, leaving which we walked a short distance farther on, when, behold! Ganda in all its glory rose directly before us. But stay, it must not be entered abruptly. We were led aside once more, and asked to wait a few minutes beneath the shade of a small tree. While waiting here feast your eyes upon the scene. "Cloud-capped towers; gorgeous palaces;"—nothing of the kind! Three or four little bee-hive huts, half surrounded with a dry thorn-bush hedge, is all that belongs to the city we have been seeking at so much pains and trouble! Yes, that is Ganda, the abode of Mara

Barowat, chief of the Gallas! In a few minutes we were called ; we entered the wonderful place ; were taken into one of the huts, and were solemnly told : " This is the hut of no less a personage than Mara Barowat himself ! " It was one of the most fragile of even Galla huts, the thatch being simply thrown on, and of no earthly use except as a shade. It was light, open, and airy enough, even to please us. Thus we were in a kind of cage, around which old men and women, young men and maidens, little boys and girls crowded, and into which they peeped, to catch a sight of the prodigy that had come to visit them from foreign shores.

Aba Rufat brought and served out to us a sororo of milk-and-water, and afterwards a very small one of pure milk, apologizing for not treating us better by saying that the cattle were away at a distance too great for obtaining more at once. We were not invited to stay in the place, and as to conversation with the chief, it was stated that he would go down with us to the boats, see, talk with, and take his leave of us there. We remained about two hours, conversing with the people ; then distributing some beads among the women, we took our leave.

Ganda proper is the home of the chief, but the name may be applied, in a general way, to all the hamlets, villages, and towns in the country. The present village could not have contained more than three hundred people. A little beyond are two other similar settlements, and the three are called respectively Gubisa, Minijila, and Tulu.

We were conducted to the margin of the lake by Bolio, Ijema, and others. Arrived, we sat down to

“palaver” for the last time. We wished now, to be told whether their people were favourable to our reception or not. On their side they pressed us to know whether we could not assist them against their enemies, the Masai, intimating that if we could so we should be most welcome. We explained our characters again. It was evident they did not comprehend us, but they gave us to understand that they would be pleased to see us return, and desired to know when we should do so, but upon this point we could not satisfy them. We did not even feel at liberty to inform them that we should return at all. Our reception by them had not been encouraging, and even now we were unable to make out their meaning. Their ideas of us were evidently very vague, if not erroneous. They gave us no invitation to return, and it was only when we asked them for their feelings that they expressed their willingness to receive us. Even in this they did not seem decided and in earnest, but spoke like men that did not understand the circumstances they were called upon to consider, and did not know how to act. The prospect of having more goods brought to them was inviting, and it was this that gave to the scale the slight turn it took in our favour.

The last business was to be introduced to Mara Barowat, which was done in a very quiet way. There was no one with him but his brother Aba Rufat, or with us but our interpreter Abajila. We found him seated upon the ground, apparently waiting for us. There is nothing in his appearance, dress, or ornaments, to distinguish him from the common people. He is of middle height, but his frame-work is slim, which makes him look taller than he is. Even among his

own people he is remarkable for the lack of muscular development; his limbs, for muscle, nerve, and sinew, are those of a child. The expression of his countenance is mild and serious, his features being cast in a decidedly Asiatic mould. What is true of all Gallas is equally so of him; colour excepted, there is nothing of the negro about him. The form of his head is good, only that the forehead is unpleasantly large. The eyes lie back, beneath beetling brows; the nose is long, straight, and sharp; the cheeks are thin and somewhat sunken; and a small mouth, with thin lips, a pointed chin, adorned with a little beard, make up a physiognomy which, but for the brutal expression overshadowing it, would not be unpleasing even to the taste of the European. We did not see enough of him to judge of his disposition. To us he seemed remarkably taciturn. He sat before us rubbing his teeth with a fibrous piece of wood ("mswaki, kis,") as if by this to make up for the awkwardness of his silence. He scarcely looked at us, but kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the ground almost the whole of the time. When he did speak it was in tones scarcely audible, and with great un-Galla-like brevity. He neither addressed us nor our interpreter directly, but spoke through his brother, who made long speeches out of the few sentences uttered by the chief. Perhaps it was our presence that caused this constraint. We heard that among his own people he is fluent and wordy enough.

The substance of what he said to us is as follows. "I am glad to have seen you. You talk of coming again, I shall be pleased for you to do so. In a few months my term of office will expire, it is true, but I

shall be none the less pleased to see you on this account. A young man named Yayo Wariot will succeed me, but if I can help you I will do so." It was further intimated to us that he would be pleased to receive any further tokens of friendship that we might wish to communicate. He offered us, in conclusion, an escort to see us safely out of the country. This we declined, saying that we wished for no one except his brother and Buiya, whom we knew, and upon whom we could depend. Then we bade each other farewell.

Perhaps I ought to mention here that Aba Rufat presented us with a goat, on his own account, thereby manifesting a disposition far more generous than those who had received greater favours at our hands. This is a little thing in itself, but the lights ought to go in with the shades. The goat being killed and quartered, we packed ourselves once more for Ngau. It was expected that as the wind had risen the water would be somewhat rough, on which account it was decided that some of the party should walk overland, to the scene of our many conferences, and be received on board there. It was well this precaution was taken, for we shipped seas by wholesale. One of our daus was almost swamped, and she was under the necessity of being taken ashore that the water might be baled out of her. We all received a thorough soaking. Night fell upon us before we had half accomplished our passage, but this proved only a pleasant change. We had seen the aspect of things here several times when flooded with the light of the noon-day sun, now we beheld the scene bathed in the silvery light of a full moon. Despite our cramped position and wet

clothes, it was delightful. There, directly before us, the fair queen of night rose majestically into the dark blue vault, the reflection of whose beams upon the surface of the lake made for us a track, as it were, of liquid silver, that seemed to dance with very glee; on our left was the main body of Ursa Major, the prime constellation of the north; on our right twinkled the Southern Cross, the beauty of the south; while overhead Orion, and all around a million glories, shone. To see the Deity in His works, what can be more sublime! Thus affected, we shot through the narrow creek, and in a few minutes after were at Ngau.

Sunday, 20th.—This morning we left our little dry nook with the intention of proceeding to Charra. Reaching Mana Mvoko, however, we found it inconvenient to push farther on. It was a very incongenial sabbath. There were so many little things to be done, if we would get away even on the following day, that our peace and quiet were greatly interfered with. Here Aba Rufat left us. He expressed his willingness to go farther, but as he could be of no more use to us we declined his friendly company, and sent him home. We gave him some parting presents for his brother and other leading men, then bade him a hearty farewell. Throughout the whole of our intercourse with this young man he conducted himself with great propriety, gave us no trouble, yet rendered us substantial aid. We parted, feeling for him a friendliness which, with the exception of Buiya, no other Galla inspired. The latter insisted upon accompanying us as far as Kau, to which, as it was not greatly out of his way, we did not object.

On the day following we bade adieu to the little

inundated hamlet, where we had spent in great discomfort so many days. A float down the stream of six hours brought us to the village of Charra, where we were heartily welcomed by our old friend Abdallah, the more so as he had heard that we had been killed. The river flows in a very serpentine course, meandering to every point of the compass. The aspects of its banks in this part was such as it has been described to be elsewhere ; here a plantation of rice and bananas, there a covering of thick, tall grass ; now a patch of meadow land, and now a clump of wood composed of mkungu, makorpa, mkindu, and mkuiyu trees, thickly interwoven with various creeping plants.

After spending a day at Charra we pursued our course to Kau. About 200 yards from Abdallah's house we entered the creek by which we had first made our way to Charra. Then, however, we were under the impression that this creek was simply a short cut from one bend in the river Ozi to another ; now we found it to be a link connecting the Tana with the Ozi. The water of the Tana flows through this narrow passage into the Ozi in a very strong and rapid current. It is an artificial dyke made by the Wasuabili to facilitate the communication between Charra and Kau. It is about a mile and a half in length. As it is impassable by any but the smallest canoes, the larger craft anchor at the lower end of it, and have their cargo brought down to them by "mitumbui" (dug-outs). This kind of thing was going on when we were there, and it was by such means that we descended the river.

The moment we entered the Ozi we were struck with the great contrast between it and the Tana,

though the rivers flow so near to each other. The Tana at Charra is at least double the width of the Ozi at the place where we entered the latter, while the volume of water in the former must be several times larger than that of the latter. The Ozi after leaving the Tana looked a very insignificant stream. The current of the Tana runs at a rate of three or four miles an hour, while that of the Ozi moved at a very sluggish pace; the former, overflowing, had inundated the country for miles around, while the latter lay sleeping several feet below its banks, and receiving by the above creek some of the surplus waters of its neighbours. The waters of this were red, those of the other black; a difference which the Gallas denote by calling the one Galana Dima (red river), the other Galana Guratsha (black river).

We found Kau in much the same state as it was on our previous visit, except that it was more unsettled. Simba, having broken the treaty of peace, had been giving the place some trouble, and Sayid Sud had gone to attack the lion in his den, having encamped it was said at Balawa, before Uitu, with an army 1,000 strong. But Sayid Sud had undertaken a task altogether beyond his powers, for, as we afterwards heard, he was obliged to return to Lamu without having inconvenienced the enemy in the least.

Craft was now and again resorted to to secure this rebel, but Simba was equally proof against that mode of attack. He had ever before him what befel his friend, Muhammad bin Taka, of Sihu. This man was decoyed by fair promises by the Sultan to Zanzibar, when, after having been flattered and feasted, he was bound and imprisoned, and was never heard of again.

Simba at the time was in the dominions of the Sultan; but hearing of the seizure of his friend in time, he instantly fled, making his way from town to town under the pretence that he was doing an errand for the Sultan, but stopping nowhere, on the plea that the "King's business required haste." Since then he had kept himself far enough out of danger's way.

On the night of the 25th we left Kau, anchoring at Kipini, proceeding next day, by sea, towards Lamu, and laying to that night among a group of rocks called Tenebi. On the day following we landed at Lamu. Remaining at that place about a week, we set sail for Mombasa on Feb. 6th, anchoring the first night off the mouth of the Ozi, the second in the middle of Formosa Bay, the third in the harbour of Malinde, and the fourth before the town of Mombasa. So ended our wanderings for the time.

CHAPTER XII.

GEOGRAPHY AND ETHNOLOGY.

THE Geography of the region lying between Mombasa, $4^{\circ} 10'$ S. lat., and Patte, 2° S. lat., has been greatly misunderstood, and, strange as it may seem, by no one more so than by the geographer, Mr. Cooley. This gentleman, in a book entitled "Inner Africa laid open," expatiates largely upon this portion of the East African coast, criticising very severely the information supplied by Dr. Krapf; but never was displayed more completely the difficulty of geographers to set right in their cabinets the inaccuracies of travellers. The truth is, that Mr. Cooley, with all his knowledge, research, and talents, did not understand—how could he?—the subject upon which he wrote. His great mistake seems to have been an unlimited confidence in the records of the Portuguese, and an utter repudiation of more recent information. Accordingly he makes a series of blunders such as one could scarcely think possible unless they were wilfully made. As we are not aware that Mr. Cooley has ever been corrected, we shall presume upon an attempt to do so in the course of our remarks:

The district under consideration embraces about 2°

of latitude. The chief towns and villages on the coast are Mombasa, Takaungu, Malinde, Mambrui, Ngomeni, Kau on the Ozi, Lamu, Patte, Sihu or Siwe, and Paza or Patha. The principal rivers and creeks are those of Mombasa, already described; the Takaungu creek, receiving the fresh-water stream Uvui, which rises in Taita; Kilife, a creek and good harbour; Uyambo, a mere creek; the Sabaki river; Pa Muamba, a creek in the Formosa bay; the Mto Tana, also in the Formosa bay; and the Ozi. Between this and Patte there are other small creeks, but there is no river, as Mr. Cooley supposed, behind Patte. The accounts given by the natives of the rivers they cross on the route to Ukambani agree with what we know of the coast. They say they first pass over the Uvui; second, the Tsavo; third, the Adi or Athi; fourth, the Tiwa; fifth, the Thua; sixth, the Kiluluma, Dana, or Thana. The Adi is the upper extension of the Sabaki, and receives the two minor streams on either side of it, viz., the Tsavo and the Tiwa, neither of which streams is perennial, being found dry in the hot season. The Thua also probably finds its way into the Sabaki.

Now of the Sabaki Mr. Cooley writes: "The Sabaki, the true position of which he (Dr. K.) mistakes, is a river entering, not the Bay of Malinde (an obsolete and incorrect expression) but Pamamba, or Hippopotamus (commonly called Formosa) Bay. It takes its name, doubtless, from the town of Sabaki, which stands on a hill visible to the north-west of Malinde, and is said to be near the Ozi, fifteen days up this river. This circumstance, together with Khamis ben Othman's opinion, that the Sabaki is a branch of the Ozi, leads to the conclusion that the Ozi flows under

the hills, in which the Sabaki has its sources, and that the Tsavo, Chavo, and Adi, which really do derive their waters wholly, or in part, from Kilima Njaro, run into or form the Ozi. Indeed, the word Adi appears to us to be identical with Ozi, and to differ from it only through that dialectical peculiarity of pronunciation which has made Dr. Krapf write Dana also for Tana, the Pokomo word for that river." *

This, with all respect for Mr. Cooley's character as a geographer, is a perfect jumble of mistakes. First, the Sabaki *does* enter the "Bay of Malinde," and the waters of this bay are often discoloured by the Sabaki's floods. Then why, if an "obsolete," should the "Bay of Malinde" be an "incorrect expression"? Malinde *is* situated in a bay, how then can it be incorrect to call that bay the "Bay of Malinde"? Secondly, if the Sabaki does enter the "Bay of Malinde," its true position cannot be at Pamamba. The Pamamba is an insignificant creek, or Mukono wa Bahari (an arm of the sea), which extends only a few miles into the country, and over the end of which we passed, or rather stepped, on our way to the Tana. Thirdly, Pamamba is not the correct designation of the place; it is called Pa-*muamba*. Moreover "mamba" is the Kisuahili word for crocodile, not hippopotamus; but "muamba" signifies rock. Pa-Muamba then means a place of rocks, and not, as Mr. C. affirms, hippopotamus place. Fourthly, if there was formerly a town of Sabaki, which "stood on a hill visible to the north-west from Malinde," there is no such town visible there now. If there was such a town at any time, I am not prepared to say that the river might not have taken the

* Cooley's "Inner Africa laid open," p. 115.

town's name, but how the said town could be near to the Ozi, fifteen days up this river, and yet be visible from Malinde, and so near to the Sabaki as to give this river its name, is to me altogether incomprehensible. Mr. Cooley supposes the Ozi and Sabaki to be own sisters, while the truth is there is no relation between them whatever. They enter the sea at a distance of at least twenty miles from each other; but following them into the interior, they lead you in directions almost at right angles with each other; for while the Sabaki takes a course almost due west, the Ozi runs nearly north. Fifteen days, therefore, up the Ozi would take us to a spot far enough away from the Sabaki. Furthermore, how can the Sabaki and the Ozi be sister rivers, when they are divided from each other by the Tana, a river much greater than either of them? If it was as Mr. Cooley says, one of them would have to flow across the Tana to join its mate. Khamis ben Othman's opinion goes for nothing against facts. Mr. Cooley admits that the Tsavo and Adi really do derive their waters, "wholly or in part, from Kilima Njaro," but he says they "run into or form the Ozi." The latter, from what has already been said, has been proved to be impossible. But Mr. Cooley thinks the names "Adi and Ozi are identical, differing only through that dialectical peculiarity of pronunciation which has made Dr. Krapf write Dana also for Tana, the Pokomo word for that river." Perhaps no one else would have discovered identity here; but, whatever identity there may be in the names, I hope I have sufficiently shown that there is no identity between the rivers. The Sabaki, the Tana, and the Ozi are all distinct; they have no connection with each other whatever.

The river Tana deserves a separate consideration. This also has been confounded with the Ozi. I do not know whether Dr. Krapf so confounded it, but it is not so confounded upon Dr. Krapf's map. Dr. Krapf's map is more correct than any other I know with respect to the position of these rivers, though even he makes the Tana enter the sea too far south.

Tana is the Kisuahili name for this river; the Wapokomo call it Pokomo, or more correctly, Dzana, and the Wakamba, Thana. Mto is simply the Kisuahili word for river. By the Gallas it is called Galana Dima, and Galana Maro. It was known on the old maps by the name Qilimancy. Dr. Krapf says: "I had long wished to set on foot the navigation of the so-called Qilimancy, which may be probably equivalent to Kilimansi, or Kilima ja Mansi, (mountain of the water). The Qilimancy is therefore nothing else than the river Dana, which is formed by the snow water of Kegnia, and in its further course receives many rivers, for instance, the Dida, Kingaji, and Ludi." Mr. Cooley on this writes: "No maps of the present day, of any value, mark a river Qilimancy on the eastern coast of Africa, because there is no such river. But, says our learned missionary, it should be properly written Kilimansi. Properly indeed! How can propriety be affirmed of a name formed by crushing two African words in a German mould? The expression 'mountain-water,' exemplifies Teutonic idiom, but Kilima Mansi, or Kilima ja Mansi, unclipped and uncrushed would sound as ridiculous and barbarous to an African as '*mons-aqua*,' to a Roman ear. We doubt whether Mansi (for Maji, water) be used on the coast anywhere north of the Makua, but the decisive point is that

Kilima does not signify a mountain in the sense assumed by Dr. Krapf, but a hill or rising ground of the humblest kind, as is evident from the name Kirimani, or Kiliman-ni, given to places of very moderate elevation.”*

Mr. Cooley is here again at fault; Dr. Krapf is right. If not at the present day on any maps of value, the Mto-Tana, that is the river Tana, has been marked Qilimancy; it was so written on many of the old maps.

With respect to the etymological question, the expression Kilima ja Mansi may at first sound strange, but are there no such apparent absurdities as the one hinted at in human language? Do not names often get changed, twisted, and contorted? A case in point. Between Mombasa and Ribe, rising out of one of the sand-flats by the river-side, is the head of a rock. For some reason or other the superstitious Wasuahili greatly venerate this object, and, as often as they pass, lay upon it little offerings of grain, fruit, etc. I asked what this stone was called, and I was seriously informed, “Jiwe la maji mewpe” (stone of white water). I asked for an explanation, and was told that near by there was some “white water,” and that from *this* the *stone* derived its name. This is quite as absurd in appearance as the case to which Mr. Cooley takes such serious exception. But by “Kilima ja Mansi” a native would not understand literally a mountain of water, but a mountain from which water flowed. I have tested the expression, and was understood in this latter sense. The same thing runs through the language. “Mto wa samaki” (river of fish), would not mean a river composed of fish, but a river in which fish

* Cooley’s “Inner Africa,” pp. 110, 111.

abounded. "Mti wa sandarusi" (tree of copal), would not mean a tree composed of copal, but a tree yielding copal, and so on. "Kilima ja Mansi" then would not "sound as ridiculous and barbarous to an African as '*mons-aqua*' to a Roman ear."

But Mr. Cooley grows more positive. The more positive he becomes, however, the greater he errs. The "ki-" of Kilima is, as a rule, used as the diminutive, and "Kilima" may signify a "hill or rising of the ground of the humblest kind;" but it is not exclusively so understood. Mr. Cooley will, we are sure, be convinced of this in a few seconds. Has Mr. Cooley wholly forgotten *Ki-lima Njaro*? This is beyond all comparison the greatest mountain known in East Africa, greater even than the Kenia, and yet it is designated *Ki-lima Njaro*. Even Mr. Cooley himself admits that it is a "very lofty mountain," yet he does not object to its being designated by the diminutive *Ki-lima*. Now, if in one place the diminutive could be applied, why not in another? The truth is, "Kilima" is applied to all mountains, large and small, that stand detached and alone, and this in contradistinction to the term "Mlima," applied to mountain chains, though the latter may not be so high as the former. But Mr. Cooley has a further objection. He doubts if "Mansi, for water, be used on the east coast anywhere north of the Makua." We can assure him, however, Mansi is used by the Wakamba. In conclusion, I may say that I don't vindicate Dr. Krapf's etymology of Kilimansi, but I do insist that it is not so absurd as Mr. Cooley would make it appear, and that if it is to be overthrown it must be by other arguments than those used by Mr. Cooley.

The Mto Tana is certainly the river meant by Dr.

Krapf under the name Kilimansi. The Doctor states this expressly in the quotation we have already made from him. Mr. Cooley further says: "With respect to the Dana, which Dr. Krapf identifies with the Ozi, without alleging any authority for so doing—for the fact that both names have the same meaning, 'river,' tends rather to mislead than inform—we have nothing to guide us in determining its outlet on the coast." If Dr. Krapf ever confounded the Dana with the Ozi, it is exceedingly strange; for, as I have already said, he makes them distinct and separate rivers on his map. Concerning the outlet of the former, too, on the coast, the Doctor was not far out, the true position being at about the centre of Formosa Bay, or a day's march from the mouth of the Ozi.

The Tana is by far the most important river between the Pangani in the south and the Jub in the north. It is said by the Wasuahili, Wapokomo, and the Gallas to be navigable very far into the interior. It is probable, however, that the traveller would meet with some interruptions, on account of falls and rapids. At one of the places where it is crossed, on the route to Kikuyu, by Kisuahili caravans, the natives report a cataract of magnificent proportions, the roar of whose waters is tremendous.

At Mana Mvoko we found it by measurement to be fifty yards wide. The current was too strong to allow of our sounding its depth by the appliances we had at command, but the channel is said to be exceedingly deep. The Wapokomo say it is more than twice the depth of their spears, which are at least eight feet long. Then it must be further stated that when we were there it overflowed its banks for miles on either side,

rushing over the country in innumerable creeks, and covering it in many places three and four feet deep.

The inundation of the country by the river, at that season of the year, December and January, is a phenomenon which arrests our attention. The Sabaki did not overflow *her* banks, and the Ozi was quietly sleeping far below *hers*. Why then should the Tana, which flows between the two, be so excessively full, and deluge the country to such an extent? The Tana must have its sources in a country under very different conditions to the state of things which exists here upon the coast, and at the sources of the other rivers. The rainy season of the interior, we know, differs somewhat from that of the coast. Dr. Krapf says: "On the coast the second rainy season is in September and October; in the interior its period is the months of November and December: the first or chief rainy season begins at Mombaz usually in April, in the interior in May or June" (p. 349).

From this, superficial observation would lead to the conclusion that the overflow of the Tana is produced by the interior rains of November and December. Closer attention to the subject, however, will show that this can scarcely be so. First, the rains of November and December are the small rains, and by no means sufficient to swell the rivers to such an extent as we found the Tana swollen. Secondly, if the rains had filled to overflowing the Tana, why should not the Ozi, or at any rate the Sabaki, be filled from the same cause? The idea of the Mto Tana's floods being caused by rain must be rejected. Dr. Krapf suggests that the Tana is supplied from the snows of Mount Kenia. He says: "Rumu wa Kikandi told

me that the white substance of the Kenia produces continually a quantity of water which descends the mountain and forms a large lake, from which the river Dana takes its rise." Admitting the existence of the snow-mountain Kegnia, and there can be no doubt of it, what can be more natural than the Doctor's supposition? After the large rains in May or June the Tana does not overflow its banks; but in the hot season, and soon after it has commenced, the blazing sun melts the snow-cap of the Kegnia, from which the water rushes, and produces the phenomenon that on the coast creates such surprise. This, with our present knowledge, is certainly the most reasonable conclusion. I look upon the Tana as a most important river, likely to be of great advantage to the missionary and the merchant. It is to be regretted that its mouth is rendered impassable to large vessels by an awkward bar lying across it, but notwithstanding this inconvenience the river will probably become at some future day a busy highway of civilizing and christianizing traffic. It is the natural road to many important peoples. The Wapokomo occupy its banks, and on either side of the Wapokomo are the Gallas. In the interior, beyond the Gallas, are the Wakamba, Wakikuyu, Wandurobo, Wakuavi, and Masai. Doubtless the exploration of the river would make us acquainted with many other peoples—for instance, the cannibals of whom the Wapokomo speak; and to all the Tana affords easy and expeditious access. The Wapokomo, a civil and harmless people, seem to have been placed on its banks with their daus (canoes) on purpose to carry the missionary and merchant from

the mouth right up to the very sources of the river. A mission station established at the extreme limits to which the river is navigable, would be at least on the borders of the Masai country, and would there become a centre of influence, which without extravagance might be expected to reach the very heart of the great continent.

The Ozi, hitherto regarded as the largest river on this part of the coast, is much inferior to the Tana. As has been pointed out in the course of the narrative, it divides itself at Kau into two branches, the one taking a northerly and the other a westerly course. The first of these branches is called Magogoni, and at less than a day's journey terminates in a small lake ; the other, Mto wa Iyu, runs towards the Tana, and ends at no great distance north-west of Charra. It was long ere I could believe this, but the testimony of the natives was uniform upon this point. Buiya Dubassat, who knew the country well, said, " It must be so, Dunga, I will prove it. If you go from Chaffa, in Bararetta, to Balawa or Uitu, you have to cross *three streams*, the Tana and two arms of the Ozi ; but if you go thence a day's march to the north-west, and then return in a south-westerly course to Bararetta, you only cross *one stream*, the Tana. How could this happen unless you had gone round the heads of the other two?" To this argument I was obliged to yield.

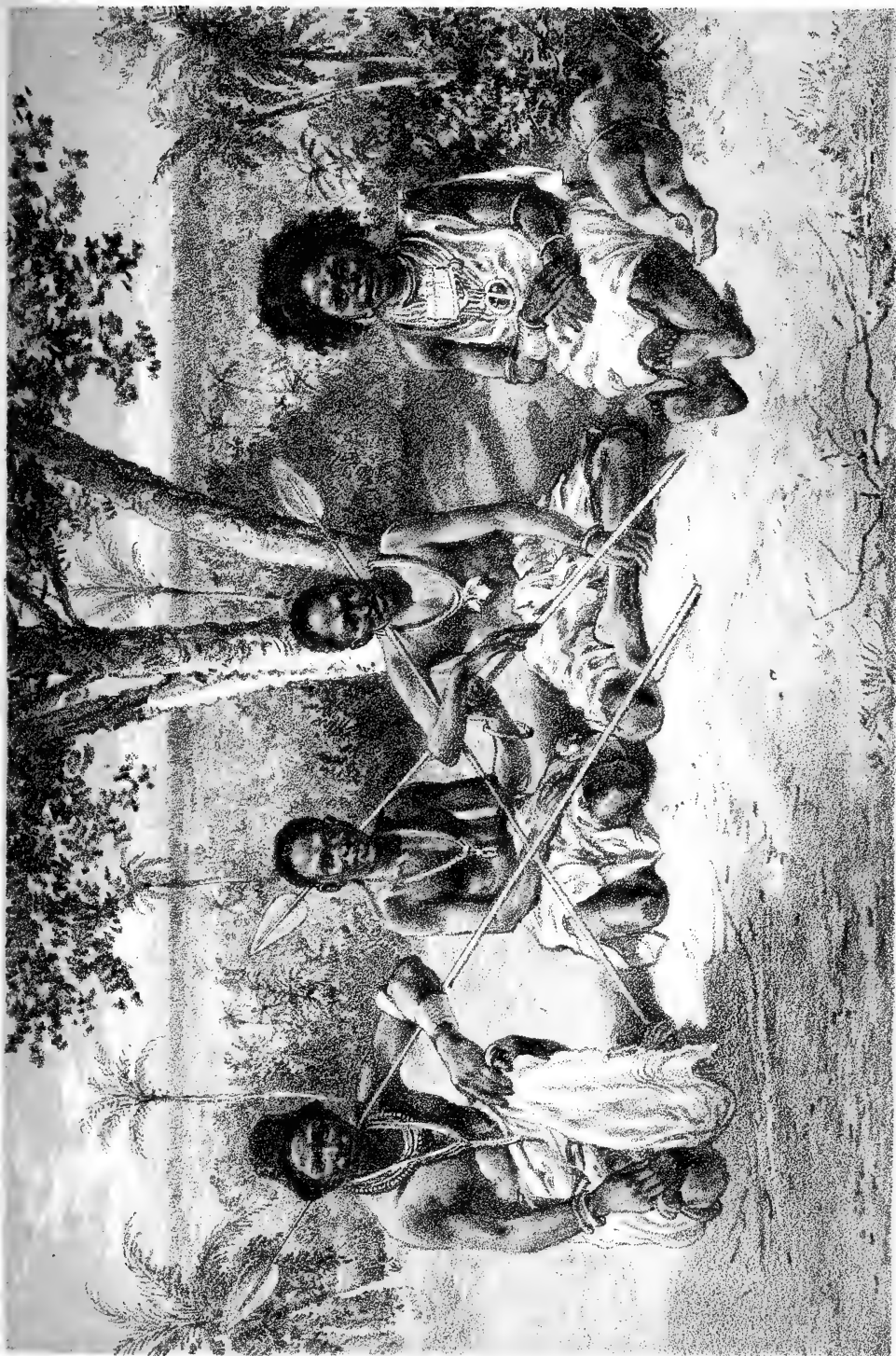
We now propose to give some account of the people occupying the country under consideration. Of these the Gallas are the most important. Dr. Krapf writes of them as the Germans of Africa, occupying a position in relation to Africa similar to

that sustained by the Germans to Europe. True, he speaks of the races whom he met on the borders of Shoa in Abyssinia, yet he expressed the opinion that those about the equator represent the genuine original type. The whole Galla country stretches from the confines of Abyssinia in the north, to the Sabaki river in the south ; from the borders of the Somali-land in the east, and almost to the shores of the Victoria Nyanza and the upper course of the Nile in the west. Of the country south of the Tana enough has been said ; north of that river the districts most spoken of are Gama, Wama, Buorana, and Rendille, but these territories remain as yet unexplored.

The Gallas call themselves "Orma" or "Oroma," from which Dr. Krapf has appropriately designated their land "Ormania." The term signifies brave or strong men.

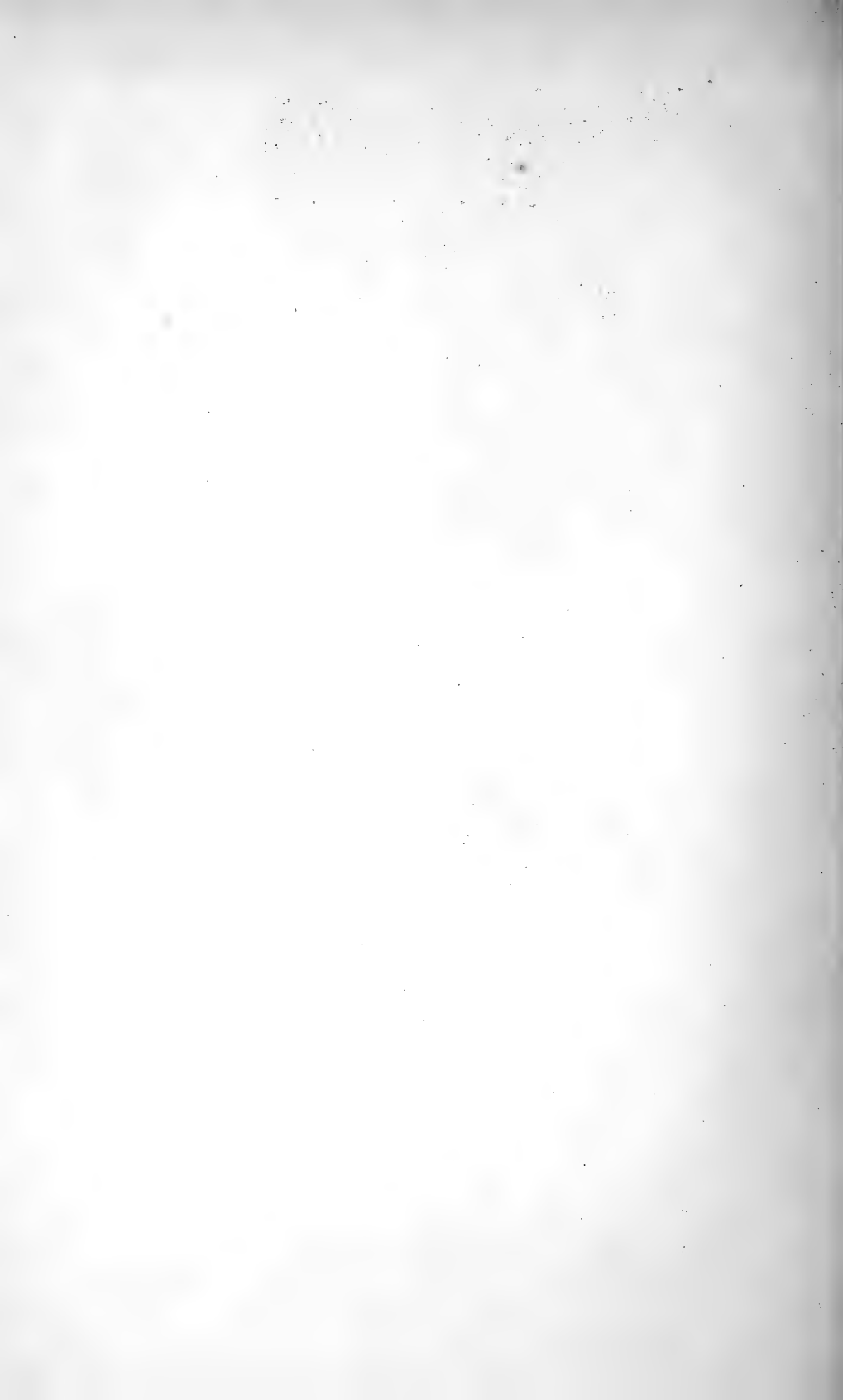
Physically the Gallas are a fine race ; tall, stalwart, well-proportioned, with features of a very superior order, yet ferocious-looking withal. Instead of the ordinary African wool, their heads are often adorned with wavy silken hair ; but in colour they are what Africans are everywhere, with a large proportion of the darker hues ; a fact which is to be attributed to their constant exposure, as a wandering race, to the sun. The women are remarkably handsome, are much sought for as slaves and concubines, and fetch the highest prices.

The men dress in "lemale" cloths—a very coarse cotton woven by the Wasuahili, and worn in the form of the Roman toga—a small loin cloth, and a girdle about their waists. They dress up their heads in very fantastic fashions ; sometimes shaving off the hair in



Vincent Brooks Day & Sealith.

G A L L A S .
(From Photographs by C. New.)



the front, but leaving it on at the crown, and plaiting that down in a circular plait ; sometimes allowing all to grow, and then training it into the form of flat-crowned cap. Those who slay an enemy in battle, or kill a rhinoceros or elephant, are allowed as a mark of distinction to wear the "Gutu," which are plaits of hair made to stand upright at the pole of the head. A few beads, brass and iron collars, white disks made from sea shells, and other ornaments, are worn round the neck, rings of brass and iron upon the arms, and a ring of lead or brass, of peculiar form, often adorns the little finger. Great men are allowed to wear upon the upper arm a ring of ivory.

Their weapons are a long worana (spear) with an oval blade six inches long, a small circular wonta (shield), a knife with large heavy blade and short handle, and a big club made of the toughest and hardest wood.

The women wear as their only garment a square skin brought round the body under the right arm, tied in a knot over the left shoulder, and gathered together round the waist with a thong ; a coil of brass or iron wire shines on one arm, and a dozen or two of loose rings of the same metals tinkle on the other ; the legs are treated in the same way ; beads load the neck, and a square breastplate of brass, lead, and copper, with a long fringe of pendent chain, hangs at the chest : all are kept highly polished. The hair is allowed to grow over the entire scalp, uncropped and untrimmed, and the more luxuriant it is the better they like it. To make the most of it they fray it out with skewers, after the style of Mrs. Siddons in the portrait by Russel, making sometimes an immense covering, overshadowing

the face and making the latter look by contrast unnaturally small. Both men and women delight in besmearing themselves from head to foot with rancid butter.

In their occupations the Gallas of these regions are exclusively pastoral; unlike the northern tribes; they know nothing of the cultivation of the soil, and consider themselves much above such work. The men do nothing but superintend their flocks and herds, eat, drink, talk away their time, and sleep. They have their "tumtus" (craftsmen, smiths), who make their arms, ornaments, and utensils; but these men are looked upon as slaves. The women make "sororos" (beautifully shaped and well-made water and milk vessels), and "subas" (bags of bark-string); they also build the huts, make the butter, do the household work, and all drudgery.

For food they profess to eat nothing but what their flocks and herds supply them with. They live principally upon flesh-meat and milk. They are very fond of blood mixed with milk, and indeed the pure blood itself. We have seen them drinking it as it gushed from the throat of the slaughtered animal; but such is their fondness for it, that it is common for them to open a vein in the neck of the living ox, drink their fill, then close up the opening, and let the beast go. Many of them eke out their living with wild-fruits and honey, and when among agricultural people they do not object to eat rice, Indian corn, etc., but they consider it effeminate to indulge in such things. The flesh of wild animals they do eat, while they object to fowls as a kind of vulture, and to fish as allied to the serpent. Intoxicants they brew from

honey, etc., and do not disguise that they are fond of a bacchanalian carousal.

The country is governed by a chief (heiyu), sub-chief, and their "lubu" (party) of toibs or councillors. Chiefs are elected from five distinct families, each chief retaining office eight years. Associated with the government they have a horrible custom called "Rab," which requires that the people of those who are out of office should throw away their children, the chief in power and his "lubu" only being allowed to rear their families. Mothers have to cast away their children into the woods, to be devoured, it is pretended, by wild beasts, but oftener, we hope, to be picked up by some humane friend who will nurse and take care of them. The latter, we believe, and are happy to state for the credit of humanity, often takes place. The object of this custom is to keep down the numbers of those who are not in power, and to increase those who are.

The Gallas have but little idea of religion. They have an indistinct notion of a Supreme Being, whom they call "Waka," but the word is also applied to the sky, as if they confounded the one with the other. An evil genius, called "Ekera," has some vague existence in their thoughts. They have their high days and holidays, their festivals and sacrificial ceremonies, all of which are more or less of a superstitious character. They "call upon God" (Waka wam) to bless them with a numerous progeny, to multiply their flocks and herds, and to give them the victory over, and to bring confusion and destruction upon, their foes.

In regard to marriage they have a peculiar custom.

They are divided into two tribes or classes, the Baretuma and the Harusi, and the men of each tribe have to select their wives from the other; the Baretumas marry the Harusi and *vice versâ*. The marriage of their own tribespeople is considered highly improper, the relationship being too near. Herein the Gallas appear to advantage when compared with most other East Africans, who often marry over and over again into the same family; and perhaps this custom of the Gallas will account, in some measure, for their high physical development.

The Galla language, called "Afan Orma" (lit. Galla mouth), is entirely distinct from the African stock to which the Kisuahili, Kinika, etc., belong, but it is a very smooth and musical tongue. There are several dialects spoken over the vast area which the people inhabit, but by comparison they are found to be so very similar that there can be no difficulty in understanding all when you have acquired one.

The entire Galla people have been estimated at 8,000,000, but our opinion is that this is too high; yet until the country has been further explored it is impossible to speak with anything approaching to accuracy upon such a subject. At best we can only speculate, compare, and guess.

We now turn to the Wapokomo. These people, as will have been seen, inhabit the banks of the Mto Tana. They are beyond all question allied to the Wanika. In appearance, in dress, in habits, in language, they are the same. One sees in a moment that the two peoples are own brothers. The Wataita, according to Dr. Krapf, call the *Wanika* "Ambakomo," from a tradition to the effect that they were formerly in-

habitants of the same country ; and the people of Geriama, Ribe, and Kambe say that their forefathers lived with the Wapokomo in the district of the mount Mangea, but that upon the coming of the Gallas they were divided, one part going to the river Tana in the north, and the other to the Unika in the south.

In physique the Wapokomo resemble the Wanika exactly. There is among them, as among the Wanika, a great variety of physiognomy and form, embracing almost every cast of countenance and shape of head between the thick-lipped, flat-nosed, sugar-loaf pated Negro, and the thin-lipped, aquiline-nosed, and lofty foreheaded Caucasian. But the extreme of Negro unsightliness is scarcely ever met with among them ; on the other hand, even according to our notions, there are some remarkably good-looking people among them.

Their ornaments are beads, iron and brass wire, and shells. From one shell they make a white disk of about the size of a crown-piece, which is much prized. They anoint themselves extravagantly with oil and red ochre (mbu). They shave the top of the head from ear to ear, and twist their hair into strings, as the Wanika do. The betrothed girls and married women wear on their heads a circlet of palmyra leaf in the style of a coronet, a set-off to their charms of which they seem to think very highly. To take this from their heads would be an unpardonable offence. I asked to look at one, and my request was granted ; but I was informed that by this a great honour was done me. In dress they cannot boast great things, a small cloth about the loins being all the best of them wear. Full-grown young women often have nothing

on but a small piece of rag, in size less than a child's pocket-handkerchief, worn as an apron. The men wear loin cloths, but we saw many in kilts of ukindu, (brab) grass, and plantain leaves.

They are agriculturists and huntsmen. They cultivate Indian corn, rice, tobacco, bananas, etc., and they hunt the hippopotamus, buffalo, elephant, and other animals. They do a little trade, transporting grain, ivory, etc., to the coast, in exchange for cloth, wire, and beads. Some of them told us that they do not hunt so much as they would otherwise do, on account of the exactions of the Gallas, to whom they are tributary. They say that after their masters have taken what they deem to be their right, there is so little left that it does not pay for the trouble and cost of hunting and carriage. Naturally unwilling therefore that others should reap the rewards of their toil, they lay the spear aside, and seek profit in other ways.

The Wapokomo are not warriors; they have not spirit enough for this. Galling as it must be to them to be subject to the Gallas, they do not seem to entertain the least idea of a struggle for independence. They complain of the Gallas, call them the worst of men, but resistance does not appear to enter their minds. They do not like to be trod upon, yet they are content to lie down at their masters' feet.

Strange as it may seem, they are almost without arms. The only weapon they have is a long unwieldy spear, which is used in hunting, but more often as a paddle at the head of their canoes. Doubtless the primary object for which they take it with them is that of self-defence. The Tana is infested with hippopotami, crocodiles, etc., so that it is necessary to

carry a weapon of some sort. The Wapokomo carry the only one they have, and find it useful in more ways than one.

The Wapokomo are a quiet, harmless, good-natured race, with whom, apart from other influences, it would be easy to establish friendly relations. Going as we did from the Wanika to them, we felt at home with them at once. If they were not good-tempered, I do not see how they could be so contented in the wretched circumstances in which their lot is cast. For several months their country is under water ; and mosquitoes swarm about them throughout the whole year, with scarcely any mitigation. To the question, "How do you like your life here?" they quietly reply, "We are used to it." With all its inconveniences, however, their position gives them some advantages. The river is like a wide and beautiful street by which they can move from place to place with great convenience and facility. Their canoes, to use a Kisuahili expression, are just the things "ku passua" (to split) the water. Dug out of a single tree, and not often a large one, they only afford room for two or three persons in addition to other things they may wish to take with them, so that with a couple of paddles they can be urged through the water, and especially down the stream, at a surprising rate. The Wanika have to carry their material on their heads, under a burning sun, for long, exhausting distances to the market; but the Wapokomo have simply to load their canoes and take their seats, and they can bring down their stuff from the farthest limits of their territory, with little further expenditure of labour than an occasional turn of the paddle to steer their craft. If time were an object to them, a slight

effort would accelerate their motion to the speed of a steamer. Then again, whoever may suffer from drought, the Wapokomo never do. Further, the deposits from the water impart richness to the soil, supplying it with that which is equal to the best manure. The country of the Wapokomo is the Nile-land of Eastern Africa.

The Wasania.—These people are variously designated. The Wasuahili of Mombasa call them Walangulo, but the Wanika Alungulo and Ariungulo. They are called Wasania by the people of Malinde, Lamu, etc., while that portion of the race north of the river Ozi are known as Wadahalo. The Gallas call them Wata.

They occupy a slip of country along the coast line, between the Wasuahili of the immediate shore and the Gallas. From the north as far as to Takaungu it runs directly along the borders of Suahili-land, but from Takaungu it diverges in a westerly direction behind the Kinika territories of Kauma and Geriama. The country consists alternately of thick tangled woods (not forests), tracts of closely nibbled and beautifully green sward, prairies of high coarse grass and rushes, far-stretching patches of (sometimes dry, but usually flooded) sand-flats, and considerable portions of unhealthy miasmatic mangrove swamps. Such is Usania, Ulangulo, or whatever it may be called. It is not an inviting piece of country, though, no doubt, stocked as it is with wild beasts, it suits its possessors.

The Wasania are the subjects of the Gallas, but they indignantly resent the application to them of the term slave. The Gallas take from them a heavy per-centage

on all fruits of their toil, which I believe it does not enter into their minds to refuse. They are therefore, at least, a subordinated race.

They speak the Galla tongue, and have no other; but ethnologically there is a great difference between the two peoples. Physiognomically the Wasania bear a stronger resemblance to the Negro races than to the people under whom they live, with whom they chiefly hold intercourse, and whose language they speak.

They live entirely by the chase, and are as wild and dexterous a set of Nimrods as ever twanged a bow. Such being their chief pursuit, they live almost altogether in the woods. They have their gandas, or villages, but they seldom reside in them, for the reason mentioned. It would be impossible for them to return to their homes every night: they therefore sleep in the open air, or at best put up a bee-hive hut, so small that it will only cover a single person sitting on his haunches, or, when lying down, the upper part of his body, his legs necessarily stretching far beyond the door. In this way they range very far beyond the limits of their own domains, the Gallas naturally not objecting to encroachments upon their soil, since their own revenues depend to a great extent upon the success of the hunters. The chief weapon used by them is a powerful bow. The arrow is a deadly-looking instrument, freighted with a heavy head of iron, cruelly barbed, but I believe not poisoned. The Galla knife in a sheath, tucked in their girdle, and an axe, complete their armoury.

The animals hunted are principally the elephant, buffalo, and the hippopotamus; but these regions abound in most of the fauna natural to tropical Africa.

On the flesh of the animals slain the hunters subsist ; and with the proceeds of ivory, horn, etc., after they have paid the Gallas their tribute, they purchase clothing, ornaments, etc. Like the Gallas, they live almost entirely on flesh meat, but the woods supply them with a few other things to vary a little their bill of fare, viz., wild-honey, wild-fruits, etc. They procure from the Wapokomo the much-loved tobacco, as indispensable to them as their water and meat. To purchase the former they would often willingly dispense with the latter. Tobacco has a powerful hold on the tastes of all East Africans. Doubtless it often enables them to forget the hardness of their lot.

The Wasania dress like their superiors, that is, in the female toga and calico loin-cloth, when they can get it ; but otherwise they have to be content with skins. The men generally secure cloth, while women and children are condemned to dress in the less civilized and doubtless more uncomfortable garb.

Of their social condition but little can be said. They have, however, a singular method of arranging their matrimonial affairs. They are so poor that they cannot afford to pay for their wives, as most Africans do, and they have another plan. A young man ascends the mkorma tree, plucks a few pieces of its fruit, watches his opportunity, and presents them to the person he wishes to marry. The presentation is regarded as an offer of marriage, which the female must not be too eager to accept. She must therefore leave her wooer, and run as fast as she can to her father's hut. The young man, if he is in earnest, follows her ; if he catches her before she reaches her

home, she is his ; but if he should not overtake her, he loses the prize !

A very few words about the Waboni. We heard of them for the first time at Charra. The Gallas call them Juwano. At first I thought they must be a tribe of the Wasania, but such is not the case. They are reputed to possess all manner of magic powers, and are greatly detested and feared by the Gallas. In one particular branch of the magic art they are reported to be perfect masters ; namely, the art of self-transmutation. They can, it is affirmed, transform themselves at will into serpents, crocodiles, hippopotami, elephants, cattle—anything you please ; but the worst is, that they exercise their extraordinary talents in the disreputable work of stealing their neighbours' children and cattle. The indignant victims have sometimes risen with the determination to punish the perpetrators of such villany. The robbers have been sought and found. There they stand, and vengeance is about to be wreaked upon their guilty heads, when, lo ! the robbers have become a multitude of ramping lions, or—the metamorphosis may be of another kind—a forest of mute and nodding trees that seem to mock the would-be avengers, and scorn their wildest rage, driving them almost to distraction with terror. The Gallas really believe that the Juwano possess these powers, and dread them even more than the Kori (Masai), terming them Ekeru, the devil.

They differ from the Wasania in language and in dress, but correspond with them in arms and pursuits, at least as far as the use of bow and the practice of hunting are concerned. They seem, however, to be more closely allied to the Wapokomo and Wasuahili,

than to the Gallas and Wasania; but they are in all probability a distinct race. Some of them must be seen and spoken with before anything can be asserted of them with confidence.

They dwell in the country north of the Ozi, but how far north they extend I cannot say. It is not likely that they are a very numerous or important race.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE JOURNEY TO KILIMA NJARO: THE START.

FROM my earliest arrival in East Africa I had felt a deep interest in the peoples to the west and north-west of Mombasa, especially in those of Taita and Chaga, and I resolved that, before I should leave the country, I would, if possible, pay them a visit.

But besides interesting peoples there was the great Equatorial Snow-mountain Kilima Njaro, about which the most wonderful, though no doubt to some extent fabulous, things had been said. Rebmann had seen it, but geographers doubted its existence; at any rate, they doubted the existence of what was reported to be its "eternal snows."

Now the presence of such a mountain suggested to me many things of the utmost importance in relation to the future of East Africa. "If Africa," I thought, "is to take a position with other nations in the march of progress, she will have to be put in motion; an impetus will have to be given her by some more civilized people—by westerns, and probably by the English. But there is her deadly climate; that is sadly against her. If Europeans are to do her good, some

of them must reside upon her shores, yet to do so is death. However, what about this snow mountain? May there not be found there a more healthy climate? If so, what an immense advantage to the country it may become!"

Arriving at Zanzibar in 1863, I was fortunate enough to meet with the Baron von der Decken. That enterprising Hanoverian had twice been to Chaga, and had just returned from his second journey. He had seen Kilima Njaro, and strongly corroborated Mr. Rebmann's reports of its snows. At the same time, though he had made two attempts to ascend the mountain, he had not succeeded in reaching the snowy region, and could only add to Mr. Rebmann's his own ocular testimony. This indeed was sufficient to satisfy most minds upon the subject, but there were those who yet doubted; it was thought that there was still some mistake, and the unsettled state of the matter gave additional zest to my own desire to visit the country. I would have proceeded thither at once, but for a while I had other work to do. Fevers, the acquisition of the languages, the multifarious engagements of mission life, and wanderings elsewhere, part of which have already been recounted, compelled me to forego travelling westward till the year 1871. At the latter part of that year, however, I organized a small caravan, and accomplished a journey to Chaga, the story of which, with its experiences and adventures, I have now to relate.

The difficulty of travelling in East Africa arises chiefly from the necessity which exists for carrying with you a great quantity of goods, and the management of a large body of more or less untamed savages,

whom you are obliged to engage as porters for the transport of the *matériel*. The experiences of Burton, Speke, Von der Decken, and almost every traveller, abundantly prove this. Now I resolved to encumber myself in this way as little as possible. As much from principle, therefore, as from necessity, my caravan was got up upon a very small scale; and as a contrast to the gigantic expeditions which it has been thought necessary to organize for the exploration of Eastern Africa, I will briefly state the means with which I accomplished my work.

Nothing can be done in East Africa without money, and travelling has its expenses here as elsewhere. Food has to be purchased, tolls have to be paid, and (for it must be told) presents have to be made. Incidental expenses, too, are innumerable. The East African traveller, therefore, must have cash. If coin would do, he would be saved much trouble and inconvenience, but unfortunately the only money recognized in this country is cloth, beads, and other similar heavy and bulky goods.

The stock I purchased was as follows :—

	dols.	cents.
8 pieces of Manchester domestics -	32	30
4 „ Kaniki (indigo-dyed stuffs)	3	50
16 „ Coloured cloth - - -	18	50
2½ Farasilah (80lb.) beads - - -	36	72
2 Vests (for chiefs) - - - -	5	50
2 Fez caps (do. do.) - - - -	0	30
Ammunition - - - - -	5	72
Miscellaneous: looking-glasses, razors, scissors, needles, knives, cotton, axes, etc., etc. - - - - -	8	75
	<u>111</u>	<u>29</u>

Some very important articles I would not buy on account of their high prices. Of these the chief were seng'enge (thick iron wire), and rusasi niope (lit. white-coloured lead, *i.e.*, pewter). I met with a great deal of inconvenience on the road through not having a supply of these things with me. At Chaga, too, they were especially enquired for, and no traveller ought to go to that country without them. In addition to the above goods I took with me thirty dollars in gold, knowing that they would be of use to me should I come into contact with any Kisuahili caravan from the coast.

Such then were the funds with which I started. As I afterwards found, they were too meagre, but, at the same time, I am perfectly satisfied there is no need for that lavish expenditure in which some travellers indulge. Other expenses than those I have mentioned above of course were incurred, such as the paying of porters, etc.; but not belonging to cash available for the road, I have not reckoned them with the rest.

The goods and other conveniences which it was found necessary to take with us made altogether a dozen loads, requiring, of course, as many porters. The men were engaged, and the party when completed numbered seventeen, including myself. Now as the reader is invited to accompany us upon a trip covering several months, it may be expected that before starting I should introduce the members of our party to him.

Here they come : 1. Sadi, the Mkugenzi or guide ; a Msuahili with some Asiatic blood in his veins ; about forty-five years of age, tall and well timbered ;

features, half African, half Arabian; complexion, black as a coal; beard, short and thick. Makes a good appearance for a head-man, and from his looks you would think him capable of rather smart things; but at heart he is a great coward, has an inordinate love of good things, and cannot resist the temptation to possess himself of all he sees. He begs hard, and when begging fails him he resorts to scheming. As a guide he is a man of great experience, and knows the Masai country and language better, it is said, than any other man upon the coast; yet as a guide he has long been discarded, all his caravans having failed to bring back anything like an adequate return for the outlay incurred. A timid, craven soul makes him lavish with his means; he would give away his last scrap of clothing rather than incur a chief's frown. He was engaged by the Baron von der Decken for a journey to the Masai country, but the undertaking failed, and the failure is attributed by the Wasuahili to Sadi's over-cautious tactics. He was the only guide available when I wanted one, otherwise I might not have employed him. I thought, however, I could control his evil propensities; and in taking him I had this advantage, I knew him. I took him in hand, therefore, under bit and curb; with what success will be seen. 2. Tofiki, cook and general man Friday; a Mgindo, a slave, and a Muhammadan of course; has been in our service since 1863. He was a youth at that time, but he has since grown, in every sense of the word, *a man*. In physique he is a good-looking African, with a muscular, strong, well-knit frame. He is shrewd, thoroughly honest, courageous, and as true as steel—

a man to be depended upon : I knew he would stand by me to the last. 3. Muakipa, a Mribe and a heathen, quite forty-five years of age ; belongs to the Kambi of Ribe, that is to say, he is a member of the " Lower House." He is too fond of toddy. His object in becoming a porter was to raise the means to defray expenses connected with his election to the " House of Commons." 4. Mamau, a Mribe and a heathen, quite forty years of age, short and thick set, an old porter ; quite a character in his way ; a great talker, droll, self-conceited, and obstinate as a donkey. 5. Mange, another Mribe and heathen ; thirty-five years of age ; a strong, stout, well-built man, of willing and cheerful disposition, clever and useful. 6. Beram, a Mnyassa, and the slave of a Mribe ; nearly thirty-five years of age ; rather better-looking than most of his people ; small, spare figure, but strong, and used to portorage ; a great hypocrite and sycophant, slavery having crushed his soul ; is addicted to running away, but declared that if I would only engage him he would forego the usual advance of wages (one-half), and promised to follow me to the death. 7. Katama, a young Mribe of thirty years of age ; good-looking, almost European cast of features, tall and lithe, of loose muscular fibre, but an experienced porter : promised well. 8. Pembe (horn or ivory), also a Mribe, under thirty, of middle height, lean and wiry ; a willing, lively, good-natured, active, smart young fellow, more than ordinarily useful, and to be relied upon. 9. Mvaya, another Mribe, of larger than the ordinary build, with limbs wretchedly put together, knotted, and out of shape and proportion in almost all respects ; head, features, and limbs of a decidedly

Negro type ; dull in intellect, and stammering in speech. 10. Juma, a Mdigo (Mnika), over thirty years of age, short and stout, and of very unprepossessing countenance ; sour, stupid, perverse, obstinate, and self-willed beyond all control ; stolid as an idiot under what is termed " a good talking to," but always coolly promising to mend his ways in the end. Would not have engaged him but I wished to do him a kindness. 11. Kirere, a Mribe, but an enlightened young man ; not prepossessing in appearance, under the middle size, but sinewy and strong ; had often travelled as a porter. Has too much good sense and good feeling to act otherwise than with propriety. His great fault is an extreme fondness for the pipe. Would rather have stayed at home, but accepted a post in the caravan to please me. 12. Mungoma (drum), Juma's brother ; of very forbidding countenance, short, thick-set, fleshy, twenty-two years of age, and had never acted as porter before. Naturally morose and obstinate in disposition, religion has made him tractable. His intellectual is superior to his physical man. 13. Mugomba (plantain tree), a Mduruma ; all the Negro ; young and small, unused to portorage. Naturally very fickle, impulsive, and conceited, he would not be worth much but for religion, which has greatly improved him. 14. Kiringe, a companion of Mugomba ; young, and had never travelled before. More truly the Negro in physical conformation than any Mnika I ever saw. Sugar-loaf crown ; low, flat, narrow, retreating forehead ; short, concave, broad nose, with enormous nostrils ; extremely wide mouth, with lips prodigiously tumid and everted ; large jaws, a retreating chin, scarcely visible under the overhanging lips ;

long crooked limbs, and very large hands and feet. Looks as if he were altogether out of joint. Yet in disposition he is one of the best of the party. He can bear a vast amount of joking about his person and figure, scarcely ever losing his temper; greatly helped therein by possessing a ready wit and considerable smartness in retort. He acknowledges his ungainliness, but has a sharp eye for the defects of others, often turning the laugh upon them. He is the Sambo of the company, a merry, jocular, droll, kind-hearted fellow, creating more amusement than all the rest put together. 15. Dsombo, a good-looking lad, who *would* attend me as a page. 16. Aba Shora, a Galla, quite thirty years of age; small, spare figure, not strong, but a true son of the desert, and from use capable of greater endurance than most. With his wife and child he fled to me when his tribe was being hunted to death. I took care of and instructed him, and the result fully rewarded me for my pains. Born and bred a savage, he is yet, in disposition and spirit, as quiet and harmless as a child. He is very kind-hearted, true and fearless; his affection for me is strong, ardent, sincere, and I knew that he would be, as he proved, attentive and faithful.

Such were the men who were to be my servants and companions under circumstances which I knew would try their mettle to the utmost.

A more unpretending little caravan was perhaps never organized; yet, insignificant as it seems, it cost me a great many hours' hard work and some anxiety before all was ready to start.

The outfit was not such as I could have wished, but it was the best which, under the circumstances, I could

procure. I had a difficult task before me, but I comforted myself with the thought that in the absence of everything else my *common sense* and good intentions would remain with me ; and I flattered myself that with the aid and blessing of God I might yet do *something useful*, something if not very helpful to science, yet beneficial to man, advantageous to the church, and therefore conducive to the honour and glory of God.

Preparations completed, Thursday, July 13th, was fixed upon for the start. My intention was to have left early, but many circumstances prevented this. Among other things, the mkugenzi did not present himself till towards noon, though he had been directed to be with us by dawn. He looked thoroughly ashamed of himself to begin with. While waiting for him, however, a bullock had been slaughtered, and rations had been served out to the men, and the party was now feasting. This over, all, in excellent temper, were eager to start ; then each man seizing his load, a few minutes afterwards we were upon the march.

Most of the men were seen off by their wives and friends ; but there was no scene. Here and there was a long face and swimming, but there were no extravagances, the Wanika being used to these partings. The men were in good spirits, of which I felt the more satisfied as there was none of the mock-boisterousness which is the general accompaniment of these settings out.

We reached Kisulutini, the station of the Church Missionary Society, in the evening, Mr. Rebmann receiving us very kindly. Lodging was afforded us all, while I and some of the men were treated to

what Mr. Rebmann predicted we should not meet with for some time—good, substantial, civilized fare.

Conversation occupied Mr. Rebmann and myself far into the night. We had the mkugenzi in to discuss the question of the roads, but it was found that those which were travelled by Mr. Rebmann in 1848 and 1849 were at this time “kufa” (dead). It remained for me, then, to select my own path. My wish was to take as northerly a route as possible on my way out; and on my return to keep as far south as I could, so as to embrace the widest area without going beyond my means, or interfering with my main object. This general wish I left open, to be modified as circumstances might dictate.

July 14.—Discovered this morning that some things of importance had been left behind at Ribe, so a man was dispatched early to fetch them. In the meantime, a couple of Ribe people had made their way over to Rabai with what they thought to be some forgotten articles; one of which was half a Dutch cheese, which I had purposely left behind, but took with me now, and which many times afterwards stood me in good turn.

To suit the convenience of the wapagazi (porters), I unpacked and repacked several of the loads before breakfast, and also served out ammunition to the men. Though a missionary, I had not thought it prudent to venture on such a journey as that which I was now undertaking without arms; yet, I confess, when I think of our party as an armed one, novice as I am in these matters, I cannot help a smile. “There is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous,” and we certainly did not rise to the sublime! Seven of

the party were armed with guns, two of which—double-barrelled ones—were damaged, each being blind in one barrel. Professedly they had both been put right by a Kisuahili gunsmith, but when brought to a trial they proved as bad as ever. I would have left them behind, but the men who had been appointed to carry them said that one barrel was better than a bow, and begged to be allowed to bear them. I consented. The rest of the men bore the ancient and classic bow, with quivers well stocked with, I am afraid, poisoned arrows. After all, the bow is not so bad a weapon as the murderous gun, with its swift, unseen, and fatal missile.

For an excellent breakfast I was again indebted to Mr. Rebmann's hospitality. By the time breakfast was over the man had returned from Ribe. Obligated to cut short our conversation, Mr. Rebmann prayed with me, and bade me God-speed, giving it, however, as his decided opinion that the day for mission work in the countries to which I was going had not yet arrived. Mr. Rebmann had truly said that East Africa was in a far more unsettled state now than when he went to Chaga twenty-three years before, and that the dangers of the way had greatly increased. In 1848 the country was in a condition of comparative tranquillity, but since that time disturbance upon disturbance had taken place, till now it was in a state of general insecurity and alarm. This is largely to be attributed to the marauding of the Masai.

At noon I started. We had not gone very far before we lost our way, and for a considerable distance we had to push through the grass without the sign of a path. The country rose and fell in short steep hills and dales;

at first in open pasture lands, but presently becoming more woody, in some places densely so. These woods obscured everything for the most part, but now and then a pretty peep of the country was obtained. The latter part of our way lay along the side of a gently sloping hill, which with the opposite rise formed a wide and beautiful valley. On our right the rising ground obscured the view in that direction ; but from openings in the woods which occurred here and there fine prospects opened to us on our left. Gentle slopes varied with plantations, dark-blue woods and verdant lawns, lay outspread before us, as far as eye could reach. The soil was interchangeably red and dark, the latter mixed with a fine light sand.

We reached Muache, a small stream, about five p.m. Here we camped, selecting the other side of the stream for this purpose. The hill-side was covered with tall grass and a sprinkling of low trees. A couple of these latter were chosen for tent poles, and to them our bamboo beam was lashed. The grass was torn from beneath, a sheet thrown over the beam, drawn taut and pegged, and the pitching of the tent was complete, occupying us about ten minutes. The loads were placed about my kitanda (bedstead) inside. The men divided themselves into parties of fours and fives, each party taking up a relative position about me, which they maintained to the last.

Fires were soon aglow, and cooking commenced. Supper and a cheerful palaver concluded the day. Our course had been about N.W.

July 15th.—We set out before the sun had fairly risen. The road lay through woods of acacia, etc., the low, overhanging, thorny branches of which greatly

inconvenienced our men. The constant stooping, pushing, and dragging away from the clutches of thorns must be very vexatious to them, and I wonder they bear their annoyances so well. Necessity, however, is a hard taskmaster. The men know there is no appeal against its tyranny, so remain dumb, that is—*sometimes*.

We were now in the country of the Waduruma, having passed over the border of Rabai yesterday. A few people were met with who came from their minda (plantation) to the road, for the sake of looking at the charo (caravan). Coming upon a small village, hidden in the wood a little to the left of the path, and wishing to enquire the way, we sent to reconnoitre the people. At first they kept close, for some reason being afraid to show themselves, but they eventually turned out, and gave us the information we sought. The Waduruma are notorious for wilfully misdirecting travellers, but they did not treat us in this way.

At Ngoni we were overtaken by a civil old man, accompanied by two women. Ngoni is a small stream which gives its name to the whole district. Small as this stream is, it is said to take its rise at a long distance to the north-west; but this, as I afterwards found, is a fiction, one instance of the unreliableness of native information. A little beyond Ngoni we passed over the Mto wa Kumbulu, a small gully containing only a very little running water.

During the fore part of the day we saw but little of the country, on account of its being obscured by the woods through which he passed. But now and then we got a peep at smiling valleys and beautifully rounded hills, covered with tall grasses, copse-wood, and furze.

In the afternoon the country became less woody, some portions of it presenting a fine meadow-like appearance, just such tracts as one would choose for the pasturing of cattle. Some charming green slopes were passed, which reminded me of home. The short thick grasses were bedecked with many pretty flowers, the more conspicuous of which were abundance of what resembled the bright yellow marigold, numerous clusters of white convolvuli, quantities of buttercup-like blossom; but the daisy was looked for in vain. Many fine trees adorn these meadows, among which the pinnate-leaved, rich, umbrageous tamarind was conspicuous. A very singular plant, called by the Gallas "obe," and by the Wanika "ganzi," was frequently seen. It is a species of cactus; its stem, when full-grown, being a huge bulb of dark-green colour. From the centre of the bulb issues a crop of long straggling arms, provided throughout their whole length, at short distances, with large thorns, that reminded me of the spurs of a game-cock, both in shape and size. These arms intertwine and interlace each other in inextricable mazes, and grow to such an extent as to overhang and completely hide the bulb, forming a compact mass, sometimes of more than twenty feet high and as many feet thick. I mention it chiefly for the sake of the use to which it is applied by the Gallas. The bulb consists of a succulent substance, of a similar consistence and as white as a turnip, but containing far more water than the latter. The Gallas clear it of its immense thorny covering, strip off its rind, and turn their cattle to feed upon it for the sake of its water, one large plant being sufficient to supply a score of cows with all the water they need.

The cattle devour it ravenously, and according to the Gallas, they really thrive upon it, so that it must supply them with more nourishment than what is contained in mere water. Oxen are so fond of it, and know it so well, that they resort to it of their own accord, and wait impatiently lowing before it till some one comes to clear away for them the thorny barrier. Such a plant in a cattle-feeding country, liable to drought, is an inestimable boon. The Gallas themselves eat of it to relieve thirst, but they say that if largely partaken of by the human being it brings on pain in the stomach.

Large herds of cattle had very recently been pastured over the whole of these districts, the indications of which were found everywhere. Now not a herd of cattle was to be seen; no lowing of oxen, no bleating of goats and sheep was heard; all was deserted. The old man who had overtaken us at Ngoni was exceedingly civil and communicative, and he told us how the change had taken place. The *Masai* had visited the country less than a month before. The old man in telling us the story grew excited and quite eloquent. He said, "The first time the *Masai* came was about a year ago. They did not obtain much then, for we gave it them right and left, and they left a good number of their men dead upon these hills and in these valleys. Their shields," continued the old man, "did them good service, or not many of them would have left Duruma alive. It's a chance for an arrow to pierce a *Masai* shield so as to do any damage, but, my word, you could hear our arrows striking their shields, one after another, like rain. But we surrounded them, gave it them on all sides, and they

fell. The little cattle they had captured we took from them, and drove back to our own pinfolds. But the last time they came it was otherwise. That was only the other day, and they swept the country of all it contained. Look at these footprints and at these paths; they were made by the Masai and their cattle." At this point the men who were at the head of us were taking the wrong path, and were called back. "Not that way," cried the old man; "that is a Masai path. Look at it, it is as clean and as well beaten as the public one, yet the Masai made it by simply passing over it once, so you may guess what their numbers were. Well, it is Mulungu (God). There is no fighting against God (fate). What *can* we do? Aye, but the *first* time; they got it then, and no mistake!" and the old man chuckled with delight over that triumph, though they had been so utterly beaten since.

As we approached the region of the Ndunguni, our old friend requested that when we should reach that place our guns should be fired. He said that the moment we arrived at its edge we should be seen by the Waduruma beyond; that we should be taken for Masai, and that the people would fly into the woods without waiting to ascertain who we really were. But if they heard our guns they would know that they had nothing to fear, and would remain at home, or wherever they might be. Reaching the spot, we accordingly gave the people a salute.

Ndunguni is a depression of the elevated country over which we had travelled since we left Ribe, and is remarkable on account of its great extent. It stretches first north, then north-west, with of course

some breaks in it for the outlet of rivers, at least for the Uvui and the Sabaki, as far as to the interior of Ukambani. The descent varies from fifty to several hundred feet. At the place where we stood there must have been a fall of from 250 to 300 feet. Ndunguni divides the country occupied by the northern Wanika from the wilderness lying between Unika and Taita. The Wanika of Duruma and Geriama are extending themselves beyond this boundary; though, from the nature of the country, it is impossible that this should take place to any large extent. The district of Ndunguni itself affords pretty good arable land and respectable pasturage, but to the west of it all is sheer wilderness.

The top of the Ndungu afforded us a splendid view of the country to the west, south-west, and north-west, the whole, as far as the eye could reach, being laid open in one vast panorama. The plantations and grassy plots wore a rather sered appearance, but fine dark woods of great extent, contrasting with the golden tinge of autumn, made up a scene of considerable beauty. The west was too cloudy for us to see the Taita mountains. The land on that side, as far as it could be seen, rose till it quite attained to the level on which we stood. The descent of the Ndungu was made over outcropping beds of sandstone of a close fine texture, such as the natives delight to make their hones of. We leave it to geologists to account for this remarkable subsidence of the earth's crust.

Our friend of the way took us to his own village, which was at no great distance from the bottom of the Ndungu, within a dense stockade of acacia, euphobia, and tangled thorns of many kinds. It is called

Dsivani. On the way we passed through large plantations of Turkish corn, which appeared to have suffered severely from want of rain. We were treated with the utmost civility. We found we had not been sufficiently quick with our guns, as many people had taken to flight. It was not long, however, before they heard who we were, and came back to look at the strangers. They brought us presents of fowls, Indian corn, etc., excusing themselves for not bringing something better by confessing their poverty, directing our attention to their sun-scorched plantations, and telling us of the sad doings of the Masai.

They did not know how to express their astonishment at the sight of me. They had never seen a white man before. They thought me the most wonderful being they had ever beheld. Had I come from the clouds? from the moon? or from the bottom of the sea? Everything I had was the subject of remark and wonder. A house of cloth, a bedstead made like magic from a box, etc.: something new had certainly come to Dsivani at last. Some said, "This is Mulungu muenye" (God himself). I did my best to amuse and please the people, always, however, watching for an opportunity to tell them of the good tidings of peace and good will towards men.

The next day being the sabbath, we did not wish to travel, but it was deemed necessary to move on to another place a little beyond this. We reached it after a two hours' slow march through plantations of Indian corn, cassada, etc., all suffering more or less from drought. Water lies about in pools here and there, but it is often as salt as the sea, while the freshest is brackish. The salt pools from being left

undisturbed are temptingly pelucid, but all the drinkable water is, for an opposite reason, very turbid.

At the entrance of the village to which we were bound we came to a halt, when again, by way of warning and as a call to the occupants, our guns were fired. In a few moments a ferocious-looking lot of men came streaming through the door-way of the stockade, armed to the teeth, and yelling their "ndaro" (war song), as if they meant war. We stood stock-still, watched them closely, and waited till their excitement should abate. Ultimately they took their seats upon the ground in a compact group opposite to us, and we followed their example. They fixed their eyes, and gazed upon us with a mixture of fear, curiosity, and fierceness that was most interesting. I looked at them steadily all round, and was much amused at the manner in which most of them quailed beneath my glance; but when I produced my sun-glasses from my pocket, and put them upon my eyes, they were struck with consternation, which speedily, however, gave place to amusement and loud laughter. I had often been asked in Africa if we had a Cyclopean race in England, with one eye in the middle of the forehead, and with one arm and one leg; but beings with four eyes—two in their head and two in their pocket—had never entered even the wild imaginations of these people, and I saw I had produced an impression upon them.

Most of the party were Wanika, but there were some Wakamba among them. After a while they cooled down, and posed themselves for a palaver. They enquired who we were, whence we had come, and

whither we were bound. This being explained to them, a middle-aged man rose to his feet, with one hand grasping his bow and with the other a bundle of poisoned arrows, at first looking wild and excited, but after a while, cooling down, he commenced a speech, of which the following is a summary. He said: "The event of to-day is an event of prophecy. It was foretold a long time ago by our great Waganga (prophets, sorcerers) that a white man would come to our country; that he would not be a bad man by any means, though a most extraordinary phenomenon, on account of which it would be necessary to receive him with caution. It would be indispensable, at least, to sacrifice a Mana Gnonzi (a lamb), and to perform the rites connected therewith. Then the white man might go on his way. Now," continued the speaker, "the white man has come. Who ever saw the like of him before? I never did." Then pointing to my Wanika porters, he said, "These men, we know, belong to us; we have nothing to be alarmed at on their account; but the Mzungu! he is a wonder. The advice of the Mganga must be attended to. The Mzungu (he cunningly put in) must pay the price of the lamb, but the slaughtering of it and the rest (*viz., the eating of it!*) we will do ourselves. The Mzungu need not trouble himself about this!"

I refused having anything to do with Uganga, at which there was an awkward pause. But at length the head man of the village came to the rescue. He said: "The Mzungu belongs to me, and I like the look of him. He has come to my place, and I will not turn him adrift. You see he will have nothing to do with Uganga, and will not give you the

animal you want. But I have not his scruples ; come to me, therefore, and I will give you the lamb. Now what else have you to say ?”

As no demur was made, the matter was settled, and I was forthwith led to the village in triumph. It is of the ordinary Kinika character, and is called Muandoni, the head man and my host rejoicing in the singular appellation of Abe Mlongo, the “father of a liar,” or the “father of mud.” Led to the most shady corner the village possessed, we camped. The people crowded about us in large numbers, making all manner of complimentary remarks upon the wonderful animal that had come amongst them. I found it impossible to introduce the Gospel at once, but in the end I succeeded in gaining a hearing. An old Mkamba, especially, was anxious to see and hear all he could. He said, as the people had exclaimed yesterday, “This is Mulungu,” which gave me an opportunity of explaining who I really was, and why I was found amongst them. But the Mkamba could not believe that I was in search of nothing more than people to whom I might preach the Gospel, and he gravely brought me, as he thought, to the touchstone. Making a great effort to command his features, he said, in a careless, indifferent way, “I say, Mzungu, you are a great man, and I should like to do you some honour. I have an ivory tusk at home, and I wish to make you a present of it.” The old man’s craft was too shallow not to be easily seen through, and I could only assure him that I really did not want his, but him ; that I wished to do him and the rest of the people a good which could not be purchased with money ; that I had brought to them the gift of God.

An old man, who assumed very strange and mysterious airs, made his appearance in the afternoon. He was wrinkled with age, clothed in the veriest rags, and covered with charms. I suspected him to be a Simon Magus, a priest of Satan, a Mganga; and such I found him to be. He passed and repassed the tent, eyeing me askance, as if half afraid of me, and yet anxious to see as much of me as possible. "Old man," I thought, "I shall have to cross swords with you," but he carefully kept aloof from me that day. The people brought me presents of Indian corn, beans, etc.; Abe Mlongo gave me a goat, and another man brought a bowl of "sima," that is, boiled Indian-corn flour, a kind of pudding, and very clean, white, good, substantial food it is.

During the whole of the next day crowds gathered about and pressed themselves upon us. Some of the people refused to leave me for a single moment; I could not get rid of them. One said, "I am hungry, but I cannot go;" another, "I am not satisfied with looking at this man, and never shall be;" another, "I have no wish but to remain here." They compared the Mzungu with the Wasuahili, of course greatly to the advantage of the former. "Look at this man," they exclaimed; "he has everything, and is able to do everything. Look at him himself; at his hair, his nose, his beard, his everything! What eyes! how they shine! I would I were a Mzungu! He has the skin of a new-born babe!" etc., etc. This kind of thing runs on *ad nauseam*; but it must be borne. It is better than abuse and opposition, though it lacks their piquancy and interest.

The old Mkamba of yesterday gave me much of

his attention to-day. It is said that the Wakamba were formerly the near neighbours of the Wadoi, who were once the *anthropophagi* of East Africa, and are reported to be such even now. The Wakamba migrated to their present position for a reason which was related thus. The Wakamba and Wadoi were incessantly quarrelling, neither of them obtaining a decided advantage over the other. At length the Wadoi resolved in solemn conclave that all the Wakamba slain should be eaten. This decision promptly carried into effect, consternation and horror seized upon the Wakamba. "We are not afraid," they said, "of the Wadoi; we will fight them as long as they please, and to be slain, some of us, is what we expect. But to be eaten! Wai! Wai! Wai! *to be eaten!* is more than we can stand!" So they fled to the country north of Mombasa, which is now called after their name, Ukambani. The old Mkamba confirmed this story.

The Mganga of yesterday also visited me. He came arrayed in fine clothes, a great contrast to his previous condition. His object was begging. While he was with me he received a call to visit one of his patients, but he would not at once leave me. I asked him the use of the many charms he wore upon his arms and legs. He replied that they were medicines. I enquired if he had not amongst them an antidote against age and death. He looked at me curiously, as if he did not know what to make of my question, but he replied that this was "Kazi ya Mulungu" (the work of God). I warned him not to deceive himself and others with the miserable subterfuges of Uganga, and exhorted him and the rest who were present to trust in the living God.

pointing them to Christ, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

Abe Mlongo and others paid us every attention, giving us all the information they could regarding the road to Kisigau, etc. We learned from them that the Waduruma and Wataita were then at variance, the latter having recently paid several hostile visits to Duruma, in consequence of which the roads had been closed, making travelling very inconvenient. Abe Mlongo gave the Wataita a high character for bravery. They had attacked with success most of the surrounding peoples, while they themselves dwelt in their mountain fastnesses in complete security. Ugono, Pare, Usamba, all hold them in great dread, and even the Masai had been successfully encountered by them. Abe Mlongo entertained us also with an account of their own late dealings with the Masai, describing their contests with them with Homeric vigour and precision. This was followed by descriptions of their hunting expeditions, and I was surprised to hear what a vast area is travelled over in search of game, ivory, etc. The Waduruma, Wakamba and others penetrate as far as to the Masai border in the west, and to Usegura in the south, when on these hunts, remaining away from their homes sometimes for many months together.

My men were quite at home at Muandoni, Beram especially so, and he made many friends, always, of course, looking after number one. He would swim where others sink. Kinika etiquette requires that a stranger who may be present when food is brought on should be invited to partake. So Beram always contrived to make his appearance before some hut or

other just about feeding time. Or he makes a friend in this fashion: walking up to a man of whom he knows nothing, with seeming concern, he asks some questions about the place or people. The reply covers his face with grateful smiles. He calls the man his father, brother, friend, and deals out compliments by the dozen. Now an African cannot stand flattery; it is like precious ointment to him. "Bread and the circus" were the two wants of the degenerate Roman; grease and compliments are the two necessities of the modern African. The upshot of Beram's tactics is that he gets invited home to dinner. The other men aware of Beram's shining qualities, that worthy never wants a companion in his rounds. So it happened that I could not keep my men together, and they were getting dissipated. It was time therefore to think of making a move.

Accordingly, having laid in provisions for the journey through the wilderness, and serving out four days' rations to the men, I decided to leave Muandoni on the morrow.

CHAPTER XIV.

THROUGH THE WILDERNESS.

ON the morning of the 18th July we faced the uninhabited wilderness lying between Unika and Taita. Before leaving our quarters, however, we had to settle with Abe Mlongo, but we found him a very reasonable man. He graciously accepted three cloths (worth about a dollar and a half), one for each of his three wives, in return for his hospitality, and appeared satisfied. I mention this because to *satisfy* an African with anything like just and equitable payment is an achievement very complimentary to one's abilities, and to have done so in this instance augured well for the future. We left the village at 8 p.m., but Abe Mlongo would not bid us farewell till he had seen us some distance on the road. Our way led through plantations, and ran in a direction considerably to the north of west. This was not our proper course, but we were obliged to follow what path there was, there being no direct road to Kisigau. At the termination of the "mashamba" (plantations) we came to a dead halt before a dense wood, the way through which was blocked up to prevent the ready ingress of the Wataita. We were compelled to turn aside towards

the south, and so, without a path, make our way to a place where a passage through the wood could be effected with less difficulty. We found, however, anything but an easy path, having to go upon our hands and knees, the men dragging their loads after them as best they could.

This district is called Uina wa Mamba (Crocodile Hole), for what reason I was not able to discover. Having made our way through the wood, we entered a more open country ; and a little farther on we passed the Ungurunga za Kirmiri, a name applied to certain bare rocks lying in the bottom of the valley, and containing weather-worn holes, in which rain collects and is preserved for some time after it is exhausted elsewhere, so affording a supply of the precious fluid to travellers and hunters. Ungurunga, as applied to these hollowed rocks, will occur several times in the course of this narrative.

Abe Mlongo left us here. A little rain fell at the time, just enough to wet us and make travelling uncomfortable. But we pushed on. Gradually the grass became less green, until scarcely any greenness remained, all becoming as dry as a desert. Vegetation there was indeed, but it looked as if it had been blasted. I was surprised at this, as I had selected the time of year when I thought Nature would be seen in her best dress. I felt disappointed, for anything more uninteresting it would be difficult to imagine. The withered grass ; the bare stunted trees, just thick enough, as a rule, to shut out all view of the country, but sometimes thickening into a close jungle ; together with the broken, irregular undulations in which the land lies, formed scenery remarkable only for its want of the attractive

and picturesque. But the evergreen "obe" was met with here and there, although everything else was withered and dry. Neither animals nor birds were seen or heard. The footprints of the buffalo, zebra, and antelope were occasionally observed.

In the afternoon the Taru hills were seen at intervals. At four p.m. we came to an ungurunga, in which there was a little water, and here the men wished to spend the night. It was, however, admitted by all that a little farther on a larger ungurunga was to be found; I therefore urged the party forward; but we were out in our calculations. The sun set, and we had not reached the said ungurunga. I was in the rear of the party, and presently came up to find all the men sitting on their loads by the side of the path, doggedly refusing to go any farther. They were of opinion that we had missed our way. But the guide had gone forward. It was said he had gone on "full of conceit," but that his wits were "wool-gathering." There was a rupture. I asked how many guides there were; I knew of but one, and should follow him; they might spend the night where they were, if they pleased. Not far off, however, I found the guide also brought up. He said there was water a little ahead, but he proposed camping where we were. The men had followed me, and now chuckled to find the guide at a stand, while he was considerably chopfallen. He took two or three of the men to go in search of water while we encamped. My limbs ached with cold, occasioned by their having been wet a great part of the day. By the time our fires were burning, and we were ready to begin cooking, the guide and his companions returned with empty calabashes; they had found no water. It

was too late to go back to that which we had left, so we were obliged to content ourselves without supper.

When we rose the next morning, our first concern was—water. We could not think of going forward without a supply, and four or five men were sent back to the ungurunga we passed yesterday to fetch some. This caused delay, but the water was indispensable. Our object was, if possible, to reach Kithima to-day, and we might have attained it had we made an early start, but having to wait rendered it impossible.

It was nine o'clock before our men returned. In the meantime the rest of us had taken a little food. We gave the water-bearers a little time to rest and eat; but at 9.30 a.m. the command was given to march.

The Taru hills were on our right at starting, but were soon left in the rear. I obtained a better view of these hills to-day than I had been able to get yesterday. They are two conical elevations, of perhaps from three to four hundred feet in height. They are rocky and to a large extent bare. They are a very useful landmark to the traveller, but beyond this there is nothing interesting about them. I do not know what a geologist might find in them.

The country passed over was similar to that of yesterday, but the undulations were more regular, gentle, and far-reaching. It was also less woody. The trees were of the same stunted kind, but were more universally bare, and the grass was more spare and more withered. Where any greenness appeared, I found almost invariably that it was the obe and its congeners; for this singular plant is seldom found alone, as it either seeks the neighbourhood of other

plants, or more probably contributes to other growths by its deep shade and abundant moisture. Another plant very similar to it in general appearance is common, but it lacks the obe's bulb and thorns, and its arms are not so long and abundant. The botanist might find something to interest him even in this wilderness. I have been told that valuable gums exude from the trees that are found here, but I cannot confirm it from my own observation.

The soil was generally of a red colour; but sometimes it changed for a light grey, and occasionally for a dark loam. A remarkable feature of the district is its numerous ant-hills. They rise on all hands, and assume all manner of fantastic shapes, chimney pots, funnels, minarets, spires, cones, etc. They are capital indicators of the nature and colour of the soil, and seem almost as if they had been thrown up for this very purpose. This wilderness appears to exist almost entirely for the white ants. Their tiny earth-tunnels run over the surface of the land like a close network. Beneath these tunnels, sheltered from the sun, they perform their peregrinations in search of everything ligneous, which when found they fall upon and devour; the huge trunk as well as the tiny twig, leaving nothing but a little mud to mark the spot where they may have been. Dry standing trees are also attacked, being entered from the inside, and consumed until nothing remains but hollow tubes. The trees at length fall, and the work of destruction is finished below. Thus they keep the wilderness free of superfluous wood: but what about coal deposits for future ages? Coal must clearly be looked for in countries of which this insect is not a native.

Towards noon we made a very welcome discovery. Abashora turned aside from the path, and began probing one of the trees. In another moment he shouted "Bisan!" (water.) The tree was bent and hollow, so bent as to send all the rain falling upon it through a small aperture at the bottom of the curve into the lower half of the hollow trunk. The aperture was large enough to admit Abashora's small hand, and he drew the water with a shell which we found lying close by. The water was very cool and sweet. Most of the men had gone ahead, but the three of us who were behind drank largely of the precious fluid, and left a supply for other wayfarers.

At the next stage beyond this the honey-bird made its appearance, and sought to lure us from the path in search of certain sweets which perhaps it knew of. This singular bird is called Chichiri by the Gallas, Sega by the Wasuahili, and Tswahi by the Wanika. It does not always lead to honey; for sometimes, in lieu thereof, there is found a sleeping lion, leopard, or other beast of prey. At least this is affirmed by the people of these regions. We did not on this occasion follow its call.

In another place Abashora brought me a little honey of the Tanali, a very small insect, like a tiny fly. From a large nest of them a cupful of very sweet honey may be obtained.

In this district we gathered from trees, which were otherwise bare, the fruit called Tungu. It is of the size of a big cherry, contains a large stone, and in colour is a pale yellow. It is very juicy, but of insipid, rather sweet, astringent taste. I ate it with avidity, being both hungry and thirsty; and while

filling my pockets with it thought of gooseberry days.

At 4 p.m., anxious to ascertain our whereabouts, the men were ordered to climb the trees for this purpose, and I ascended one myself. Kisigau rose directly before us in the west, while Kilibassi was due south. I could not see Kithima, but the men who were higher pointed a little to the left of Kisigau. It was evident that we should not reach Kithima to-day.

At 5.30 p.m. we turned aside to a clump of rather greener trees than were to be seen elsewhere. Here we rested for the night, and anxious to be moving at early morn we did not pitch tent.

Again we were astir before day, but our progress was arrested almost before we had started by the discovery of a bees' nest. We smoked the bees, and obtained a little honey, which was very acceptable. We were saluted here by the bird which, according to the fancy of the natives, calls "Charo! Charo!" (traveller, or caravan,) and is considered a bird of good omen. At any rate, its cheery notes were welcome after the intense solitude of two days' march in the wilderness. A little ahead of this we came upon a troop of zebras, which Mgomba, anxious to use his weapon, frightened off by taking a wild shot at a wide range. Next the lofty heads of a number of giraffes were seen above the bush in the foreground. They either saw or scented us immediately; for now their heads, with the peculiar rocking-horse motion which characterizes these animals when in a gallop, were swiftly moving across the horizon, and now they were gone. These animals indicated the neighbourhood of water, though the country looked as dry as ever. We reached

Kithima at nine a.m. A spring of cool, clear water within a group of huge rocks was found, and here we made a halt. After a little breathing time and the luxury of a bath, I left the party absorbed in attention to the *cuisine*, in order that I might take a survey of the spot and its surroundings. I ascended a rock near at hand, and found the Kithima to consist of a circular group of detached rocks with a crater-like hollow in the centre. The rock upon which I stood was one of the lowest, and on the northern side of the group. Here, as well as east and south, they are much lower than those which face the west; those of the south-west being the highest of all, rising, as they do, some hundreds of feet above the plain. I ascended them, but could not obtain a good view from them, on account of the huge masses of rock by which they were surmounted, yawning chasms by which they were divided, and the dense thorn-thickets which barred the way on all sides. Descending them, I made my way to the north-west rock, where I found an easy ascent, over its bare surface, to the very top. It was almost as lofty as those of the south-west, and commanded a magnificent scene. On the east was the country over which we had passed, in appearance a level plain, broken only by the two cones of Taru; on the north, as far as the eye could reach, was a similar tract of grey level country, the only elevation being a small hillock, called Kivuko, in the centre of the view; west and north-west presented a different aspect, the plain being bounded by what appeared to be one long range of hills and mountains, though in reality there were several, distinct and detached the one from the other. Conspicuous in the scene rose

Kisigau in dark, frowning majesty. This was due west from where I stood, while a little to the south-east of Kisigau stood the two summits of the Rukinga. On its northern side the Kisigau drops to a low, irregular ridge running in a north-easterly direction, rising in the centre into two peaks, called Kilakila, and swelling at its extremity into a hill of considerable dimensions, called Maungu. Behind this ridge, between Kilakila and Maungu, towers the mount Ndara. Altogether I had before me a very fine piece of mountain scenery. From the Rukinga, south-west, until the view is obscured by the high rocks of Kithima, all is level land, and between the rocks there are glimpses of the same kind of country. S.S.E. rises the pyramidal Kilibassi; and thence to the Taru hills all is level plain.

I look down the bearings by compass of the various landmarks. They are as follows: From the north-western portion of the Kithima, Taru stands due east; Kivuko, due north; Maungu, N.N.W; Ndara beyond, N.W; Kisigau, due W.; and Kilibassi, as observed above, S.S.E.

Having completed the survey, I descended to the rock, and returned to the camp. Now for dinner. My bill of fare was not a sumptuous one; for a plate of warmed-up mutton and fresh-boiled rice was what Tofiki had prepared for me. Still the supply was ample, and I enjoyed it. To me all was like a pleasant picnic.

At two p.m. we left Kithima. We struck at once upon a path, and followed it down to Rukinga, over a level country and red soil. Broad elephants' tracts crossed the path, and there were signs of the rhinoceros.

The weather was cloudy. The head of Kisigau was enveloped in mists, and the mountain was in view during the whole march.

We encamped on the north-east side of the Rukinga about half an hour before sunset. We made a fence of thorns as a protection against wild animals. It was then thought advisable to fire our guns, lest the smoke of our fires being seen from the Kisigau, we should be taken for some hostile party, and so bring the people down upon us.

The next morning, before "jocund day" had shown his face, we were astir, and at six a.m. were in motion. The way led round the north of Rukinga. It was as tedious as a walk round the shore of a bay. It seemed as though we should never leave these hills behind us. In two hours we came to a rock on the right of the path, called Muakasi, from which I obtained another good view of the country. The Rukinga was now on my left, and of course shut out the view southward. Between it and Kisigau lay outstretched the open, level country already mentioned; Kisigau, still due west, shone grandly in the light of the morning sun. Its top was enveloped in a turban of snow-white clouds; below this cloudy covering perpendicular cliffs, streaked with black and grey, fell some hundreds of feet; whence, in half-rocky, half-verdant steeps, the hill rushed down to the level of the plain. From this spot the country gradually declined to the base of Kisigau. The path was lined with pit-falls, dug to entrap animals as they issue from their mountain retreats in search of food and prey. The grass had been burned throughout the whole district, the work, no doubt, of the Kisigau hunting-parties.

Between the charred stumps, however, a new green crop, brought into existence by the heavy dews of the night, was issuing, and it was a most agreeable sight.

The party halted at a bifurcation of the path to discuss which road to take. We attempted one which on account of thick wood we were compelled to give up. The objection to the other was that it led through the plantations of the people, who have superstitious fears regarding the wearing of shoes or sandals by any one passing through their fields. The Wataita notion is, that, in such a case, these "understandings" are attended by what the Wasuahili call "Ukorofi" (witchery). In the end we were obliged to take the latter path. Reaching the plantations, our guns were fired, and some of the people came out to meet us, peremptorily demanding black-mail. Somebody who had preceded us had always paid toll to be allowed to pass that way, and it was insisted that we must do the same. Eight cubits of calico were demanded, but eventually they accepted four. Then we were led on the way, not, however, through the proper entrance, but for some unexplained reason by a side path, and for a short distance by a way which had to be made for us through a close jungle. At the edge of the plantation all were ordered to doff their sandals. My boots were suspiciously looked at, but I was allowed to wear them. I asked how this was, and in reply was told that I was altogether "Ukorofi," and that taking off my boots would not destroy the evil influence of my entire person. I was to be endured in the hope that I might prove something better than I looked to be. It was not long before Tofiki, Abashora, and I got lost,

but we were soon sought for and taken to our party. We were now at the foot of Kisigau. We had come upon it almost in the centre of its eastern side. The Bendari, or mart for caravans, was on the southern side of the mount, so that we had now to turn to our left and make our way round its south-eastern spur. The plantations were very extensive, and bore fine crops of maize, gourds, and pulse. The maize was of another species to that grown upon the coast, being shorter of stalk and much fuller in the ear. Gourds were very abundant, and they are an article in which a somewhat brisk trade is carried on between the Wataita and the Wanika.

We reached the camping-place at noon. It was a sylvan spot within a thick clump of acacia trees, which obscured the prospect. When the tent had been pitched, I sallied forth to look at my surroundings, and I found myself in a natural amphitheatre of magnificent proportions. The rock rose in the centre to a height of between three and four thousand feet, crowned with a dense wood, and falling thence, first, in tremendous precipices, and then in steep, rocky, half-green declivities, down to my feet. Right and left it extended in abruptly falling ridges to the level of the plain. In the centre of the recess thus formed I was surprised to see a few cocoa-nut palms growing, and far away up the mountain-side also I discovered a few more. They had been brought hither and planted, I was informed, by some Wasuahili of one of the many caravans which pass this place on their way into the interior. They seemed to be doing pretty well, although they did not look so healthy as those growing nearer the coast. Sugar-cane was cultivated in

plots all over the lower portion of the mountain. A little water runs from beneath an immense block of granite, a short distance up the side of the mountain, but it is absorbed by the soil before it reaches the plain.

Turning towards the south, a considerable descent remains before the plains are reached; then round the base of the mountain are plantations of maize, gourds, etc., and beyond, away to the horizon, all is wilderness, for the greater part level country, but rising towards the east into the Rukinga hills.

By the time I returned to the camp some of the natives had made their way thither, and were looking for the stranger. Towards evening they came in larger numbers, for they had to pass by us on their way home. About this time a rather awkward occurrence took place. The donkey was feeding. When so occupied he could not endure being approached, and was apt to throw out his heels. A Mtaita woman had ventured too near, and Neddy resisted the intrusion. "Oh my mother, my mother!" shouted the woman, "I am killed! I am killed! oh! oh! oh! my mother! my mother!" I discovered that she was not hurt; but, as I did not want any disturbance made about the matter, I listened to the earnest entreaties of her friends, and doctored her. I ordered the guide to give her also a "plum" in the shape of four cubits of cloth, hoping that that would effectually silence all complaints. "Four cubits!" she exclaimed; "well, I will take them, but I am sure my father and mother will not be satisfied." With this she went off. The rest of the people ascended to their crags as the sun set, and we were left alone.

CHAPTER XV.

LIFE AT KISIGAU.

AFTER our experiences in the wilderness we were glad once more to be among our fellow-men. The people with whom we now were were uncouth and barbarous in the extreme; still it was far more pleasant and interesting to be with them than to be wandering in the wilderness, where there is nothing but wild beasts.

Early on the morning (July 22) after our arrival they came down from the mountain, and crowded about us in large numbers. "Where is the Muzungu? Ai! ai! So that is the Muzungu! Ai! ai! Muzungu! Muzungu! Muzungu! Oh my mother! my mother!" screamed a hundred throats, and the people appeared to be going crazy.

Presently a piece of cloth was unceremoniously thrown upon the small box before which I was sitting. It was the piece given to the woman yesterday on account of the donkey accident. So then the matter was not settled; a "maneno" was imminent. It came on in due course, and occupied the greater portion of the day, but I avoided taking an active part in the discussion. The Wataita declared that the

woman was seriously hurt ; that it would be necessary to kill, at least, a couple of sheep to make "medicine" for her ; that other expenses would have to be incurred ; and that five doti (twenty yards) of Americani (American sheeting) was the least that they could think of taking from the Muzungu. This was a serious matter to me, who had no cloth to spare, but I could not induce them to yield in the slightest degree. I had reason to believe that my guide favoured their cause, and I was obliged to pay the full amount.

During the morning I was visited by the chief of the place, and he presented me with a rather fine goat. I could not refuse it, though I knew it would necessitate my giving him "something handsome" in return. This man was introduced to me as Mana wa Mauya. He was most insignificant in appearance, beneath the average of even his own people in almost every respect. In person he was small, and his figure anything but shapely. His broad face, high cheek bones, retreating chin, wide mouth, snub nose, small smoky eyes, and narrow forehead, made up a physiognomy of the most unattractive kind, while his countenance looked dull almost to idiocy. His chieftainship is merely nominal, but his father Mauya was, I believe, a man of influence. This gentleman possesses none at all. He brought his mother and his three wives with him, none of whom were at all nice-looking, and the mother was one of the ugliest women I ever saw. The ladies made me some small presents of maize, flour, pulse, and sugar-cane ; but, of course, they expected that I should acknowledge these gifts in a very substantial way before I left the place.

On this day we laid in provisions for the march to Jipe, as well as for our consumption while we should remain at Kisigau. The beads, a coarse white kind, of which the Wataita are very fond, went like magic. The people brought for sale kundi and other pulse; maize, some in the ear and some ground into flour with its husk, very coarse and dirty; fowls, eggs, butter, milk, gourds, and tobacco. One man offered for sale the scales of the armadillo, said to be a charm against the bite of a serpent, the pains of child-birth, and other ills which afflict humanity. The guide provided himself with one or two, also a lion's tooth, some leopard's claws, and other great "medicines" and "grand specifics," which he strung together, fastened to the sheath of his knife, and watched over with the greatest care, evidently having great faith in their efficacy. I asked him if he could not find a good remedy for a craven heart. This, I already began to see, was a subject likely to touch him.

Throughout the day I did my best to preach the Gospel to all comers, but I cannot say I met with eager, much less intelligent, listeners. Some of the elders collected at my call to hear what I had to say. I tried to explain who I was, and why I had visited Kisigau. I asked them if they would be willing to receive a Christian preacher who would teach them God's book. I did not expect that they would understand the import of this question at once, and I was not surprised to see them staring at each other in a somewhat vacant way after they had heard it. I took some pains to simplify the matter to them, still it was not understood. They said they did not know anything of me, except that I was a Muzungu,

and that the Wazungu were great men; of course they wanted their people to become numerous and great, and were therefore disposed to receive strangers among them; why should they refuse to receive so great a man as myself? However, they declared that they did not know me.

How sad I felt I cannot say; yet how can we expect it to be otherwise? What do these people know about us and our work? How *should* they know anything about either? I am the third white man they have seen. Twenty-three years ago Mr. Rebmann paid them a transient visit. Ten years later the Baron von der Decken called at Kisigau in passing. For some reason or other the Baron, when here, let off one or two rockets, which greatly frightened the people. They said he was a Mtai (sorcerer), and were glad to get rid of him. They no doubt thought me something of the same kind. Everything about us is wonderful to them, and is naturally attributed to sorcery. Many visits and much intercourse are necessary if we would have them understand and appreciate us.

A very civil old man paid me a visit in the afternoon. He was willing to talk about anything except the Gospel. He pointed out to me the inhabited portion of this side of the rock, but the S.W. wing seems to be the part chiefly occupied. He showed me a tremendous precipice on this side, saying, "That is where we execute our criminals. A Mtai, for instance, is taken to the brow there, pushed over, and there is an end of him." The old man said this as a *warning to me*, and with a very careless air.

I learned that the direct route to the lake Jipe, *via* Kinjaro, was not practicable, the water of that place,

which is only an ungurunga, having been exhausted by large bands of Wataita who had camped there when on a marauding expedition against Usambara. A circuitous route *viâ* Matate was advised, and I decided to take that.

An influential Mtaita was brought to me by the mkugenzi, who recommended that he should be engaged as guide to Matate. I opened my eyes at this, as I thought that Sadi himself was our guide; yet now it was discovered that *others* were necessary! However, finding that this was really so, I submitted, and the Mtaita, Muachania by name, was employed. This was no sooner done than he said he could not go alone, and that he must have a companion; how could he return by himself through a dangerous wilderness? Another man was therefore engaged, and each was to have two doti (pieces of eight cubits each) of Americani for their trouble.

The next day was the Sabbath, and I called the men to the early morning prayers. This had not been practicable on other days, though evening prayers had always been held.

The Wataita had been warned not to bring anything for sale to-day, it being the Mzungu's "great day," or, as I would have had them to understand, the Lord's day. They were invited, however, to attend the preaching of the Gospel. They did not, to my agreeable surprise, trouble us with their "soko" (market); but neither did they come to my "soko" to buy the truth. A few individuals visited us, but it was to *look* at us, not to hear the word of God. One man introduced himself to me, Ngamira (camel), the son of Katumu. He said that his father

knew Krafo and Rebmani, he having visited those gentlemen at the Church Mission station at Rabai. The old man was still alive, though too old and feeble to venture down the rock. He had sent me his respects. Ngamira himself was an old man, so I could readily believe that his father was "well stricken in years." Wishful to ascend the mount, I asked Ngamira if he would conduct me to his father. He readily consented to do so, but warned me that climbing the rock was no child's play. However, I bade him lead the way. Beram, Kiringe, and Mvaya accompanied me. Notwithstanding Ngamira's warning, I had no idea of the task which was before us. We commenced climbing—literally climbing—at once. After several times stopping to take breath, we met Mauya's son on his way down to visit me. I suggested his returning with me, but he shook his head. "Too far," he replied. "I will go down and wait for you below." It was wonderful with what comparative ease Ngamira, though grey and wrinkled with age, made his way up the almost perpendicular path. A girl of fourteen, who was with him, leapt from rock to rock on her toes, with the light, springy bounding of a young roe. I did as I could. My attendants got on with an immense deal of puffing and blowing. Excelsior! up! up! up!

"See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep!"

This is poetry, but the "straining up" was hard prose to us. In an hour and a half we stood upon the south-west shoulder of the mountain, its central woody heights seeming as high above us as ever. A little way down on the other side we found the hut of Katumu. Several villages had been passed on our

way, one of the largest of them being an assemblage of perhaps twenty small huts, the more roomy ledges which are found here and there being selected as the sites upon which they are built. At one of them we were heartily received by an old man, who said his name was Muzungu (white man), but this I afterwards discovered was only a little of his pleasantry. He placed before me a large bowl of "sima" (porridge), which I just tasted and then gave to my men. Beram was in his glory. I tried to place before the would-be Muzungu the bread of eternal life, but for that he had no taste.

Katumu received me with the gushing heartiness of a father over a long lost son. Poor old man, his years were indeed those of labour and sorrow. He wanted to set the women to work cooking for me, but I would not hear of it. He then insisted on giving me a fowl, some sweet potatoes, and a couple of melons. He begged for cloth, beads, etc. He also asked me for a gun, for his sons to go to the Usambara wars with; that is, to assist them in murdering and plundering the Wasambara. I told him I was a man of peace, and had come to him with a message of peace; that I could not give him a gun, but that I would send him a piece of cloth and some beads. I tried to direct his attention from Usambara and Kisigau to the land beyond the grave to which he had approached so near, but he turned his eyes from the sight. His sons gathered about him, black and scowling; I thought I had never seen more savage-looking men; and I preached to them also the word of life. They listened sullenly, but did not seem to take in what they heard.

The descent to the camp occupied me an hour and

ten minutes, and my limbs trembled with the exertion to which they had been subjected. Never did I perform a harder three hours' task than the ascent and descent of Mount Kisigau.

From the elevation to which I ascended I obtained a complete view of the country east, south, and north-west. I took the bearings. In the east were the Rukanga, Kithima, Kilibassi, and Taru hills, Kithima and Taru being due east, and almost in a direct line with my position. Rukanga was a little to the south of the Kithima, but of course on this side of them; while Kilibassi was a little to the south of Rukanga, nearly a day's march beyond the latter. The dim outlines of Usambara were seen on the south-east; Pare lay W.S.W.; Muarimba, an uninhabited ridge, in a line with Bura, W.N.W.; and Bura, N.W. Surveying the plains below, I was greatly struck with the deep red colour of the soil. The watercourses proceeding from the shoulder of the mountain, look as if they were stained with blood, indicating the richly ferruginous character of the soil.

I wished to leave early the next morning, and was prepared to do so, but we had to wait for Muachania and his companion. While we were lingering the people gathered round us in considerable numbers, and among the rest Mauya came. He was wishful that we should kill the goat he had given us, for the sake of obtaining its skin, and also that he might ascertain from an inspection of its entrails the fortune we should have on our way. This was very kind, but, as we were not curious, we preferred taking the goat with us, and killing it on the road. We satisfied Mauya by giving him a coloured cloth.

At nine a.m. we left this side of the mountain. It was too late to think of making a full day's march, so we contented ourselves by walking round the mount to Rukanga on the west side of it, and resolved to make the most of next day. The south-west side presented an amphitheatre as grand, if not grander, than that looking towards the south. The north side terminates in two detached rocks of stupendous magnitude, the first of which is called Rukanga and the other Are. From Are the land declines to the ridge which runs on to Kilakila and Maungu. The baobab of this region seems to differ in species from that of the coast. It is smaller, the branches are less spreading and more numerous, and the foliage is more dense. The calabash (monkey bread) it bears is smaller than that of the coast, while the seeds it contains are larger, and the flesh upon them lighter in colour. In shape the tree is a perfect cone.

We reached Rukanga at noon, and camped, or rather bivouacked, for we did not pitch tents. The goat was killed, and all the pots were set a boiling. Muachania wished to inspect the goat's entrails for information regarding our journey, but I forbade it. He thought me somewhat of a bigot, and intolerant withal. "Why," said he, "you Wazungu have your book, the Wajomba have theirs (the Koran), and we have ours. Each prefers his own; why should you forbid me the use of mine?" He declared his to be an infallible prognosticator of all events, but I did not debate the matter with him.

Muachania proved to be quite a character. He knew everything about that part of the country, and a good deal besides, and he did not keep his know-

ledge to himself; he seemed willing to tell us all he knew, and a little in addition. But on the whole I felt he was a reliable authority.

Before leaving Kisigau I may give a summary of what I learned of it and its people during my three days' stay there. Of Kisigau itself I need not, after the attempt I have already made to describe it, say much. The Wanika call it Kadiaro. Rising abruptly as it does from the plain to such a height, and standing in solitary dignity, it is necessarily a very conspicuous object in this part of the country. It is one vast mass of solid granite. As I approached it from the east, its fine dome, supported by perpendicular cliffs, reminded me of St. Paul's Cathedral, only it is a much grander object than that wonderful edifice. It affords its people a natural fortress, impregnable and almost unassailable. Its occupants dwell secure from the assaults of man, or at least from those varieties of the *genus homo* who reside in Africa. It surprises me, however, that any human beings can reconcile themselves to such a home. The labour of ascending and descending must be very severe. But, as old Katumu said to me, "What are we to do? it is our only refuge from the Masai." It is necessity which has driven the people to occupy it. Kisigau comprises the following districts: Are, Rukanga, Jora, Bungule, Kirongue, and Kiteze. There are other minor divisions, and almost every kraal has a distinct name. Kisigau, with Ndara, Mbololo, and Bura, forms an almost perfect right-angled triangle, Ndara being only slightly west of due north from Kisigau, and Bura lying due west of Ndara. These mountains combined constitute the Taita-land.

The people of Kisigau are by no means "striking" in the ordinary sense of the term, but they certainly struck me as being below par. They are as a rule low in stature, unprepossessing in countenance, and unshapely in form. They have low, narrow, retreating foreheads; their cheek bones are high; their lips are out-turned and puffy, and most of them have prognathous jaws. Nearly all are ugly, some are hideous, and not one that I saw was really good-looking. Their hard work and mountain air seem to give them vigorous health; even the old men being hale and hearty.

The men are, on the whole, superior to the women. Their dress is very scant. It is a small cloth, sometimes twisted about their loins, and sometimes tied in a knot by two of its corners over one shoulder, and so allowed to hang loosely over the body. They shave the head from ear to ear, and also the nape of the neck, leaving the wool just where the monk would shave it off. This is twisted into strings, sometimes several inches in length, and is almost invariably plastered with grease, and coloured with red earth. They also anoint their bodies with oil, preferring that of the castor plant, if it can be obtained, but if not, taking whatever comes to hand. They wear a good many ornaments. The upper cartilages of the ears are pierced to admit several large rings of beads; they wear beads and chains round their necks; coils of brass and iron wire upon the upper part of their arms; while bracelets and anklets of iron, skin, horn, etc., are worn in great profusion by all. None of the males are without an appendage, made of a carefully rounded sheep or goat-skin, covering their hinder

parts. It depends from the neck by a thong which reaches to the small of the back, whence the skin falls to the calves and sometimes to the heels, according to its size and the taste of the wearer. It is used as a mat to sit upon; and as the Wataita are anything but nice in their personal habits, this is quite a redeeming circumstance. But it has a very singular appearance, strikingly reminding one of a tail; and Dr. Krapf, alluding to a story which attributes the possession of such posterior appendage to some of the peoples of Africa, suggests that the story may have had its origin in a custom similar to this of the Wataita!

The weapons of the Wataita are a large, two-edged knife, a long, unwieldy dagger, and the bow and arrow. The Kitaita bow is a poorly made weapon, and the arrow is a short, thin, pointed stick, but it is well feathered, and touched with deadly poison. They do not use the iron barbs of the Wakamba, Walangulo, and Wanika.

Oh for a free and skilful hand to paint the other sex! The poor women, how I pity them! little as they would thank me for it. They are out in everything. In size, in figure, in feature, in dress, in ornaments, they are quite the reverse of what we desire to see in their sex. They shave their heads in much the same way as the men, but wear a band of beads fitting tightly round the forehead and below the occiput. Prodigious collars of large, white beads, mixed sometimes with a little blue and red, are worn about their necks. These reach to their very chin, and must weigh from nine to twelve pounds. A wide, closely fitting band of beads covers the whole of the lumbar regions. Beneath this band, before and

behind, is tucked a leathern apron something like a blacksmith's, only much smaller. A piece is taken out of the centre, leaving at the corners two long tails which fall down the legs; these tails being adorned with a facing of beads, frequently all white, sometimes with other kinds, but, when there is a variety, never arranged with any taste. Some of them wear in addition a greasy cloth round their shoulders. Their arms are adorned with coils of iron and brass wire, like the men; while around their ankles and below their knees tightly fitting bands of beads are worn, often so deep as to leave not more than two inches of the bulging calf exposed. Oil and red ochre are also fashionable with them; and they are fond, too, of their mother earth. At any time they had rather wallow in the dust than dip in a tub. They do not believe in water, except for cooking and drinking purposes. Altogether their *tout ensemble* is of the most unattractive kind.

The government of Kisigau is of the loosest kind. It is that of Israel when there was no king, and every man did that which was right in his own eyes. The chieftainship is a mere nominal dignity, its authority and emoluments being almost *nil*. The former chief, Mauya, was, according to Muachania, a man of influence on account of his being a great mganga (sorcerer, doctor, and priest); but his son, according to the same authority, is not an adept in his father's arts. The old chief must have written out his recipes very carelessly, or else the tablet of his son's memory was too soft to retain them.

In habits the people are agricultural, but they add cattle and goat-feeding to tillage, and moreover en-

gage in freebooting practices as much as they dâre. They make raids upon the Waguena, the Wapare, and the Wasambara. Muachania described with great gusto some of their doings in this way. He gave the Wapare a high character for courage, but spoke very contemptuously of the Wasambara. The latter people use muskets, but Muachania says the Wataita are acquainted with a "medicine" which makes guns burst the moment an attempt is made to fire them off. I offered him a handsome present if he could burst my gun with any medicine he had, but he archly replied, "Who would spoil the gun of his friend?" It must not be supposed that the Wataita could cope with the whole of the Wasambara; it seems that they attack only the borderers of that people, and this with the permission of Samboja, the Kisambara chief. The case may be put thus: these borderers might give Samboja some trouble if they were strong and numerous; the chief is therefore anxious to keep them down as much as possible; so he connives at rather than resists the attacks of the Wataita upon them.

By their freebooting the Wataita keep up the numbers of their flocks and herds. Another matter of great importance to them is that they procure in this way a good many women and children. The former they take to themselves as wives; the latter they adopt as "wana" (sons and daughters), that is, *if they do not sell them*. Gnombe (cows) and wasijana (girls) are to the Wataita the *ne plus ultra* of desirable things. Muachania became very excited about them. In the afternoon of our stay at Rukanga a herd of very fine cattle were driven past us. "There," said Muachania, "that lot came from

Usambara. This very day is the seventh since we brought them to Kisigau. There is gnombe for you! We got a goodly number of wasijana too." From all I could learn, I judge that gnombe are valued highly, chiefly from the fact that they are the "cash" in which wedding dowry is paid, that is, by which wives are procured. Young marriageable men go to the "wars" principally with the view of obtaining the wherewithal to procure *a wife*, though they are not usually content with one, polygamy, as a matter of course, prevailing here as elsewhere in Africa.

The people of Kisigau, Bura, and Ndara unite their bands in these plundering expeditions. The booty is divided according to the number of men which each tribe may supply, and each party has to divide its share amongst its own members as it can. Quarrels over the division are fierce and very frequent, and it often happens that after all is over some get nothing but bruises and wounds. They must make large captures to obtain one head of cattle per man; but those who get nothing to-day hope, I presume, to get something to-morrow.

Slavery exists in Taita, but it is not the slavery of Europe or America. A slave here is not in a worse condition than the free. True, this is not saying much, because the free are in a most degraded state, still "it is enough that the servant should be as his master." The capture of a slave and his liability to be sold is the great monstrosity here. At Rukanga I met an old man whom I discovered to be a Mlangulo. He had been captured by the Wataita when a boy. He was in a most miserable plight, yet seemed perfectly contented with his lot. There was nothing to prevent

his returning to his own people, had he been disposed to do so; yet from youth to old age he had remained where he was.

The Wataita receive strangers among them and treat them very civilly. Some Wakamba, for instance, were met with at Kisigau, who were evidently quite at home.

The huts of the Wataita differ from those of the Wanika. A circular upright fencing of from two to three feet in height, with a small hole for a door, and covered with a cone-shaped, well-thatched roof of grass, looking like a large bee-hive; such is the hut in question. For the preservation of grain the Wataita make circular baskets of wicker-work, as large as their huts. Round these they build a fence, throw over it a roof of thatch, and the granary is complete. They weave very strong bags of the bark of the baobab and other trees, articles which are of the utmost service to them; for they are bags, sacks, reticules, portmanteaus, and everything of the kind to these people.

Marriage with them is not a very romantic affair, it being simply an arrangement by which a man induces the father of his fair lady to accept a certain number of goats or cows, and so much pombe, etc., in lieu of his daughter, that she may become his "muche" (woman), and I may add, his slave. The father accepts the price, and the man takes her to his home. Should she die childless, though it may be after having lived with her "mume" (man) many years, the father must return the dowry!

Altogether the Wataita are one of the most debased of all the degraded peoples of this unhappy

land. They are inferior even to the Wanika. Yet such is our faith in the Gospel, that we believe it will elevate even them. A missionary of the right sort would do *them* good. Truly, the harvest is great, but the labourers are few.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TAITA PLAINS AND LAKE JIPE.

ON the 25th of July we left Kisigau at six a.m. Making our way through the cultivated belt at the mountain's base, we entered the wilderness once more. The plantations on this side looked much poorer than those of the east and south sides, as if less rain had fallen here, and this the Wataita said had been the case. Pursuing a course directly towards Bura till two p.m., we then turned to the west, continuing our march till 5.30 p.m. The country was a level tract, the soil red and sprinkled with a coarse silicious sand. The grass was spare and withered, and the trees were all as bare as an English orchard in mid-winter ; all looked dead, but the obe was pretty frequently seen in the early part of the way. Game was scarce, but at noon we startled a herd of antelopes, in colour as red as the soil. The path we followed next morning led in a direct line towards Bura. In three hours we descended into the Matate valley, at the bottom of which we found a deep watercourse, apparently without water, but after digging small holes in the sand the fluid oozed through in great abundance. It was very cold. I

obtained a delicious bath, the first I had had since leaving Kithima. I decided to remain here for the day, and to start for Jipe early on the following morning. Most of the men were pleased at this, but the Mkugenzi looked ill at ease, though he said nothing. We camped on the farther side of the valley, beneath a clump of trees affording us the most ample and perfect shade.

The Matate valley is formed by the two ridges of the Muarimba, which are extensions of the Bura mountains. The water in its bed comes from the north end of Bura, but when it is most abundant it does not flow far, being speedily absorbed by the soil. The steep banks of the gully are lined with fine trees of many kinds. The whole valley is overgrown with rank, tall grasses; and is adorned with many fine mimosa, acacia, and other trees and plants. I gathered the yellow flowers of a tree which reminded me of those of the laburnum, and which are reputed by the natives to be an antidote against the bite of the snake.

Some of the men left the camp in the afternoon in search of firewood. It was not long, however, before they sneaked back again, looking like dogs that might have just received a whipping. They had heard other voices than those of our own party. Muachania and his companion were despatched to examine the ground, and they soon returned with a number of men, who proved to be a hunting party from Bura. The latter were not a pleasant-looking set, but they saluted us civilly, stared at us curiously, and then left without more ado. I watched the guide. He seemed to fear hostilities; and now I knew why

he looked so scared when I determined to remain at Matate.

I gave orders for a strict watch to be kept during the night; for at best we were in a savage land, and were liable to be attacked any moment by parties not so civil as our visitors of the afternoon.

We left Matate on the morning of the 27th, soon after the sun had risen, and Muachania and his companion took their leave of us. They had been paid their dues over-night, and were perfectly satisfied. They pointed out the path to our guide with great care, then snatching up a little grass, and retaining hold of it, they gave us their hands, and wished us "Good-bye."

We had not gone far before we were brought up by the chattering of birds. The guide stood and listened. He did not tell us what he heard from the feathered tribe, but he at once altered his course. What! were we to be controlled by birds? Had Sadi received a good or evil omen? In the fictitious account Ulysses gave of his departure from Alybas, the birds hovered on the right, and the sign filled him with hope; but these birds of ours fluttered on the left! I warned the guide to take no notice of the "niuni" (birds), but he looked scared, and went more than ever astray. The upshot was that we got into difficulties. From the first we had not only had "no wheels' smooth beaten road," but absolutely no path, and had had to push our way as best we could through the rank grass, which, as may well be supposed, was most wearisome work. The pitfalls, with their accompanying thorn hedges, which encircled the mountain; broad, deep trenches, stretching down the mountain side at every few

paces, and dense jungles, gave us no end of trouble. On the western side of the Muarimba we had to cut our way through the forest, emerging from which, fagged to exhaustion, and pushing our way into a more open country, we encamped in the district of Mgnaroni, having accomplished scarcely one-third of an ordinary day's march.

From the top of the Muarimba we obtained a complete view of the country east and west. On the one side stretched a wide plain, with nothing to break the monotony but the mount Kisigau and the hill Rima Gnombe; on the other extended a similar plain, bounded on the south-west by the Pare range, and due west by that of Ugono, Usange, and Kisungu, at the foot of which lay indistinctly discerned the lake Jipe. The night at Mgnaroni was not a pleasant one. The wind was gusty and the air was cold. I rose twice to warm myself at the fires. The sky was clear, and dew fell heavily. On the last occasion on which I rose, Venus and the moon had given place to Orion and the Pleiades, these latter having gained an altitude which told me that morning was near. The squeak, too, of the "chenene" assured me of the same thing. This is a large orthopterous insect of the grasshopper tribe, perhaps the fly of Homer,

"Which, perched among the boughs, sends forth at noon,
Through all the grove, its slender ditty sweet."

Our Wanika called it the "Dsogolo ya Tsaka," and the Wasuahili the "Jimbe la Muitu," that is, the "cock of the woods," its "slender ditty sweet" taking place throughout the night in the same regular succession as the crowing of the more lusty chanticleer, who

by nature knows "eche ascentioun of the equinoctial."

When morning dawned, the thermometer had descended to 49°, dew lying thickly on the glass. Everything I touched was very cold. My hands, after getting all ready for the start, were blue and quite benumbed; I almost shivered. Certainly I had never felt such cold in Africa before. The men who lay all night by the side of blazing fires did not feel it as I did; but when we left the camp, some of them took away firebrands with which to keep their hands warm on the way.

We set out early, wishing to make as good a march as possible, though we did not expect to reach Jipe that day. The country was pathless, and the grass so thick and long, that travelling was very trying, and the men grievously complained.

After climbing another low ridge the land lay before us in long and gentle undulations, just sufficient now to shut us in from the surrounding landscape, and now to lay open its wide expanse before us. At ten a.m. we passed through a district which in the rainy season must be a very pretty piece of country. But its luxuriant grasses were now a thick covering of straw, though its fine trees were still adorned with a dense and verdant foliage, and they gave a rich, park-like aspect to the place. Antelopes and giraffes were seen in the distance on either hand. Here I plucked a little of the pamba ya muitu (cotton of the woods), the capsule of which is a round sack of thin skin, as tough as tissue paper. The cotton resembles that of the bombax, being of a silky nature, but in fibre yields rather a short sample. I found this plant growing also on the top of the Kithima rocks.

Henceforth the country became more open than it had been hitherto, yet there was still enough of woods and thorny jungles to prove sufficiently annoying, necessitating as they did a very sinuous course, obscuring the scenery, and tearing our clothes.

In the course of the afternoon the zebra was met with in small numbers, and ere long we came to a halt before a full-grown rhinoceros, which was quietly grazing, as though unaware of our presence, at a distance from us of not more than thirty yards. Tofiki was anxious for sport, and some of the other men pretended to be very desirous of trying their hands at rhinoceros killing. They saw only a mountain of meat before them, and did not remember that they had no water in which to cook it. Neither did they consider that they were not in a condition to add to their loads, to say nothing of the toil of a chase, or the inconvenience of another half-day's delay, before we should reach Jipe. I was strongly tempted to try the effect of a rifle ball planted behind the shoulder of the splendid brute, but I had my doubts as to whether I ought to risk anything for the mere gratification of bringing the monster to the earth, and I declined the sport. Most of the men, I thought, were rather pleased than otherwise, but Tofiki was angry, though he controlled his feelings. The immense creature leisurely crossed our path to the north, allowing us to watch all his movements with the greatest composure. Abashora expressed the opinion that this *sang froid* was only an indication that the beast meant war, provided he should be attacked, but I question whether he saw us. We left him quietly grazing at a very short distance on

our right, but not far from this we had to turn out of our path on account of another of these animals.

Towards evening we struck upon a wide, well-beaten track running directly in our course, which looked like the ordinary path of human beings, but it proved to be one made by elephants in their course down to the water of Lake Jipe.

About this time my attention was attracted to the singular cloud formation going on in the western skies, a vast pile of clouds having assumed the form of a prodigious mushroom, with dark stem and white crest, which was surrounded with all manner of fantastic shapes, forming in appearance a celestial landscape of mountain ridges, rocks, crags, castles, palaces, and towers.

At sunset we reached a dry elephant's pond, on the north side of which was a thicket of dry thorns, forming a ready-made stockade, within which we encamped.

July 29th.—The men rose in far better spirits than I expected them to be in, for during the past two days we had had but very little either to eat or drink. The water we carried from Matate was nearly exhausted, though we had husbanded it to the utmost. Last night we had had no supper, and we were obliged to start this morning without breakfast.

Now for Jipe! The paths were excellent, being those of the elephant and rhinoceros. The former is a very decent animal, its enormous spoor being never found on the path, but always at its sides. Yet even this annoys the rhinoceros, and he scatters it to the winds wherever he finds it.

Antelopes, zebras, giraffes, and ostriches fled at our approach everywhere; but the rhinoceros, unconcernedly feeding in our way, compelled us to turn aside several times.

We had not gone far before the Ugono mountains were distinctly visible, and we quickened our pace. For an additional landmark we had a low, hump-backed hill rising at the north end of the Ugono range, and this we kept a little on our right. The sun blazed upon us most mercilessly, being only occasionally overcast with light clouds, so that though the men indulged in frequent rests, they speedily became exhausted and fell to the earth, many of them panting for breath.

Precept being of little avail in inducing them to press forward, I tried the effect of example, and took the lead. A few came on after me, but the rest lagged behind. Presently the silvery sheen of the lake appeared in patches between the trees, a sight which greatly inspirited us. Onward I pressed, getting almost unconsciously into a run. Tofiki, Mungoma, Abashora, and one or two others followed me hard down, each doing his utmost to keep up with me. Down, down, at a headlong pace, our tongues cleaving to the roofs of our mouths, extreme thirst urging us and the sight of the water luring us on, we pressed forward till, ready to drop, Mungoma and I reached the verge of the lake at two p.m. On our knees we thanked God for His mercy, and then drank of the precious fluid. What a draught that was! Tofiki (who had picked up the load of a fallen man) and Abashora next arrived. The former, an Islamized African, repeated his

“Bismillahi rakmani rahim” in corrupt Arabic, and the latter, a Christian, said his grace in his own tongue, and then *they* drank.

They had no sooner quenched their thirst than all turned to me with eyes almost starting from their sockets, and eagerly enquired, “Did you not see those rhinoceroses close to the path as you came down here?” I had seen nothing. With my tongue parched, my whole system burning with fever, my sight growing hazy, yet occasionally catching glimpses of the gleaming water, I hurried forward, thinking only of saving myself and my party.

“Ai! ai! ai!” exclaimed the men, “we thought it was all over with you. Why, you passed before the noses of a pair of rhinoceroses, as near to them as you are to us! Ai! ai! and you did not see them? Well! well! it is all over now, and you are safe. But we trembled for you! pausing till you had passed, when we raised a cry, and the brutes ran off.”

These terrific-looking animals seem to be most harmless creatures if they are left alone. Perhaps we pigmies are beneath the notice of their colossal majesties. Yet the Wasuahili say,—

“Uki ona Pera,
Uki ona muhi—kuera.”
(If you meet a rhino,
And you see a tree—climb-o.)

In the course of an hour our whole party had arrived, except Juma and Kiringe, the former having fallen helplessly to the earth, and the latter having remained to keep him company till succour could be sent. Mange, Kiringe’s brother, and Mungoma,



Vincent Brooks Day & Son Lith.

UNCONSCIOUS DANGER.



Juma's brother, filled their vitoma (calabashes), and returned for this purpose, and all arrived safely at dusk.

The fauna of this district is abundant. Water-fowl, many birds of the heron family, cormorants, guinea-fowl, etc., were seen. Among birds of a smaller kind the turtle dove, a kind of pheasant, and a white bird, like a sea-gull, were somewhat numerous. The lake was alive with hippopotami, their puffings and snortings as they rose to breathe at the surface being almost incessant. Ostriches stalked over the plains in great numbers, always, however, setting off at a brisk trot before they could be approached within shot range. Gazelles gracefully bounded through the stubble in the distance, and antelopes and zebras stood in large herds on all sides.

The lake Jipe stretched before us nearly due north and south, a fine sheet of water; and behind it rose the bulky and monotonous Uguena range of mountains, consisting of Ugono, Usange, Kisungu, and Same. Jipe is an oblong sheet of water, of perhaps some twelve miles long, and say one-third of this in breadth. It does not look so wide as this, but distances, as they appear over water, are deceptive. It must be much wider than it looks; for the mountains on the other side were indistinct, and wore that dark-blue, hazy appearance only lent to mountains by distance. There being no wind, its surface was as smooth as glass. Its waters are derived chiefly from Kilima Njaro, and are poured into the Pangani or Ruvu, as this river, in its upper course, is called. The lake is extremely rich in fish.

The Uguena mountains form a massive block

three or four thousand feet in height. They are said to yield rich iron ores, and the people supply axes and hoes to the Wataveta, Wachaga, Wakahe, Waarusha, etc., the iron of which is smelted and the forging done by the Waguena themselves. The people are identical with the Wapare, in habits, in language and in blood. The several tribes, however, would seem to keep pretty much to themselves.

On the 30th we set our faces towards Taveta. The country northward rose very gently from the level of Jipe, till in the distance the horizon was broken by a pyramidal hill or two. In the north-west, hill rose above hill till they were lost in the clouds. Behind them all was what appeared to be one vast mountain mass, its head enveloped in dense clouds, and its eastern and western ridges falling in steep slopes to the plain. It filled almost one half of the horizon. This, I said to myself, must be the mighty Kilima Njaro. The weather had been too cloudy hitherto even to see so much of it as this, and I had kept my eyes open to no purpose.

Tofiki asked the guide what that *mlila mku!* *MKU!* (*great! GREAT!* mountain) could be, while Mange, seeing nothing of it, remarked, "The Mkugenzi has been practising some sorcery, to hide Kilima Njaro from the Mzungu; we ought to have seen it long ere this." But I knew the mountain before us could be no other than Kilima Njaro.

Our course to-day was due north, having Jipe on our left, and the small hump-backed hill of yesterday on our right. The way led through tracts of dense grass, now over much clearer plots, and now through close and thorny jungle. The paths were innumerable,

crossing each other at all angles. After a three hours' march we still had Jipe on our left ; then, however, it began to fall in the rear. Antelopes fled at our approach, at intervals of almost every few hundred yards ; but the recent footprints of the lion being observed in our path for a long distance, the guide concluded we should not meet with the buffalo that day, that ferocious animal having gone far enough away from a region so lately trod by the king of the forest.

We followed all manner of paths till we came to the edge of a wood, when the Mkugenzi blew off his gun in satisfaction of having at last hit upon the beaten track. Henceforth woods alternated with more open tracts, till we entered what I may term the forest of Taveta. Through this forest we made our way in a very sinuous course, over fallen trees and other impediments, perfectly sheltered from the rays of the sun, for an hour and a half, when we came to a stand before "the gate of the city." This was a low Gothic arch, formed by such knee-timber as is used in ship-building, for binding the ships' sides and deck together; forked logs of great weight, some half-dozen of them planted firmly in the ground one behind the other, so as to form a small porch. It was closed on the other side by the piling up of a number of other logs between it and a couple of huge posts, planted on either side for the purpose of keeping the said logs in place. It was one of the greatest attempts at fortification I had yet seen in the interior of Africa. I could not help smiling at this display of African skill, particularly as on either side of this pretentious barrier there was nothing more than a little

undergrowth of saplings and creepers, to prevent an entrance being made. Besides, I could not help thinking what an excellent bonfire the whole thing would make. Apply a light, and it would blaze away like a box of matches.

However, we had to pause, and, our guns being fired, in a little while some of the people came to demand who we were, when the following colloquy ensued between the Tavetas and our guide :—

“Who’s there?”

“Me.”

“Who are you?”

“Who are *you* that you don’t know me?”

“Ah! how should we know everybody?”

“Oh! oh! I’m the man that brought a Mzungu (the Baron von der Decken) here some years ago.”

“Ah! he that frightened us so much?”

“What do you mean? I have brought *another* Mzungu to-day.”

“The same that came before?”

“No, another.”

“Well, then, pay the toll.”

“All right, open the door.”

“Pay toll first.”

“What! have you lost your senses?”

“Pay toll first.”

This was communicated to me. I directed the guide to pay what was right; but when an offer was made, as much again was demanded. We demurred.

“Then you can’t pass this way,” was the curt reply; “you will have to sleep in the woods all night.”

The amount claimed was about two dollars’

worth of cloths and beads, and as it was not very much, we gave it, and were admitted.

We now found ourselves in a cleared space which had been a plantation of Indian corn. It was surrounded by bananas, and beyond these were forest trees. We had some distance to go yet, however, to the camping-place, and the sun was fast westering, so that we had no time to lose. But the walk that remained was, despite our weariness, a most delightful one. After the desert life of the past fifteen days we seemed suddenly to have been introduced to a perfect Eden. Everything here was green and beautiful. The way led through large plantations of bananas and plantains, alternating with cultivated plots of masombo (a kind of potato), beans, peas, wimbe (*pannicum*), etc.; while here and there were verdant and richly foliated woods, amongst which monkeys of various kinds danced and chattered with glee, or sat in composure, watching the strange procession which had intruded itself upon their retreats. The plantations were very extensive and most luxuriant. The plantains were too close together to admit of complete development, but they rose to a height of from fifteen to twenty feet. Their broad ample leaves formed a covering impenetrable to the rays of the sun, so that the wider paths which ran through them were delightful avenues of the coolest shade. Now and then the path skirted a fine stream, some twelve paces in width and two or three feet deep, running in a strong current, as I afterwards learned, from Kilima Njaro to the lake Jipe. It is called Mfuro by the people of Taveta, but is better known to geography as the Lumi. It comes down

from the snow-mountain, if not from its snows, through Useri. Its banks are adorned with fine trees, beautifully festooned with creepers and flecked with flowers. The muali, a giant endogen of the palm family, sending out its enormous fronds to a distance of thirty feet, attracted my attention, and as I had never seen it before, I may also say my wonder and admiration. It grows plentifully on the island of Pemba. It bears a small and very beautiful cone which is edible, but is not used for food except in time of famine. The natives make pretty snuff-boxes of it. I also noticed the mkindu, or brab, which in the distance might almost be taken for the cocoa-nut palm. The mtunguya, elsewhere a mere marble, grows here to the size of an orange.

But we must away to camp. After a two hours' walk through such scenery as I have endeavoured to describe, we reached an open spot. It had a few large elm-like trees upon it, and was surrounded by others of various kinds, forming in appearance an impenetrable mass of the richest foliage. Here literally "embosomed in the grove" we were told we might camp; and, as it was evening, our tent was pitched without delay.

CHAPTER XVII.

TAVETA.

FINDING ourselves in such a delightful spot, and among a most interesting people, I made no hurry to leave Taveta. After our late experiences a little rest was desirable; I was anxious to see and hear as much as I could; it was important that I should create a favourable impression upon the minds of the natives in regard to myself; and to do these things required that I should stay in the place some days at least. I remained there a whole week, and before proceeding with the narrative it may be as well to give a condensed account of the place and people.

Taveta is a strip of very fine forest stretching along the course of the Lumi stream, not quite a day's march to the north of the lake Jipe. It is not of large extent, being not more than four hours' march throughout its entire length, and only about one-half of this in breadth. It is extremely fertile, as its splendid forest trees, luxuriant plantains, heavy crops of Indian corn, and thriving gardens of pulse proclaim. This fertility is due to the presence of the ever-flowing waters of the Lumi, which poured through the country

when I was there in a body twelve paces wide by two or three feet deep, at the rate of four or five miles an hour. It is made by the people to contribute its waters to their plantations far and wide, drawing it off, as they do, on all sides for the purpose of irrigation. The whole district is traversed by artificial water-courses opened by the natives for this purpose. The river is very rich in fish, some of which are extremely fine.

The forest trees of Taveta deserve especial mention. The muale and the mkindu I have already described. The mgunga is a thorny tree of large size, with pinnated leaf, and light green, clean, smooth bark. Large portions of the wood are composed wholly of this tree. The muari is large, with feathery, drooping foliage, much denser than that of the mgunga. The muasi, forty or fifty feet high, much resembles the elm in appearance and size. Its wood is very tough, and does not burn well. The mvule is a gigantic growth, with dark, clean, soft-looking bark, and is used on the coast for making canoes. The mkuiju (sycamore) is here a magnificent tree, while the msere is a wonder of vegetation. The latter rises for seventy or a hundred feet as straight as a mast, without a branch or twig upon its shaft, and dwarfs even the much-boasted and really splendid mfune. The msundu and mkulu are also very large trees. The mringa-mringa and mbarembare, together with the mkuyu, are used by the natives for the making of mzinga (beehives), which are hollowed logs that are hung in the trees to attract the bees.

The undergrowth is very dense and varied; and ferns, mosses, innumerable flowering plants and

creepers present a rich and most inviting field for the botanist.

Taveta, in the hands of an industrious people, might be made to yield a vast increase; in the hands of a cultivated race it might be turned into a paradise of woodlands, meadows, and gardens.

The people of Taveta, that is to say, the present community, are a mixture of Wakuavi and Wataveta. Originally the Wataveta are of the same stock as the Wakahe and the Waarusha, and all are doubtless allied to the Wachaga, though circumstances have divided them into separate peoples, and kept them apart from each other.

The Wakuavi, on the other hand, were originally entirely distinct, though they are now mingling so freely with the Wataveta. The Wakuavi formerly occupied the whole of the plains around the base of Mount Kilima Njaro, also the extensive tracts lying between Taveta and Jipe, on the one hand, and the Taita mountains, on the other. In those days the Wataveta seem to have been on friendly terms with the Wakuavi, a state of things which doubtless arose out of some mutual dependence existing between the two peoples. In the course of time the Masai, emerging from the west, swept over the open plains, smote the Wakuavi and scattered them to the winds, leaving, however, the Wataveta in their forest fastnesses in perfect security. The Wakuavi, robbed of their all and completely broken up, some wandered this way and some that, while many turning to their friends the Wataveta, asked and found refuge with them. Ever since, the two peoples have lived together, assimilating more and more to each other's habits and modes

of life. The Wataveta, however, seem to have been far more influenced by the Wakuavi than *vice versa*; for they have become Kikuaviized in almost everything but the giving up of agricultural pursuits, whereas the Wakuavi remain Wakuavi still, except that from necessity they have turned to the cultivation of the soil.

Both languages are spoken, but Kikuavi is much more affected than Kitaveta. The former is of mingled Asiatic and African elements, and is one of the languages called by Dr. Krapf the "Semitic-Cushitic" family, of the pastoral races; the latter is one of the many dialects of that large family spoken by almost all the agricultural peoples of eastern and south-eastern Africa. Here, then, at Taveta the two lingual extremes of Africa meet, a most interesting fact, as it affords an opportunity for the study of the two languages side by side.

In their *physique* the two peoples are widely different, the Wataveta being much inferior to the Wakuavi. The former are decidedly African in form and feature, but are not strongly marked Negroes. They are of small stature and ungainly figure, but not of forbidding countenance. Some of them are pretty good-looking, but this may be partly due to the mingling of their blood with that of their friends. The Wakuavi are a fine race; tall, well formed, athletic, and decidedly un-African in their cast of features. They are generally deep black in colour, their former mode of life in the open plains having exposed them much to the sun. But a full cranium, ample forehead, good, bright eyes, aquiline nose, well-chiseled lips, neither too thin nor too tumied, faultless teeth, and prominent chin give a presentability to their face that

would not disgrace an Arab, proud as the Arabs are of their personal appearance. Still I do not think them equal to the Gallas.

In dress and ornaments the Wataveta follow the Kikuavi fashions. The men wear a small calf's skin fastened over the right shoulder, but sometimes a piece of cloth takes the place of the skin. Both are worn without the least regard to decency. Young men ornament themselves profusely, far more so than the Wanika and the Wataita. They shave their heads in front, twist their wool into strings sometimes six and eight inches long, so as to hang far down upon their shoulders, over their foreheads and even their eyes, like whipcords; and they seem to regard this as one of the greatest adornments they have. To some of the locks they attach small ornaments, cut out of bone and ivory into all manner of shapes—round, oval, triangular, square, etc.—often notched round the edges like the wheels of a clock, perforated with holes, and carved and marked in many other ways. The lobes of their ears are pierced and stretched to an incredible extent, forming a band large enough to encircle an object from two to three inches in diameter. Disks and balls of wood, tubes, cones, funnels, cylinders, quadrant and sextant shaped articles—strips of leather so formed, ornamented with beads and hung with long pendent chains—are only a few of the great variety of ornaments by which these gentlemen try to set off their auricular appendages. I quite believe in the possibility of having one's ears pulled as long as a donkey's, after seeing the development which has taken place in the ears of these people. Around their necks they wear necklaces of large beads of native and foreign manufacture, which,

when consisting, as they often do, of several rows, make the wearers hold up their heads like newly trained constables fresh from Scotland Yard. Arms and legs are decorated with rings and coils of brass and iron ; a mixture of grease and red earth besmears the entire person, and, as an additional set off, the face is often picked out with white.

Their weapons, which, for aught that they know of real warfare and the use they really make of them, might be classed with their ornaments, consist of the Masai spear and shield, flint muskets, of either English or American manufacture, all marked "warranted ;" a short sword, and the bow and arrow ; but the latter is chiefly confined to the older men. The use of the musket has been introduced by the Wasuahili, who find it readily accepted as the price of a slave, though it may only cost them three dollars.

The dress of the women is made of the skins of sheep and goats, but is far more ample and decent than that of the men. A small skin, worn as a girdle round the waist, reaches to the knees, but another and larger one, made by neatly sewing many pieces together, enwraps the whole body, being brought round the shoulders like a shawl, fastened in front, and falling, like the long robe of the Arabs, to the heels. This is the full dress of the really respectable. Many women go about with only the under girdle around their loins. In ornaments, as indeed is proper, they are more profuse than the men. In the well-stretched lobes of their ears they wear large disks of brass wire, in concentric coils or well-polished brazen wheels, as large as the palm of a good-sized hand—a pair of them to each ear. They are not placed

within the band, but are allowed to hang dangling down on the shoulders, generally supported, to relieve the ears, by a cord passed through them and drawn over the head ; otherwise the weight would break the lobes.

On their necks they wear large collars of iron wire, running all the way up the neck, and extending from the bottom, like a Chinese parachute, over the shoulders. An Elizabethan ruff was nothing compared to this. They wear also other smaller collars of brass and iron, often accompanied with a large quantity of various kinds of beads. The fore and upper arms are cased in long coils of brass and iron, often so completely that nothing is left exposed but the elbow. The legs are similarly ornamented ; the toes are not forgotten ; and all the fingers are heavily jewelled : altogether reminding one of a coat of armour. The weight of this *bijouterie* wears off the skin, and the poisonous brass creates very serious wounds, which, when healed, leave the flesh scarred and knotted for ever.

All the people of Taveta are wofully afraid of water ; they evidently never wash themselves, and are consequently unspeakably filthy.

Their occupations are of the simplest kind, and, like those of the Wataita, are half pastoral and half agricultural. The cattle are not led out to graze, but are stall-fed, the stems and leaves of the plantain forming their principal food. So fed they require little or no water. Both the tillage and the cattle-feeding fall to the lot of the women.

The young men, in imitation of the Masai, are the soldiers ; but they are not a very martial set ; for

fortunately they have but little need for the practice of arms. They have little to do beyond attention to their personal adornments, and then, with spear and shield or musket, as the case may be, going round to waste the time in chit-chat with their friends. The making of the mzinga (beehives), however, affords a little employment for some of the men.

The people do not live together in villages, but each family has its own separate compound, two or three huts surrounded with a fencing of muale-frond stems constituting a family kraal. The hut, which is loosely put together, is of conical shape, the framework being made of muale stems, and the roof being thatched with the rind and leaves of the plantain.

Marriage among the Wataveta resembles marriage everywhere else in Africa, and they are of course polygamists.

One singular custom of theirs in connection with marriage I must relate. Brides are set apart for the first year as something almost too good for earth. They are dressed, adorned, physicked, and pampered in every way, almost like goddesses. They are screened from vulgar sight, exempted from all household duties, and prohibited from all social intercourse with all of the other sex except their husbands. They are never left alone, are accompanied by some one wherever they may wish to go, and are not permitted to exert themselves in the least; even in their short walks they creep at a snail's pace, lest they should overstrain their muscles. Two of these celestial beings were permitted to visit me. Both were very elaborately got up and in precisely the same manner. Around the head was worn a band of parti-coloured

beads, to which was attached a half-moon of bead-work in front, so as to fall down over the forehead. Below this, fastened round the temples, fell a veil of iron chain, hanging to below the lips in closely arranged lengths. The neck was laden with beads of all colours and sizes. Broad bands, crossing behind and before, like a soldier's double belt, hung from each shoulder to the opposite side, and heaps upon heaps of beads traversed the waist, to which were superadded an ornamented belt of leather, faced with the never-absent beads. Coils of iron and brass encircled the arms and legs, and rings of copper and brass begirt the fingers and toes. Long chains of iron were attached to the wrist, which when the arm was bent reached to the ground. To these were suspended large native bells (round plates of iron doubled like a turnover), which made "soft music" whenever the dainty creatures moved. They honoured me only with their eyes; they did not let me hear the mellow harmony of their voices. They had to see and be seen, but not to be heard or spoken to.

Brides are treated in this manner until they present their husbands with a son or daughter, or the hope of such a desired event has passed away. In the former case the goddess falls to the level of an ordinary house-wife; in the other, well for her if she be not despised or even discarded.

The government of Taveta is in the hands of the people, that is to say, there is no government at all.

The Wataveta are very hospitable and kind to strangers, and seem to be at peace with everybody except the Masai. I myself saw at Taveta Wasuahili, Wanika, Wateita, Wagogo, Wakuavi, Wakamba,

Wakahe, Waarusha, and Wachaga, and these are all the peoples who are really within reach of them. They owe their tranquillity as much, perhaps, to their impenetrable forest as to their peaceable dispositions. The Masai, however, had broken through the forest a short time before, and had done some damage, but in the end they were compelled to retreat.

As elsewhere, human beings are bought and sold in Taveta. It is not much to say, as in the case of Taita, that slaves in Taveta are almost as well off as their masters, inasmuch as slavery is slavery everywhere.

During my stay in Taveta I was visited by hundreds of the natives, who came from all parts of their forest homes to see me. Such a sight was not to be had every day. Most of them had *heard* of the white man; had heard the most wonderful stories regarding him; had been put to sleep in their babyhood by horrible recitations regarding his character and doings; of his home beyond the sea, at the bottom of the sea, or above the clouds; of his floating houses and towns; of his thundering guns; his seizure of vessels laden with slaves; his tyranny over such; his greed for black men's flesh; the making of gunpowder out of black men's brains; and a hundred other frightful things of which they supposed him to be guilty; but, till now, none of them had ever looked upon the monster. Now the opportunity was afforded them to gaze and stare to their fill.

I entertained my visitors in the best way I could, playing for them sometimes an accordion I had with me, showing them a few novelties, such as a magnet, a compass, a watch, and the like, and trying to engage them in conversation. In all I did my aim was ever

one, viz., to secure a hearing for the Gospel. To some extent I succeeded in this, but I could not expect to do much with them in the short space of a very few days. I enquired for the chief, and was told that there was not such a being. "Are there no leading men?" I asked, and was answered, "No." Several young men were introduced to me as the sons or other relatives of a former chief, but no one of them had succeeded to his place and power. I wished to explain my position and design to the authorities of the place, but, as it appeared there were not any, I had to do this in a general way.

I wished to have left Taveta on the 4th, but the Wataweta no sooner heard of this than they sent a message to the effect that it was hoped I would not leave without meeting with the heads of the place! This was strange, as I had done my best to find out the magnates, and had been informed that there were none. However, if after all there were such men, I expressed a wish to see them, and promised to remain at Taveta another day for this purpose.

Accordingly on the following morning the Waze or greybeards came to hold palaver, but it was some time before business could be commenced. The "house" was not a large one, some forty men only being present. They sat down in rows before the tent. There were a few old men among them, but most of them were middle-aged, and some were young.

Proceedings opened by my giving an account of myself to the guide, in Kisuahili, who then recounted what I had said in Kikuavi. He stood up, asked for a club, posed himself for a great effort, and began his speech. He spoke the language fluently enough, but

I doubt if he translated me literally. Whatever it was, however, it seemed to be pretty well received. An old man rose to reply. He said, as it was afterwards interpreted to me, "This is very good, but we want some better proof of the stranger's friendly feeling. Words are only words. Will the Muzungu, 'Kula muma' with us?"

"Kula muma" is the Kisuahili name for a ceremony by which all friendly compacts are made, sworn to, and confirmed. It consists of a mutual declaration of brotherhood, followed by pledging the same in each other's blood. Each party draws blood from his breast near his heart, then each taking a little of the other's blood upon his finger touches therewith his tongue, and the compact is sealed. Henceforth they regard each other as brothers, and it is pretended that neither will ever do the other a wrong. I refused to have anything to do with such a ceremony, saying that my "Kula muma" was my bare but honest word.

A middle-aged man next rose to speak. He said: "It is to be regretted that the Muzungu will not pledge us in our own way; though he may mean well, it is very unsatisfactory to us. Possibly, though he refuses to 'Kulu muma' with *us*, he will do so with Mandara when he gets to Chaga. He may even supply Mandara with uganga (sorcery), and thus give that chief great advantages over us. We cannot entertain those cordial feelings towards him which we should do were he to comply with our custom. Should any misfortune happen to the country after his departure, it will be attributed to the evil of his feet. We are already greatly wasted. We who are

here are all that are left of us. We are not over-affectionate among ourselves ; what must then be our feelings towards a stranger whom we may have reason to believe has brought mischief into our midst ? However, we are disposed to respect his character, though we have our fears."

Other speeches were made to the same effect. In the end they begged me to accept a goat, assuring me that they were not covetous of a present in return.

When the assembly broke up, all gathered round me in an unrestrained and apparently friendly manner. In the evening I gave them a present of three doti of cloth and some beads. I assured them that I was anxious to do them good ; that I had brought them the Gospel, the greatest gift of God to man, and that if they would only receive it they would find it more precious than all else the world contains ; but they listened to these remarks with no more concern than would be excited by the buzzing of a bee. As I intended to leave in the morning I bade them farewell.

We were preparing to leave on the 5th, when it was reported that a couple of Wachaga had come in from Mandara. We thought it best to wait for the news, and we soon heard that they had brought slaves and iron-chain to sell. Muinyi Mbuana presently made his appearance, apparently in high feather. He told us that all along he had wished to accompany us to Chaga, but there had been a great obstacle in the way. A misunderstanding had taken place between him and Mandara, but to-day he had received a friendly message from the latter, and he said, if we would only wait another day, he would go with us to

Moche. He explained that it would be useless for us to go to-day, as Mandara's men had brought information that that chief intended to make a raid upon Kirua on this very day. The Wachaga were by-and-by introduced to us, and confirmed this intelligence. We therefore resolved to remain at Taveta for another day. The Wachaga, finding that we were intending to visit their country, gave us a great deal of their society. They were a pair of quiet, civil little men, but without much else to recommend them to the notice of strangers. I was disappointed in them. They did not come up to my preconceived ideas of what the Wachaga were. But they saluted me in the most respectful manner, were very quiet and unassuming in their behaviour, and we became friends at once. They answered all our questions without the least reserve. They spoke of Mandara in the highest terms, but it was evident that they feared as well as respected him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TO MOCHE.

WE left Taveta for Moche on August the 5th, about 8 a.m., and were accompanied by Muinyi Mbuana and party. The first part of our way lay through the "leafy labyrinth" of the forest, through which there had once been pretty good paths, but there was nothing of the kind now. The late doings of the Masai had alarmed even the Wataveta. An attempt had been made by those warriors to break through the forest, and they had only been repulsed with difficulty. Open paths being regarded as too tempting to the Masai, they had all been purposely closed. This had been most effectually done by cutting the trees at varying heights almost through the bole, and causing them to fall across the path, making such a complete barricade that it was with the utmost difficulty that we made any progress.

Clearing the forest, the ground rose very perceptibly. The country wore an autumnal aspect, very sere compared with the glowing emerald of Taveta, but a great improvement on the leaflessness and seeming lifelessness of the surrounding district. By noon we had climbed a ridge stretching from the east side of

Kilima Njaro towards Ugono, from which we got a good view of the country. In the north-west the lower part of Kilima Njaro was now clearly visible, but all the higher portions of the mountain were still obscured by thick, dark, leaden clouds. What was seen was a large mountain mass, sweeping round in a grand half-circle, consisting of hills rising in amphitheatrical gradations, till they pierce and lose themselves in the clouds. Ugono was now dropping into the east of south, but another mountain, called Sogonoi, on the borders of the Masai-land, stretched across the horizon in a direction from this point somewhere about south-west. Hence our course lay round the southern extension of Kilima Njaro, and was necessarily circuitous. We were on the lowest portion of the mountain's base, just above the level of the plain. The ground was very irregular, being a succession of banks and watercourses; now we got a prospect of the country around us, and now we were shut in on all sides. During the after noon we occasionally obtained a pretty clear view of what was to be seen of Chaga from our line of march. It will be borne in mind that it was the south-eastern portion of the mountain that was now exposed. The lower parts were, like the plains, dressed in autumnal brown. This, as the eye ascended, changed and deepened into dark green, here a wood, there a plantation, and there a lawn. Above all was dark forest. The middle portion is the inhabited land, proclaimed by rising columns of smoke throughout its whole extent. Beginning in the east and proceeding towards the west, "There," said Muinyi Mbuana, "is Emsai, there Mamba, there Marango, there Kilema, there, where the

ridge comes down so far into the plain, is Kirua, and behind that is Moche.

We continued our march till 4.30 p.m., when we halted at a stream called Mkira, coming down between Kirua and Moche. We had passed several other streams, of which the Huna, flowing between Mamba and Marango, the Orna, between Marango and Kilema, and the Muo, between Kilema and Kirua, deserve to be mentioned. The Orna is the largest of them, and is known to geography as the Gona. Where we crossed it it was about fifteen yards in breadth, over the knees in depth, and flowed in a strong current. The men exclaimed about the coldness of the water, but I drank of it, and to my surprise it was far less cold than the waters of Matate. I should certainly not have inferred from its temperature the near neighbourhood of snow. Moreover it was thickly overshadowed by the vegetation on its banks, and therefore could not have been heated by the sun. The botany of the country passed over is to a large extent new. Dark, crumbling sandstones cropped out in the hollows; but the paths were encumbered by a black, porous stone, in appearance not unlike tufa. Reaching the Mkira stream, our men complained of fatigue, and we therefore encamped.

The district was considered unsafe. The Wakahe on our left, in the south, are dangerous, and the Arusha, occupying the country farther west, are equally dreaded. The Masai, too, are liable to turn up in this region, which made our position trebly precarious. Hence, not venturing to encamp near the path, we turned aside, and took up a position within the shelter of a clump of fine mirongonia and mikuyu trees.

On the following day we started before sunrise. After crossing another small stream called Cholo, and passing another cone-shaped hill on our left, we began to descry the plantations of Moche. The ground now rose sharply, and soon the rise became very abrupt. The plantations were of Indian corn, pulse, wimbe (pannicum), etc. They are well hedged in, and are supplied with water by irrigation. The crops had just been reaped, and, as the water had been shut off, the fields were looking dry. The water-courses traverse the sides of the hills everywhere; and I now understood what I had been told upon the coast, viz., that the Wachaga make the water in their country to run up hill! The almost level run of the watercourses, viewed in connection with the sharp descending outlines of the hill tops and the natural course of the stream below, deceives the eye. The former really appear to run from the deep gorges in an ascending line towards the top of the ridge. Ocular proof is not always the most conclusive. I tried to show the guide that it was a mistake about the waters running up hill, but he would not admit it; he pointed to what he looked upon as a fact before him. My laughter silenced, but did not convince him.

Having reached a height at a rough guess of some one thousand feet, we were ordered to halt. After waiting for some time a large crowd of natives gathered around us, exhibiting all the usual signs of curiosity. The impatient people had come down to see the stranger before he had permission to enter the precincts of their district proper. I was told that, before I could be admitted, an important ceremony, called

"Ku hossa," had to be performed, but I objected to take any part in the ceremony. My message was conveyed to the chief. After some delay the mganga (sorcerer, in this case it was a sorceress) made her appearance again. She asked, since the Mzungu objected to the first ceremony, if he would submit to take the "Uvumba," a potion she had prepared from various herbs? I replied, I was God's messenger. I could not submit to any such customs, so far as taking any part in them was concerned. As a mere stranger I could not dictate to them, but if they would listen to me they themselves would not deal in such nonsense. If they would not hear me in such a matter, they were to do as they pleased; only that I refused to take any part in it, or allow myself to be operated on by uganga in any way. The witch frowned, and abused the Wasuahili for having, as she supposed, instigated the stranger to set up his back in so unusual a way. I was appealed to again; but I stood my ground, and threatened to leave the country unless I was exempted from all concern with uganga.

• There was another delay, during which we received a message from the "Mange" (chief), to the following effect: "I am told that a great sultan has come to see me. What! and not a single salute fired! Where are your guns? Give us a volley, and let us know that we are to be visited by a king!" It was clear that some one had been doing me great honours, though they were as unwished-for as they were fallacious. However, without feeling the least flattered, or wishing to favour high anticipations, our men received permission to fire a few rounds.

After a while I was asked to stand aside, as all

others were to be sprinkled with uvumba. I accordingly withdrew with my men, not that the uvumba could do me any harm, but simply as a protest against uganga. All but our party were well christened with the liquor, whatever it was; the paths were treated in the same manner, and then we were led forward. A little ahead we found that a sacrifice had been performed, a goat having been killed, and its entrails strewn on the path. At this point I received a christening *nolens volens*, the people imagining, no doubt, that it warded off some evil from them. A few minutes afterwards we were shown into the quiet corner of a cleared space by the side of an artificial watercourse, where we once more pitched tent. From our camp not a hut could be seen, but I afterwards learned that I occupied a position midway between the two palaces of the chief.

By the time we had got settled I was told by the guide that the mange (chief) had come to see me. I replied, "Show him in." It was objected that he would not like this, and that I had better go to him. "Where is he?" "There," said he, pointing to a fine young fellow, sitting upon a log directly before me, and lolling upon the shoulders of another young man. I could hardly believe my eyes. Was this indeed Mandara, whose name was in everybody's mouth, the terror of the country, and the mighty chief of whom we had heard so much? However, there was no time to pause. He seemed to be feeling a little awkward, not knowing how to receive his guests; so, to break the ice, I approached him, put out my hand, and saluted him with the Kisuahili "Yambo, mange." He gave me his hand, and replied, "Yambo, yambo, sana!"

as though he were used to such greetings. "Karibu, mange" (come near), I said; "Starehe," he replied; "Karibu wewe" (come near thyself); and then to relieve himself laughed outright. He rose, kept me at arm's length for a moment, walked round me once or twice, as a man might do round a fallen lion to ascertain whether it were dead, and finding that I had neither claws nor fangs, nor yet a disposition to spring at his neck, he shook off restraint, and made himself "at home" immediately. He entered the tent, and began questioning me with all his might. What was this? what was that? what was the other? in endless succession. I got no rest till towards evening, when I was allowed a little time to wash and change my clothes; but I owed this rather to curiosity than to any disposition to grant me a respite. The chief was anxious to see the operation. Of course I had no privacy. Turning up my sleeves and tucking in my shirt collar, the whiteness of my skin excited great astonishment; then my hair and the combing of it, my beard, my features, etc., all became objects of surprise, and perhaps of admiration. "Aye! What hair! what a beard! what a skin! what a man! but he is no man, he is Erua" (a god).

I called for something to eat, but was told I must wait till the chief gave us some food, or till he gave us permission to cook. However, thinking this rather too straight-laced, I ordered what there was to be brought on immediately, as I had taken nothing to speak of since yesterday. A plate of meat and cold rice was served up, and no fault was found with me for eating it without permission! The people crowded round me to see the operation, and roared

with laughter at the use I made of knife and fork, but they afterwards acknowledged that it was better than using one's fingers.

By-and-by a cow was presented to us from the chief's herds, and it was slaughtered before I heard of its arrival. It proved to be very fine beef; I never tasted better anywhere, cow though it was. The Wachaga do not present the ox to strangers, except as a test of their disposition; it being believed that the acceptance of the male animal indicates warlike intentions, its refusal a peaceable spirit. We were not subjected to this test.

The conduct of the Wachaga while the chief was present was most decorous; they evidently stood in great awe of him. Instead of standing about us yawning and vociferating as the Wataveta and Wataita had done, they sat on their haunches close together, and were controlled in their behaviour entirely by that of their chief. When they had anything to say to each other, they spoke in under tones; but as a rule they watched the movements of their chief, and made no interruptions. When he spoke, they listened, one or two answering for the whole company. "Aye, mange!" "Capital, mange!" "Just so, mange!" They laughed at all his jokes with the greatest gusto, but became much excited when he sneezed. They concurred in all he said, and obeyed his commands *instantly*. When he rose, they rose, and the company broke up. When he was present, no one of them had dared to address me; but after his departure they came sidling up to me with the utmost assurance. *I*, too, was a chief, a *great* chief; I was more—I was a *god*! Their notions of the gods, however, are very imperfect, something

like those of the Cyclops, who considered themselves superior to those

“Air-bred people and their goat-nursed Jove.”

I may mention that the guide was recognised by the chief as an old acquaintance, but it was in a strange way. The acquaintanceship had been formed when Sadi, as the Baron von der Decken's guide, came to Moche. He was now asked by the chief some questions about the Baron. He had heard of the Baron's death, the news of which, he said, had made him sad for days afterwards. He asked if anything had been done to avenge the murder, and Sadi answering in the negative, “This is very, very bad!” he returned; “if the people of these countries learn that white men may be murdered with impunity, it will make it very hazardous for them to travel here.” Then flying off at a tangent he asked Sadi what he (Mandara) obtained for sending the Baron to Kilima Njaro, urging him with, “Who deceived his friend on that occasion?” He said, “The Savaroni (Baron) went to Machame and to Uru for help, and was refused it. He came to me, and I sent him up the mountain, but what did I get for it?” The guide reminded him that the Baron gave him much. “Yes, he did at first,” rejoined Mandara, “but he gave me nothing when he left. Sadi,” he continued, “you deceived me.” Then taking off the guide's coloured wrapper, he said, as he held it up and examined it, “this is just the cloth I have been looking for for some time; I shall keep it.” He instantly put it on his own shoulders and walked off with it, leaving Sadi to his chagrin. The glimpse

which Mandara thus gave me of his character was by no means a pleasant one ; he was clearly something of a tyrant.

A few words in description of this man. His proper name is Makindara, but by the Wasuahili this is abbreviated to Mandara. He is, I think, not over twenty-six years of age ; at all events he is below thirty. In height he stands quite five feet nine inches. In shape he is proportionate and symmetrical ; I might almost say, a model. He has splendid limbs, perfect in muscular development, free from the excessive hypertrophy which is the result of constant hard work, or that want of fulness and firmness which is the general characteristic of men who have done no work at all. He is both sinewy and lithe. His countenance is neither ugly nor handsome, but there is nothing of the Negro in any of his features. His face has a manly look, though he is quite beardless. It is not fashionable in Chaga to cultivate hirsute appendages. The men wish to look youthful, and they think that a beard and whiskers would be a hindrance to this. Mandara's features are pretty good, but he is a monocular, the right eye being nearly closed and as dark as pitch. The eye he has is full of light, and he uses it like a hawk. His forehead is full, but his skull is rather flat. His nose inclines to the aquiline, but it falls short of the attainment ; his cheeks are flat, neither full nor hollow ; his mouth is not large ; his lips neither over thick nor too thin, and are rather pleasantly curved ; when compressed, they indicate considerable firmness of character. The chin is sharp and prominent. His dress to-day was a small piece of greasy Americani (unbleached calico), which he wore over

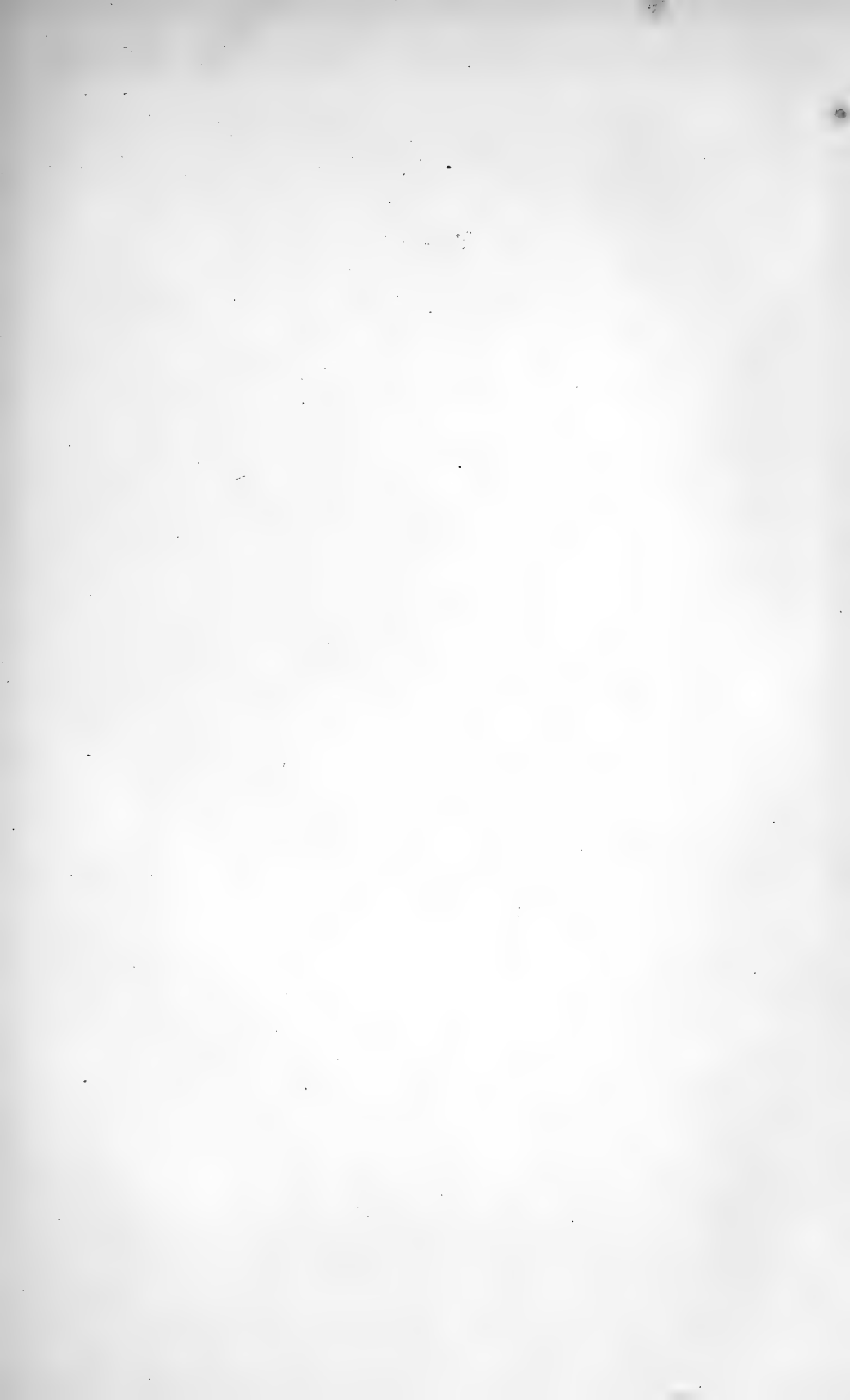
his shoulders ; otherwise he was *in puris naturalibus*. The bit of cloth he wore was for ornament's sake. His wool was twisted in short stiff locks, intended to become in time a mop of long strings. It was well greased and deeply ruddled. In one ear he wore a small leaden drop ; the other bore in its distended lobe a coil of thick iron wire, bordered with brass, and of about the size and shape of a dice-box. As a rule, he wore no other ornaments, but he sometimes appeared with other trifles about him. Such is Makindara, the chief of Moche, in his outer man.

I was surprised to find the Wachaga in appearance such barbarians. They were all in the condition in which the author of "Sartor Resartus" endeavours to show up mankind at large. After what I have said of the chief in reference to this matter, it will not be thought wonderful that the people were no better ; for "Like priests, like people."

Towards evening I found an opportunity of making known the Gospel ; Mandara and his people forming a rather large congregation. I spoke in Kisuahili, which Mandara comprehends and speaks almost as well as if he had been bred at the coast, and many of the people also understand a good deal of this language. I did my best to exhibit "Mercy's grand apocalypse ;" but how humiliated I felt at the feebleness of my attempt I cannot describe. However, I had an attentive and intelligent auditor in the chief, and the people seemed to apprehend what I said better than the Wataita and Wataveta had done, and for this I felt thankful. The chief asked me many questions about Muhammadanism, of which he has heard much from the Wasuahili, and I gave my views of it in the most

unreserved way. I was also asked about slavery, which I denounced in the plainest language I could use. Mandara and the Wasuahili winced, but the people were with me here, and a murmur of approbation broke from all those sitting by at what I said. This was as far as they dared to go in the presence of the chief. I was asked if I belonged to the Wazungu who captured and burnt the slave vessels of the Wasuahili and Arabs. Of course Mandara had been told about our cruising operations by the Wasuahili themselves, but under a false guise. We are represented as a nation of pirates, cannibals, etc. I tried to put the matter upon its proper footing. Mandara in conclusion said, "We never sold our people till the Wasuahili came with tempting offers of fine cloths, etc., and it is a bad business."

Mandara left towards evening. The day had been finer than it had been for some time, indeed it had been sunny. A sight which I had long desired was in store for me. Mandara and most of the people had gone, when suddenly I heard Tofiki exclaim, "Is not that the Kilima? (hill or mountain.) Dude! (what a thing!) What a height! how white!" I was at Tofiki's side in a moment. In the direction in which he pointed, over the tops of the plantains, moved slowly and majestically a mass of white pile-cloud. But above and beyond, in beautiful circular outline, as round and as smooth as the edge of the moon, was seen something far whiter, exciting the unconscious exclamation, "as white as snow." I had almost lost myself in my eagerness to see the wonderful phenomenon, and my exclamation, heard perhaps by no one else, startled me, and coming to myself I said, "It





MISSIONARY TEACHING THE WANIKA.

(From a Photograph by C. New.)

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

is snow." It was unmistakable. It was a truly magnificent sight. Behind the moving clouds, set up against a sky of purest azure, there it shone motionless and sublime. In shape it is a beautiful dome of stupendous proportions, and as the clouds passed the whole of it became exposed. The snow lies on the whole of the dome, but not in one uniform covering. Near the top in the centre is a small dark spot, the uncovered face of a jutting rock. Below this is another dark patch, extending nearly half-way down the dome. This is a precipice upon which it is impossible that the snow should lie, though falling over the top, and accumulating below, the latter has risen some distance from the bottom up the face of the rock. On the east side there are other precipices, and on the west side is a long, narrow, dark slip, following the dome's curve, which is of course a series of precipices. The snow line cuts the mountain just where the ridge rises in abrupt acclivities to form the dome. It is higher in the east than in the west. As to what may be the height from the snow line to the top of the dome it is impossible to say with anything like precision, but I may observe that while it is of sufficient extent to form a grand spectacle, the proportion it bears to the whole mountain cannot be more than one-twentieth. If the mountain be 20,000 feet high, the snow, where it comes farthest down, cannot cover more than the extent of 1,000 feet. From the point where I stood there seemed to be a ridge of snow extending from the east side of the dome northwards. So much for this elevation.

But where was the other summit, the peak I had

heard of? It could not be seen from this point; and in the evening, when Mandara took me to a place where he said it would be visible, it was found to be enveloped in clouds. I saw it many times afterwards from that spot; and for the sake of presenting a complete view of this interesting phenomenon, I will endeavour to describe here the whole mountain as it was seen under most favourable circumstances. It must be remembered that I was already more than two thousand feet above the base of the mountain, my position by the compass being due south of the dome. Between myself and its snowy heights was much beautiful scenery. I looked over a vast extent of rising land which it was impossible for the eye to take in except by portions at a time. First, there was the cultivated, inhabited, and tropical portion beginning at my feet. There were hills upon hills covered with the most luxuriant vegetation; extensive growths of plantains, open tracks laid out in square beds, and planted with masombo, vikwa (both esculent roots, like potatoes), sweet potatoes, pulse, etc.; moving fields of sugar-cane, waving woods, and verdant lawns. Above this region rose mountains upon mountains of dark forest; loftier still, heights on heights of grassy hills; beyond these what appeared to be barren, rocky steeps; and then came the region of perpetual snow, the mountain culminating in two towering elevations; on the one hand, in the shining dome, called by the natives Kibó, and on the other, in the rugged, dark, and dappled peak or crag called Kimawenzi, a saddle-like ridge of several miles' extent, dividing the two summits. At the snow line on the west of Kibó the

mountain descends in a long, straight ridge behind Machame, while the crag, after two abortive attempts to rise into peaks a short distance from the summit, drops in a far more abrupt manner towards the east. The aspect presented by this prodigious mountain is one of unparalleled grandeur, sublimity, majesty, and glory. It is doubtful if there be another such sight in this wide world.

CHAPTER XIX.

CHAGA.

ON the day after my arrival at Moche I received an invitation to visit the mange (chief) in his palace. "Put on your best clothes," said the guide to me, "and let the chief see that you are a great man ; you must make a smart appearance if you wish to impress these savages," a remark which shows that East Africans have some notions of policy.

The palace was only a few hundred yards' distance from the camp, and we found it in the midst of a dense plantation of plantains. We first came to a strong, well-built stockade of poles, the entrance of which was by a small dog-kennel opening, closed generally by a portcullis of heavy planks. Passing through this we stood before another similar stockade, and beyond that was an enclosure, in the centre of which rose the royal house of Moche, with two or three huts of the ordinary description standing about it. It was a better establishment than I had expected to find in these regions. The principal hut was a square structure, built of rough boards, cut out with the adze, set up against a frame-work of squared posts and rails, and bound together with thongs of

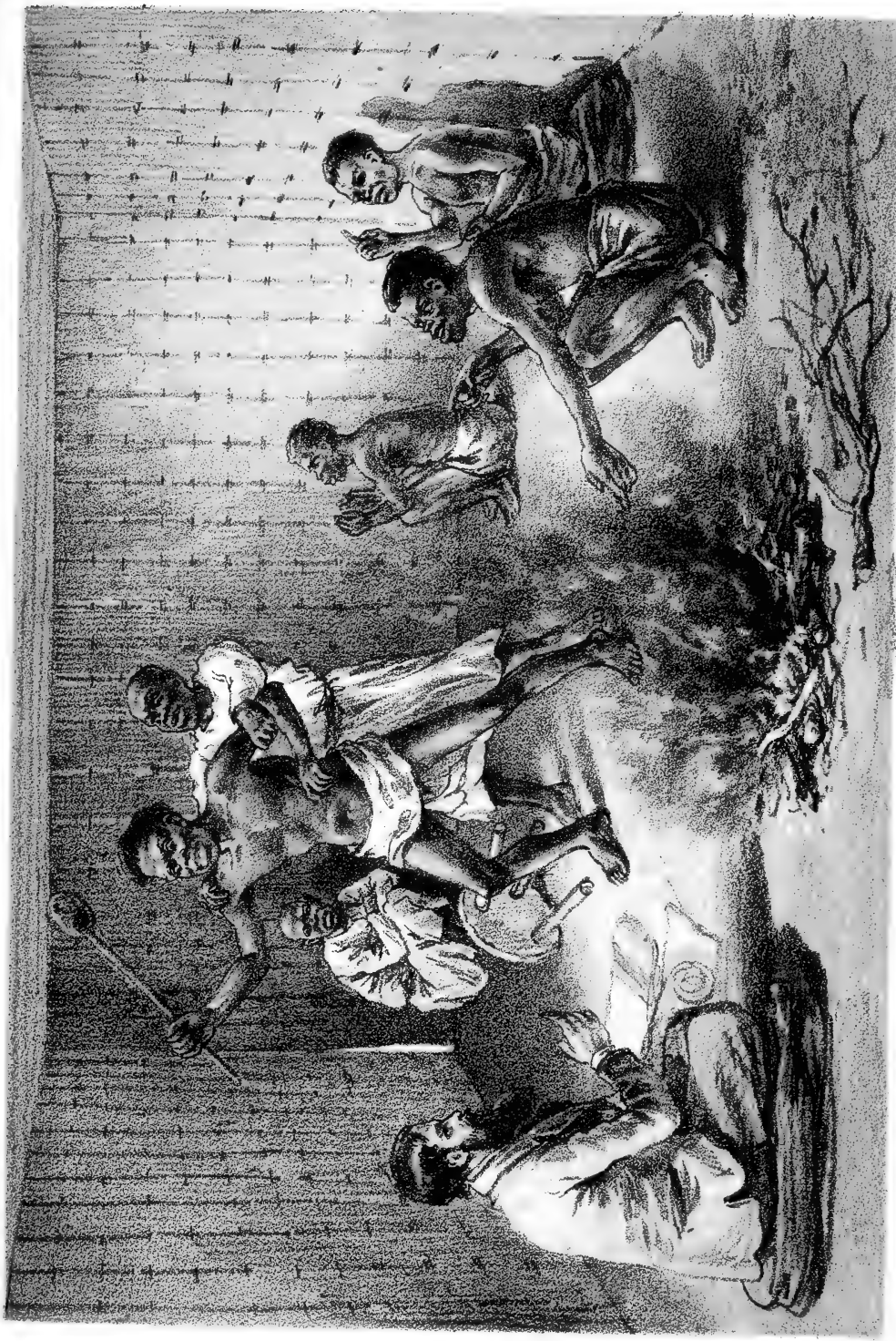
cowhide. It contained two apartments, one of course on the ground-floor, and a garret over-head, the division being constructed of rafters of the muale, with smaller strips of the same wood bound closely together across them. The garret, I was told, was the *sanctum sanctorum* of the mange, where he keeps all his valuables, his curiosities, his insignia of office, and his great medicines.

When I entered the house, the chief was sitting in the middle of the lower room, over a few sticks that were burning on the floor. He sat upon what I suppose I might call his throne, a four-legged stool, a foot high and the same in diameter, the seat being circular, accommodately hollowed out, and well polished by use. He was clothed in the style of yesterday, his only dress being his soft, brown, well-fitting skin. He had been drinking hard, was still engaged with his cups, Muinyi Mbuana acting as his Ganymede! I thought I had never seen a savage till now.

But his conduct was more shocking than his appearance, and I dare not describe it in full. He received me in the most churlish manner, allowing me nothing better to sit upon than the edge of a board and a block of wood, and finding both extremely uncomfortable I took to the floor. The room contained no furniture of any kind, and was really too filthy for a stable.

For some time the mange scarcely looked at me, to say nothing about speaking to me; but he continued to drink hard at the bowl, every moment becoming more sullen and gloomy. At length he began to speak in a way I least expected. In a bantering tone he asked Muinyi Mbuana who was

the Mzungu's mtume (white man's prophet). My missionary character had evidently been discussed, and I was now to be made the butt of these two men. Muinyi Mbuana, somewhat confused at the question, yet irreverently and mockingly replied, "Isn't it Kiritosi?" (Christ.) Here I interposed with some feeling, begging them to speak of such matters more seriously. Both, I think, felt rebuked; and Mandara proposed his next question to his friend, asking him who was the prophet of the Wasuahili. As Mbuana would not mention Muhammad's name, the munge did it for him; "but," he continued, "neither is our prophet; we have our own ideas of these things." Then, calling for more toddy and drinking hard, he relapsed into a dismal silence. He reminded me of Polyphemus in the cave when visited by Ulysses and party. His silence was only as the dead calm which often prevails before the bursting of the terrific cyclone. The fumes of the pombe were getting into his head; his brain was whirling; his countenance grew dark with frenzy; from his one eye shot fierce gleams; his whole frame became agitated; and then suddenly starting to his feet he seized a club, whirled it furiously over his head, and howled out, at the top of his voice, some snatches of a native war-song. He looked like a demoniac possessed by a legion of evil spirits. Sitting on the ground, as I did, at his feet, I felt anything but comfortable; for in such a state of extreme excitement he knew not what he was doing, and might have smashed my skull; a performance over which I knew he would have felt no more compunction than he would do over the cracking of a cocoa-nut! Though



RECEPTION AT COURT BY MANDARA.

(From a Sketch)

he perhaps intended no harm, Muinyi Mbuana, fearing mischief, sprang to his side, and took hold of his arm. The mange threw him off as if he had been a child ; again swung the club over his head, again yelled out the song, and looked more terrible than before. Muinyi Mbuana once more grasped his arm, and after a while the madman cooled down. As nothing was to be done with him in such a state I returned to my own camp.

Early on the following morning the guide came with a message from the mange, the purport of which was as follows: "The mange is surprised that you have not as yet presented him with the least thing. He says that he has seen and heard much, but that is not enough ; he wants to know what you have to give him."

We had put out the presents we intended for him the preceding night ; so I said to the guide, "You know what we have to give, let the matter be settled at once." But the guide was nervous, and trembled from head to foot. Suddenly leaving me, he returned in a few minutes with a number of Wasuahili, all of whom, pretending the utmost anxiety for my welfare, begged me to do the best I could for the chief. What was the matter ? Were we going to offend the chief by making him a present ? I could not understand it. The truth is, the guide thought I was not giving enough, and was afraid that the chief would take umbrage. It was represented to me that it was most important that I should please the chief at starting ; that in Chaga the first gift would either kill or cure ; that nothing was expected from strangers afterwards, etc., etc. I added a few trifles to the articles I had

already put out, not enough to please my Wasuahili advisers, but I refused to do any more. We then proceeded to the court.

Business was not commenced at once, for the minge wished to show me to some of his ladies. Two of them were brought into court to see and be seen, but they were not formally introduced to me. They came into the room timidly creeping along, as though they apprehended some danger. They had scarcely courage to look at me, to say nothing of speaking to me. Both were very young girls, considerably under twenty years of age, and were not Mandara's wives, but his playthings. They had but little beauty to boast of, being short, thick, bullet-headed figures ; though, from being well fed and over pampered in every way, they were round, sleek, and well-conditioned. They were as much like each other as two peas.

The ladies having looked at me to their entire satisfaction and taken their departure, our presents were laid before the chief. One by one the articles were exhibited, the chief eyeing them with a side glance almost contemptuously. The mkugenzi trembled worse than ever ; Muinyi Mbuana was glum ; I was silent. At length the guide made a speech, which was the meanest, the most servile thing of the kind I ever heard. I felt greatly humiliated, and therefore interposed with, "I do not wish the minge to be deceived. I have not come to Moche to purchase his favour, for my object is not to obtain anything for myself. I have come as a friend, bringing to Chaga what I believed to be God's greatest gift. Let the minge, therefore, look at the matter in its right light. The articles before him are all I have to

give ; if he accept them I shall be pleased ; but let him speak his mind without reserve." The Wasuahili sat on thorns when I was making these remarks, while the chief looked extremely sullen and sulky, like a spoiled boy, whose father might have brought home for him a penny whistle instead of an expected life-sized rocking-horse. After a long pause the chief made *his* speech. He said, "The Mzungu's present is before me. It is a mere nothing, scarcely worth accepting or rejecting. There was nothing that was of any use to him, nothing whatever. However, he did not care so much about himself, but his wasoro (soldiers) would be disappointed, and would give him great trouble, as they were expecting great things from the Mzungu. But," he concluded, "I will bear this, and do the best I can."

After a few more words from myself a very awkward silence succeeded. At length the chief turned over the goods once more, and ended by returning the very things I had procured upon the recommendation of the guide for the special purpose of pleasing him. Could I not give him something better than those things ?

In anything but a pleasant mood I returned to camp, and was shortly followed by the Wasuahili. They pretended to be greatly concerned for my welfare, but insisted that the only way of procuring the friendship of savages was to give largely. But I knew their motive was a selfish-one, for the more I gave the better it would be for them. They would represent to Mandara that I gave to him in consequence of their pleadings, and would expect him to reward them for it. However, I sent the chief a few

more beads, a clasp-knife, and my own black jacket, the last of which he earnestly entreated me to give him. Yet a few minutes afterwards everything was sent back, with the message that the mange would have none of them! and that he wanted my rifle, large thermometer, watch, binocular glass, kinanda (accordion), etc., etc.!

Soon afterwards the guide came to me, looking as though he had been soundly thrashed. He said that the mange had abused him, attributing to him my meanness and obstinacy; that the people generally complained of my niggardliness, and that I might expect to be roughly treated. I was compared to the Baron von der Decken, who, it was said, gave away "loads of things," and the contrast was most unfavourable to me. But Tofiki said, "Take no notice of these things, Buana; these wakafiri (unbelievers) always extol a former visitor's liberality, but it is mere uerevu (cunning), the object being to excite the emulation of the present one. When you go away, they will boast of what you did, to the next man that comes to the place."

This was not a cheerful state of things, but I had no time to think about it, for presently the hills rang with the alarm of war! The mange happened at the time to be sitting before the tent. He put his hand to his ear, and listened for a few seconds with great attention. Instantly his countenance changed into downright ferocity. I could as yet hear nothing. Again the mange listened, and grew still more ferocious in aspect. Now he leaped from the ground like a tiger, gathered a piece of cloth about his waist, roared out at the top of his stentorian voice the war-

cry, and rushed off towards his palace, presently making his appearance with a plume of feathers upon his head, nodding like those of a hearse, armed with bow and arrows, leaping and shouting like a man demented, and away he hurried to the front. By this time all was commotion; the whole country rang with the shouts of the men and the shrieks of the women; and the hills echoed and re-echoed the sounds. Presently all the paths along the mountain sides were streaming with men accoutred for war and armed to the teeth. Some carried bows and arrows, many bore the Masai spear and shield, but a large number were provided with muskets; while clubs, short swords, daggers, knives, hatchets, billhooks, flourished everywhere. The din, uproar, and excitement were tremendous.

What was I to do? There was no time to lose—to consider pros and cons—there must be action. If Moche had been attacked with success, I and my party would not have been spared, we must have gone to the wall. It would have been dastardly to have remained inactive when all was tumult and peril; so, missionary though I was, I prepared for defence. While loading our guns a native came to us in great excitement, begging for gunpowder. “Mzungu! Mzungu! powder! powder!” he shouted. “Oh, give me powder! quick! quick!” Unable to attend to him immediately, the poor fellow became frantic. The tears rolling from his eyes, he howled with rage and agony, “Oh, what shall I do? My wife and my children! my wife and my children! they will all be murdered, or captured and sold as slaves! Oh, give me *powder!* POWDER! POWDER!” Obtaining the powder,

away he rushed after the rest. Placing two or three men in charge of the tent, the rest were ordered to follow me to the front. My hope was that my presence might prevent any unnecessary effusion of blood, and that, perhaps, I might be able to prevent fighting altogether. I found the mange at the head of his men, scrutinizing, from an advantageous position, the plain below. Stepping up to his side I said, "Well, mange, what's the matter?" "Wait a bit," he replied. For five minutes he scanned the plain with his eagle eye, without uttering a word, and then said, "It's all right." Now we observed two parties below, one foes and the other friends, the one leaving the district, and the other coming towards us. The latter proved to be a company of Wasuahili traders; the former were a band of Masai. The Wasuahili told us upon their arrival that the Masai were coming to attack Moche but for having met with them. "As it was," said they, "some of our men were seized, and would have been killed, only we ransomed them; and then, as we were coming in here, we paid them to go another way." So this accidental rencontre prevented what might have been a dreadful fray.

The danger over, Mandara and his people became more excited than ever. They rushed up hill, shouting, screaming, leaping, dancing, brandishing their weapons, and carrying on a mock fight among themselves, twanging their bows, poisoning their spears, running at each other with uplifted clubs, blowing off their muskets into the air, and all boasting loudly of what they should have done with the Masai, had they been attacked.

This incident gave me some idea of Mandara's

strength. The chief said he could at any time muster at Moche some 700 spears, and from what I saw of the numbers that turned out upon this occasion, I should say he has certainly not exaggerated his force.

Towards the after part of the day the mänge came to see me in much better temper than he had yet exhibited. He had been pleased to see me at his side when danger was anticipated, and the circumstance had done much to conciliate him. He did not say a great deal about it ; but his people loudly extolled the stranger, and expressed their admiration of his conduct. Thereafter I had less difficulty with the mänge. He became so free that I ventured to suggest to him the propriety of wearing clothes. I pointed out to him that, great chief as he was, he ought to set a good example to his people, and try to improve them. He listened to what I said in a good-natured way, but said he preferred doing without clothes, as it looked more manly.

Leaving me, he soon after sent for all the returned presents, modestly begging a couple of spoons and a small damaged opera-glass, but asking to have these things given to him privately, so that the cupidity of his people might not be excited.

But I was now to be troubled with the Wasuahili. Muinyi Mbuana and party next came to beg. They insinuated that they had come to Chaga to serve me, and that I ought to keep them in food, etc. But I now began to see through them. Muinyi Mbuana was a slave trader ; he was jealous of my influence with Mandara, and had therefore come to Chaga to look after his own interests, and I saw that nothing

would suit him better than to get me out of the country with all speed. This was the more annoying as he had secured the co-operation of my own guide in his intrigues. My difficulties with Mandara had been created chiefly by the mutual scheming of these men. However, I could do nothing with them as yet but watch them closely.

Towards the close of the day I was able, for the first time since reaching Chaga, to look about me, and I took a stroll. How beautifully green everything looked! and what a contrast to the desert below! Here everything seemed to grow spontaneously, and to revel in its growth; there all was barrenness and death. Chaga is a garden. "Upon every high mountain, and upon every high hill, are rivers and streams of water." The sun pours down its sevenfold brightness, warming into existence myriads of plants and trees, and these agents being ever at work, create a landscape as rich as it is charming, and as perpetual as the agents themselves—the result being a never-ending spring.

"Here all products and all plants abound,
Sprung from the fruitful genius of the ground."

Imagine my delight after an absence from home of nine years to find blackberries, ripe and ripening, growing on the hedges at Moche as plentifully as I had ever seen them growing on the hedge-rows in England!

On the 9th the mange came to my tent early and stayed long. He was very good-tempered, chatty, and communicative. He mapped the whole of Chaga with a piece of wood upon the ground, and gave me

a great deal of information. He spoke of the mount Meru, which is visible from Moche, and rises by compass due west of that place, behind Machame and Shira. It is a splendid mountain, detached from everything else, and runs up like a rounded pyramid to cloud-piercing heights, say, some 15,000 feet. Like Kilima Njaro, its top is seldom free of clouds, and its highest portions are often covered with snow. Mr. Rebmann says that he saw snow upon its eastern slopes, but I saw nothing of the kind ; on its western side, however, the natives declare that its snows are perpetual. (?)

From the accounts of the Wachaga, Meru is inhabited by a very interesting tribe, chiefly engaged in agricultural pursuits ; but they are a fine, clever, bold and warlike race, though they had been of late harassed by the Arusha. Sadi told me that he once saw some Meru women who were as white as Wazungu. (?)

Mandara related some wonderful things also of a lake he had heard of during his late expedition to Rombo and Useri in eastern Chaga. He said it was surrounded by cliffs so precipitous that it was impossible for any one to descend to the water, and that it was the abode of unknown beings. People on the top of the cliffs could hear the lowing of oxen, the crowing of cocks, together with the sounds of the pounding and grinding of corn, proceeding from the caves below ! but nothing more was known of it. The Wataveta corroborated all that the mange said, declaring that they had often visited the lake, and that it was only half-a-day's march from Taveta. I decided, therefore, that, if possible, I would visit it myself on my return to the coast.

The mangle having done his best to entertain me, asked me to show him some of my nick-nacks. The picture-book greatly delighted him. It was the Sunday-school picture-book, illustrative of scriptural subjects. The animals particularly pleased the chief. The lion, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, crocodile, camel, ostrich, and serpent were greatly wondered at. "How could such big brutes be put into so small a space? Look at that fellow! take hold of his tail!" Some of them tried to do the latter, and were surprised that there was nothing to take hold of! The other pictures in the book helped me often to a gospel theme; and with this book I could get a hearing for the truth when a direct appeal would not have been listened to.

The mangle next asked for "medicines," by which he meant charms. I explained that I was not a *mganga* (sorcerer), and denounced charms, incantations, and witchery of all sorts. The chief said that he knew all this, and only wanted a few drugs. Remembering what I had been told of his desire to obtain poison for the purpose of ridding himself of troublesome people, I gave him antibilious pills, rhubarb, sulphur, quinine, etc., but refused opium, antimony, and mercury. Expressing some fear that he would forget their uses, he replied coolly, "Nay, I shall not do that, for I will write down their uses from your lips. Will you hand me a pen?" He took the pen, and handled it with no little skill. He put his mark upon each, surprising me with the readiness with which he did it, also with the distinctness and variety of the characters; for they were not mere marks, but good figures! He then read them off with great ease and precision, and immediately sent the medicines away by one of his men.

In the evening the guide came, charged by the chief to tell me that he wished to send an embassy to the Queen of England ! But he did not know what presents to make to Her Majesty. Would a few tusks of ivory do ? if so, he would gladly send them. He had already despatched ambassadors with such a present to Sayid Majid, the Sultan of Zanzibar. Would I take charge of an embassy to Victoria ?

Sadi was much excited about this matter. He evidently thought that it would greatly please me, and was much disappointed when I listened to the proposal with utter indifference.

The mangle spent nearly the whole of the next day (the 10th) in my tent, but nothing of any particular interest transpired. In the evening I took a walk, when I obtained one of the finest views of Kilima Njaro I had during the whole of my stay in the country. At first the dome only was to be seen, the peak being involved in clouds. But just as I was turning away, one of my men exclaimed, "There it is! there it is!" when, through a break in the snowy cumuli, a dark rocky mass was disclosed, only for a moment however, for almost immediately other clouds rolled themselves into the breach, and all was hidden again. Not yet satisfied, I went to another position, and was at last gratified. The obscuring clouds disappeared as if by magic, and all was exposed—dome and peak, Kibó and Kimawenzi, Mke and Mume, eastern and western ridges, and middle saddle ; indeed, the entire of this side of the mountain, as far as my position could command it, appeared rising in unrivalled majesty before me. Its general aspect I have already described, but this evening there

was a special beauty belonging to it, and its extraordinary splendours fairly chained me to the spot on which I stood. It was such a scene as no pen or pencil could possibly convey an adequate perception of. The sun was fast setting, and a more lovely sunset, its effect upon the surrounding scenery considered, was perhaps never beheld. Looking over a wondrous wealth of verdure, there towered before me the two sublime summits of this "deep-forked Olympian;" on the one hand, the dark, though snow-spotted crag, with its towers, spires, and castellated heights, and on the other, the ample proportions of the grand, completely snow-covered, now sunlit and brilliantly shining dome. Beneath the snow the mountain steeps were bathed in the richest purple, till it blended with the dark green of the lower vegetation. Down the western shoulder of the mountain, to the level of the mountain range lying behind Machame and Shira, the same deep purple prevailed, and beyond that ridge, at its extreme eastern point, rose in purple beauty the towering and pyramidal Meru, its head turbaned with fleecy clouds, fringed with amber and gold. Between Meru and the Machame range the glorious luminary of day descended amid hues of deepest crimson. It were well worth a journey to Chaga to behold such a sight.

On the 11th the mange was equally friendly, and we had a long talk together upon a variety of subjects. The Bible *versus* the Koran, hirizi (charms) and uganga (sorcery) *versus* God and His providence, were two of the subjects that engaged our attention. The mange was very talkative, and he concluded our conversation by imposing upon us a downright Bacchanalian lecture—a lecture in defence of Pombe.

He first described what his Pombe was. He said : " It is none of your sugar-cane decoctions and small beer, but real good liquor, brewed from the plantain and wimbe (pannicum?). We Wachaga love it above everything else in the world. Our people will work like slaves to procure the means of getting up a good brew ; but once let a man's pots be full, and he will do nothing but drink and drink till they are empty. He is the happiest creature alive ; drunk from morning till night and from night till morning, his heart is as light as a feather, his life a dance and a song ; nothing troubles him till his tap is dry, then he goes to work again inspired by the prospect of another similar rout as the only, but ample, reward of his toils." He avowed that his own sustenance consisted solely of toddy and flesh, and stated that he preferred the latter raw ! But he went on to say that he sometimes indulged in a mixture of milk and fresh warm blood, a draught which is a favourite with almost all Africans ! He extolled toddy as not only exhilarating, but really nutritious and strengthening, pointing to his own thews and sinews in proof of the statement. He, moreover, insisted that it was a famous medicine, and said that he often cured himself of illness by thoroughly saturating his system therewith. He attributed to it all manner of virtues, and recommended me to try it upon one of my sick men, engaging, if I would allow him to take the man away and make him well drunk, to bring him back to me in a day or two, thoroughly cured.

The toddy lecture over, he launched out upon another subject. He said he had heard that Wazungu paint life-like representations of men and women upon

canvas, and also carved the same in wood and stone ; the Muhammadans had told him of this. These people call pictures and statues "sanaam" (idols), and represent Wazungu as idolators, a bigoted and favourite notion of theirs. Now the idea occurred to Mandara, that if he could get a pair of life-sized images, a male and female, coloured and dressed true to life, and set them by the sides of the path leading to Moche, it would be sufficient to frighten all comers, and keep all his foes at bay ; and he asked me if I could not procure two such images for him ! Imagine the missionary, iconoclast as he is, introducing idols to the people !

At the close of the conversation I broached the subject of the ascension of Kilima Njaro, and asked the mange when he would allow me to make the attempt, also to give me guides and porters for the purpose. He was very gracious, and promised that he would have all ready by the following Tuesday.

Soon after the chief had taken his departure, the guide brought to the camp a very fine sheep, of which, he said, the mange begged my acceptance. I could do no other, but I was very much afraid that this present, together with the unusual attentions of the last two days, were to pave the way for more begging, and I was not mistaken. Soon after the acceptance of the sheep, the guide, in a very hesitating, shuffling way, came with something to say. It was as follows : "The mange has set his heart upon, and he wants you to give him, the gun carried by Mgomba." This was a valuable weapon, and one which, for particular reasons, I could not part with. I felt certain that the guide had put Mandara up to the begging of this gun, in the hope

that the chief would do something for him in return. It was extremely annoying, and I sent him back to Mandara to say that I would not endure such incessant begging.

The following day being Sunday, I held religious service in my camp, with my own men and all others who were present. It had been announced that I should be glad to see all that would come, and I had quite a large congregation. The Wasuahili came, many Wachaga attended, and the mange honoured us with his presence. I was afraid I had offended the latter by refusing to give him the gun, and hardly expected him with us, but he had taken the matter less to heart than I thought he would have done. He listened to what was said with great attention, and understood it better than any one else. He asked many questions, and would not assent to anything before he thought he comprehended it.

This was the first Christian service ever held in Moche, and in many respects was a very novel thing. The people did not know what to make of our strange singing, much less of our kneeling with closed eyes and clasped hands in prayer to God! Most were amused; others were wonder-struck; and some looked frightened! What could it all mean? Was it the white man's uganga? (sorcery.)

CHAPTER XX.

ASCENT OF KILIMA NJARO.

ON Monday, the 14th, I made arrangements for ascending the mountain. During the whole of my stay in Chaga I had been trying to secure the chief's good will, in the hope of obtaining his assistance in an attempt to reach the snow-line. The proposition was at first regarded as absurd. "Who are you," was the universal exclamation, "that you should ascend the mighty Kilima Njaro? Haven't our people tried it again and again without success? Didn't the last Mzungu that came here try it, and wasn't he driven back?" Then we were told all manner of fabulous stories about the supernatural occupants of the mountain's summit, who were watching over immense hoards of gold, silver, and precious stones, and who would treat in the most summary manner any mortal daring to enter upon their sacred domains. We were informed of parties venturing too far up the mountain, who were so effectually disposed of that they were never seen again; of others who returned with frost-bitten limbs, telling the most frightful stories of their experiences. Mandara gave us an account of a passage he had made of the mid-portion of the mountain on his way to Rombo

and Useri. Such was the weather he encountered, that despite his best endeavours he lost no less than fifteen men in one day. This story with much exaggeration was recounted by Mandara's men to my porters, who received the whole as if it had been every word true.

The mange, however, came this morning, and was all politeness. He promised that he would allow me to commence the ascent of the mountain on the morrow. In the afternoon he brought me the men who were to act as my guides, but I was told that I should have to pay them for their services. It was represented to me that the undertaking was a dangerous one, that it might be the death of the men, and that they ought to have something to leave to their wives. Mandara asked nothing for himself, but said he trusted to my generosity to reward him when I returned.

This matter settled, I called my party together, and asked for volunteers. Tofiki readily consented to attend me; the guide did so with the utmost unwillingness; Mange offered himself with some spirit; Aba Shora would have gone but he was ill; all the rest hung back. Pembe, Kireri, Mvaya, and Katama consented, however, in the end, though they considered they were going to their graves. I wished I had had a stouter-hearted party, but it was the best I could make up. M. Mbuana had a couple of good men who would have been of use to me, but though I made him a very tempting offer in the way of cash if he would allow them to accompany me, he would not part with them.

By eight o'clock on the following morning we made a start, all in good spirits, and I felt like a bird

released from a cage. The mange, the Wasuahili, and our own men turned out to see us off, and very cordially wished us a pleasant journey, though they thought they were looking upon us for the last time. Our men said they would do nothing but "voya Mulungu" (*i.e.*, pray to God) till we returned.

We reached the border of the inhabited district at 11 a.m. It was a delightful walk, if walk it may be called, for it was really stiff climbing. Now we passed through lanes shut in on either hand by high hedges of brambles, nettles, creepers, ferns, and many beautiful flowering plants; then we entered fine groves of plantations, crossed deep hollows and limpid streams, made our way through gardens of masombo and viko (potatoes), along fine valleys, over grassy lawns, and by all manner of enchanting scenes and romantic spots. Here are fairy woods and bowers, sunny hills and shady dells, murmuring brooks, bridges, viaducts, and, in fact, the whole collection of sylvan beauties and delights; enough to elicit poetry from the most prosaic of mortals.

On the border we stopped to collect our men and to lay in provisions for the trip, and we proceeded no farther that day. We encamped within a well-built stockade, with which this part of the country is surrounded. The people brought us abundance of Indian corn, plantains, honey, butter, milk, etc. Among those who came to see us was an Albino, quite a *rara avis*, not a black swan, but a *white negro*. Moche possessed another of these anomalies in the person of a young girl. My present visitor was a man of between 35 and 40 years of age. He was not pleasant to look upon; my men shuddered at the

sight of him ; and, I confess, my flesh crept. The Wachaga told me he was a brother Mzungu, at which I shook my head. He was white enough for a Mzungu, but the colour was not of the right kind. His skin was dry and leprous-like, overcast with a pinky hue, and dotted with small cutaneous sores. A wash, too, would have improved his appearance. The only clothing he wore was a piece of goatskin, depending from his shoulders, under his arm ! He was about five feet in height, rather stout, and not well shapen. His skull was ample, and his forehead pretty good. His eyes were small, light in colour, and weak, for the light seemed too much for him. His eyebrows, eyelashes, and the wool of his head were white. His nose was broad and concave ; his lips full and everted ; his chin short, round, and retiring. He looked dull and stupid. He was an unique, pitiable, and repulsive sight.

The temperature of this part of the mountain was much lower than it had been below, and it had a very depressing effect upon the spirits of my men, for they shrugged their shoulders and became very glum. Most of us rose next morning feeling very cold, though I had wrapped myself in a blanket, and the men had made up roasting fires. My feet, within thick woollen stockings, were uncomfortably cold.

All ready, we set off again at 8.30 a.m., with rather unpropitious-looking weather, but we hoped for the best. Issuing from the stockade, we came to a deep and spacious fosse, over which we had to make our way upon a narrow and very shaky plank. The whole of Chaga is surrounded by these trenches. They are well dug, and are wide, deep, and steep

enough to make the passage a difficult operation to foes, particularly if defended by a few brave men. They are the work of former generations, and are being neglected in these days. Mandara pretends to scorn such defences, and those on the lower frontier of Moche are in very bad condition, and in some places have got filled up; hence we did not cross one when we entered the place.

Beyond the border we entered an uninhabited belt of close jungle, where we were completely shut in from everything. Onward and upward we pushed our way through this jungle for an hour and a half, and then emerged upon the top of a grass-covered hill, whence we obtained a splendid view. The whole of the country, east, south, and west, lay outspread before us. Away out on the distant plain Taveta was seen, beyond which were the Ugono mounts and the lake Jipe; to the right of these were Kahe, the mount Sogonoi, and a still higher mountain behind that; in the west was the mount Meru, and nearly the whole of south-western Chaga was in view. Kirua, Moche, Sa, Uru, Lambongo, and Shira, the rising smoke enabled us to make out with accuracy. If I had not gone a step farther I should not have regretted having taken some pains to secure to myself the opportunity of ascending the mountain. Already its wonders began to dawn upon me as they could not have done from below. Impressions were made upon my mind which will never be effaced. The view gave me a knowledge of the country such as I could not have obtained in any other way. It impressed itself upon my brain in an instant, and I can see it all now as plainly as I saw it then.

The scenery had an exhilarating effect upon the men, and they talked in rather grand style. Cold as they had felt before we started, they did not complain now, though we were in a much colder region. The exertion of ascending the mountain had kept them warm. Mange danced with glee. "Buana," he said to me, "this is nothing; we shall succeed, we will take you up as far as you like to go; fears to the winds."

But Marondo turned his experienced eyes upwards and shook his head. "Look at the rain there," he observed; "if that does not cease it will kill us all." Well, it *was* a forbidding prospect. It was very cloudy, but I hoped it might clear up, so we pressed forward. Passing through a wood composed chiefly of a species of broom, we came to an open spot, similar to that we had just left. But what was the matter? The Wachaga were stealing along like cats after mice! Some one spoke, but was instantly hushed to silence. Coming to a well-beaten path, the Wachaga paused, looked anxiously in every direction, spoke to each other in whispers, and then, beckoning us on, proceeded as before. Soon plunging into an immense forest all precaution was at an end, and I then enquired the meaning of this singular conduct. I was told the path we had crossed was a public one, running from the east to the west of Chaga; that we were liable to fall in with the other tribes' people; and that had we done so, the Moches being at variance with most of them, it would have been war to the death.

The forest upon which we had now entered was a vast belt of the densest vegetation, which encircles the whole mountain, and is called by the Wachaga "Msudu." Its growths are for the greater part of a

gigantic kind, with a thick undergrowth of smaller trees, saplings, creepers, and plants innumerable, which would make it quite impassable but for the existence of the elephant, whose paths traverse it, within certain limits, in all directions. It is probably as old as the creation, and it wears an aspect of great antiquity. Upwards from the roots—trunks, branches, twigs, leaves, creepers, bush-ropes—all are moss-covered and moss-hung, forming an impenetrable covering scarcely admitting a single sunbeam. Yet flowers exhibiting all the colours of the rainbow peeped at us from all sides below.

Through this forest we pressed our way forward and upward, without much complaining from any one till noon. Up, up, up we toiled till we reached the region of the clouds. Now, enveloped in cold, heavy, drizzling mist, a "change came over the spirit of our dream;" the porters hung behind; they complained of benumbed hands and feet, at which they looked piteously as if they thought the demon of the forest had already taken possession of them; "pre-saging tears began to fall," and even Mange muttered that "hundreds of dollars would not bring him to such a place again."

About noon the elephants' paths failed us, and we had to cut our way through the forest. Axes, short-swords, knives, were all called into requisition, and we made but poor progress. At about two p.m. we reached a stream tumbling down in a torrent over immense rocks within a bed some half-dozen yards wide. Above this matters became worse than ever; the fog grew denser; Marondo could not see his way; and we had not the slightest trace of a path. Still we

struggled on till evening, when Marondo came to a stand, declaring that we should not be able to clear the forest that day, and recommending us to put up for the night.

Selecting a spot by the side of a huge fallen tree, which offered better shelter than anything else, the Wachaga began at once to clear away the rubbish and to put up a shed. The Wanika stood like stocks, looking at their benumbed fingers, trying in vain to straighten them, and shivering with cold. By dint of hard scolding I induced them to try to get up a fire, but, not succeeding at once, they gave it up in despair. Now, using all the pili-pili (pepper) I could command, I got up a storm of wrath; then they tried again, and this time with success. Now, if we could only keep up the fires, I had no fear for one night; and if the weather cleared up in the morning, all would be well.

Hitherto, though the mists had been sufficiently heavy to saturate everything, there had been no real rain; but we had no sooner encamped than rain began to fall thick and fast. Night, too, came on, covering everything with its dark pall, when there we were, shut up in that "dark dungeon of innumerable boughs." What a profound solitude! There seemed to be nothing in the world but ourselves. There was no chattering of birds; no buzzing of bees; no chirping of insects; no tropical chorus; no anything to remind us that there was aught in existence beside us. The roar of a lion would have been welcome music. But I am forgetting: there was *one* sound, the cry of the kuanga, a kind of tailless squirrel, of which Mange told for our amusement the following story. The kuanga and the kuhi (fox?) once met, at which time

the former had a tail, while the latter had none. The kuhi, being a cunning fellow, borrowed the kuanga's tail, and, adorned therewith, went to a great dance. The appendage made him the object of universal admiration, which so delighted him that he determined to retain it, and would not return it to its rightful owner. Ever since that time the kuanga has gone through the forest disconsolately crying, "Give me my tail! give me my tail!"

The dawn of the next day was most welcome, though the fog and rain had both increased. It was a genuine English November morning, the thermometer, at the root of a tree, and only a few feet from our large fires, having fallen to 49° Fahrenheit. We all shivered with cold. Waiting till noon, hoping in vain that the weather would improve, Marondo begged me to return, declaring that there was no chance of a change for some days to come. He therefore proposed returning and waiting for better weather, and offered his services for a second attempt. But I knew it would be more difficult to get up a second party after these experiences, so, trusting that the weather might clear up by the morrow, I decided to wait till then.

We now set to work to improve our shed, and to lay in a good stock of firewood. The Wachaga behaved well, doing their best to assist in everything. Miserable as our circumstances were, I was much amused with the conduct of these men. In gathering firewood, sticks, moss, ferns, etc., they capered about without the least clothing upon them, the veriest savages upon earth, every now and then coming to roast themselves at the fires. So they kept their blood in circulation, and themselves in good spirits,

while the Wanika sank lower and lower. It was a wretched day to those of us who made the best of it, but to the rest it was unmitigated misery. The night was still more wretched; Egyptian gloom prevailed; the kuanga called out again for his tail, and spat out his resentment upon the treacherous kuhi; the rain fell with pattering sound overhead; there was the incessant splash, splash of the dripping forest below; our fires hissed while they burned, and threw a ghastly glare upon the gaunt and goblin forms by which we were surrounded, just serving to make "darkness visible;" otherwise all was as still as death, and as dark as the grave. I dreamed in the night that I had reached the top of the mountain—what mockery! Towards morning my heart leapt, for a star actually peeped at us through the trees, and I hoped it was going to clear up, but day broke as foggy and wet as ever. Marondo offered to go forward, but he observed, "We shall not survive it." Of the Wachaga I had not much fear, but the Wanika were already half dead. Fortune was against me; so, after waiting a few hours, hoping against hope for better weather, I ordered a retreat.

Following the path we had opened up for ourselves two days before, all went on well till we reached the verge of the forest, when the same cat-like stillness was maintained as had been observed on our way up. The Wachaga led the way. Strange footsteps were noticed in the path, at which the men quickened their pace. Then, drawing their short swords, they rushed out into the open space. Coming up to them, I found a strange woman amongst them, whom they were hurriedly questioning in whispers. The next moment

part of them hastened off in a path to the left, while the others, beckoning to us, led us through a wood to the right, the woman being taken with us. At first she hesitated, but, threatened with uplifted dagger, she fell into our file. I thought it best to say nothing as yet. Gaining another open spot, however, and halting, I asked for explanations. There was some unwillingness to satisfy me. At length I was told that the woman belonged to Kirua, and that she would be taken to Moche and sold. I ordered the guide to tell her not to be alarmed, for the white man would not allow a hair of her head to be harmed. The guide hesitated, fearing that the Wachaga might turn their vengeance upon us if we interfered with what they regarded as their lawful prey; but I insisted, and the poor woman was told what I said. At this stage the men who had left us so strangely returned to us, greatly infuriated, menacing the woman with their knives and swords. I now learned that this woman had been accompanied by two others, who, hearing our approach, had fled. The men having inquired of their captive which way the others had gone, had pursued them, and not having found them were now charging this woman with having misdirected them. She protested that she had told the truth, but the angry men would not listen to her. I now interposed, but it was some time before I could get a hearing. I then told Marondo that I would have no kidnapping by men who were under my charge, and that if he insisted upon retaining the woman I would lay the matter before the mange, and have him punished. Marondo looked serious; Mtema stormed and rushed about like a maniac; the

other men looked very savage at the idea of their booty slipping through their fingers; but I carried the day, and the woman was put into her own path, and sent to her home.

Gaining the border, the people looked at us with a great deal of pity. The Wanika exhibited their hands, which were yet, in some cases, benumbed and a good deal swollen, though we were now in a very different climate. At camp we were received with open arms, and were very sincerely condoled with. Mandara came at once to the camp, and said he was not surprised to see me back, for he had expected it sooner.

Though defeated in this attempt to ascend the mountain, I had not given the matter up; I determined to try again. There were, however, a great many difficulties to be overcome before I could hope to induce either Mandara or the men to look at the matter again, and several days elapsed before I could even broach the subject.

On the day after my return to camp Mandara sent me another cow. I felt very much inclined to send it back, for I knew I should have to pay heavily for it, and I had no funds to spare. Soon after this the guide came to me with a message to the following effect: "The munge wishes to know what you have to give *him*. He hopes you will not treat him as if he were a child. If you have anything for him, he hopes you will not wait till you take your leave of him, but he wishes you to give it to him at once!" Shrewd! If I gave him something now, I should have another opportunity of giving again when I left! However, I was something in debt to him,

and I promised to see him on the following Monday.

The next day was the Sabbath. The mange, having expressed a wish to be at our service, was sent for ; and he came, I am glad to say, in civilised fashion—very decently clothed. My lessons on this subject had done him good ; for he had always worn a dress of some kind when making his calls upon me of late.

None of my auditors paid greater attention or appeared to understand me so well as the mange. He expressed himself as being very pleased with what he heard, and said that if I would only come to live at Moche many of his people would receive the book.

Having patronised my service, he wished to get up a dance in my honour, and hoped I would attend that. When I begged to be excused, he politely said, "Well, it does not matter ;" but I saw he was not pleased, and he evidently thought me uncivil. Still he did his utmost to get up the dance, but without success. He dragged the people from their seats, stopped all passengers, and compelled them to take the proper position, but it was of no avail ; my refusal to take any notice of it was a great damper, and the people had no heart for it. Had I wished for it, or had I taken any interest in it, it would have been otherwise ; the people would have calculated upon being paid for their trouble, and would have gone into it with zest. Leaving my camp, however, they succeeded in getting up a performance near to the palace of the chief.

The country was again startled to-day by the

alarm of war ; the people again flew to arms, and for awhile all was tumult and dismay. It proved to be a false alarm. Such is the chronic state of disorder in this country, that the least thing disturbs it. Liable to be attacked at any moment, the natives live in almost constant expectation of it ; it is their element ; and I suppose they hardly know what it is to enjoy perfect security.

On the following morning the munge came, bringing with him five strangers from Arusha wa Ju, who had come upon a visit to him. He had been showing them some of the things I had given him, when, almost stupefied with wonder, they declared I must be a great sorcerer, and desired to be conducted to me. Mandara favoured the notion that I was a sorcerer. I objected to this, and begged the chief to tell them that I was nothing of the kind, but just such another mortal as themselves. "It won't do," replied he ; "we must adopt some method of frightening these blockheads."

The Arusha wa Ju are allies of Mandara's, and accompany him in most of his marauding expeditions. The present specimens were rather fine-looking men, in appearance more resembling the Wakuavi and Masai than the Wataveta. Long faces, ample foreheads, long, aquiline noses, well-chiselled lips, pointed and prominent chins, were their chief characteristics. Three out of the five were tall, muscular men, of rather imposing appearance.

In their "get up" they were decidedly Wakuavi. Their twisted wool hung in long strings over their shorn foreheads and down their backs. The lobes of their ears were stretched as described of the Wataveta,

and they wore similar ornaments. Their only clothing was a small cape made of three central pieces of the skins of new-born calves, neatly sewn together into one square piece, and nicely bound round the edges. It answers no purpose but that of ornament, except that it may keep the shoulders warm, decency being not at all thought of.

In the afternoon we proceeded to the court with the few additional presents we had for the chief. He was again pombe-drinking, and received us very churlishly. The articles were laid at his feet, but he scarcely deigned to look at them. He was in a decidedly bad temper. After sitting some time without uttering a word, he said he wished to take counsel with his people, and intimated that it was his royal will that we should leave him. I thought to have delighted him, and to have put him into such good temper as to warrant my proposing a second trip up the mountain; but I was disappointed, and returned to my tent greatly annoyed. After awhile one of his myrmidons came to feel my pulse. He asked what the mange had said to me, good or ill. I felt at once that the man had been sent to ascertain how I brooked the chief's treatment, and was therefore prepared with an answer: "Don't talk to me," I said sharply, "about your mange; I am weary of him." Without another word the man took his departure. Towards the close of the day the guide came to tell me that Mandara was displeased with my having cut my initials on a tree without asking his permission to do it!

The next morning Tofiki told me that he had been sent for by the mange, whom he found in a great rage, furiously storming and foaming at the mouth.

He launched all manner of anathemas at the Mzungu. "What right had the Mzungu to come into the country and do as he pleased? He (Mandara) would not endure it, and the Mzungu must be told so. He did not want the Mzungu, nor the Mzungu's book—not he. Did the Mzungu think that he was going to do as he pleased with the high and mighty Makindara? if so, he would be mistaken, etc., etc." The whole of this was intended to reach me, and perhaps to bring me to terms; but of such ravings I took no notice. I attributed this conduct more to the scheming of M. Mbuana and my guide, who wished to get me out of the country, than to ill will on the part of Mandara himself.

Ere long the chief made his appearance at the camp, looking, as he always did after these exhibitions, somewhat ashamed of himself. As the day advanced he became friendly, conversed freely, and asked questions upon every imaginable subject. He enquired how long the world had been created. This was a hard question; but I showed him pictures of the megatherium, plesiosaurus, pterodactylus, etc., telling him that they were representations of animals that existed long before man, but that we had no traces of human beings of an earlier date than about six thousand years ago. His one eye sparkled; he shot out his long tongue to amazing lengths, and groaned out his wondering "Ai!" with all his might, as he looked at the strange pictures and heard the strange story. Leaving these high flights, he asked what would become of people who knew nothing of the Gospel, etc., which I mention to show the character of this young man; a more inquisitive, and, on the

whole, intelligent mind than his I have seldom met with.

On this day I had a glimpse of the manner in which Mandara dispenses justice, or rather of the manner in which he treats criminals. While he sat in my tent a party came accusing some one of theft. Soldiers were despatched instantly to look for the thief, who was soon found. His guilt was proved, but he stoutly denied it. He was then bound, and most unmercifully beaten till he pleaded guilty and offered to restore the stolen goods. To torture him further, a stout rope was put round his temples and twisted tight with sticks, till the veins burst in his head and the blood ran from his nose and mouth. He was so severely handled that when he was led past my camp he could scarcely crawl. In the end he was taken to the frontier of Kirua, and there left, with the command never to show his face in Moche again. It is not difficult to guess his fate. Found by the people of Kirua, he would either be stabbed to death or be sold into slavery ; otherwise he would be almost certain to die, if not of his flogging, by starvation, and the hyænas would do the rest ! His property would be confiscated, that is to say, it would be taken possession of by the chief. Mandara says, of all the men in the world he abhors liars and thieves most.

In the evening he was in rare good temper, and did his utmost to make up for his conduct of the previous day. While he was with me Kibó cleared up beautifully. Now for another *coup d'essai*. I said to the chief, " Suppose you were to take the trouble to go to England on a visit to the queen. Whilst there, tired of being cooped up in one spot, and

desirous of seeing something of the country, you ask to be sent upon a short trip. If you were refused the favour, what would you think of it?" He confessed that he should not like it. "Now," I said, "look at Kibó! how near it is! I have come a long way to see you; I am your guest; you can send me up the mountain if you please; will you do it?" He replied, "I will." "But," I added, "I have nothing to give you; you know this, and what you do must be done from sheer friendship." He said, "Don't mention it; I want nothing more."

This very day, however, another difficulty arose. In the evening, hearing the report of guns, the guide went out to learn what it could be, and returned with the following story: "Some of Mbuana's men have come from Taveta to fetch their master, as Moche is in danger of being attacked. A large band of Wataita, from Bura, have passed through Taveta, part of which has gone to Kirua and part to Lam-bongo, their object being to obtain the help of both those places in an assault upon Moche. I tell you, Buana," continued Sadi, "this is no place for us to stay in. We are in danger of being attacked every day. M. Mbuana will leave to-morrow; let us go too."

A grand sunset was succeeded to-day by a beautifully clear, fine night. The half-moon shone splendidly, and innumerable stars flashed their matchless glories. Kibó appeared in the soft, silvery light almost as distinctly as by day; the hollows, crags, precipices, rocks, etc., being all well defined, presenting, in its way, a scene of unrivalled beauty.

On the 23rd the mange came to tell me that he

had spoken to men about the trip to Kilima Njaro, so that he was really in earnest about the matter. I asked him what he thought about the threatened attack of the Wataita. He answered, "They may come, but I can defy them." He then left me to attend to some sacrificial ceremonies. He spoke of it as going to "Terewa Erua" (supplicating God). The chief was still contemplating an attack upon Kirua, and these ceremonies were to be held for the purpose of consulting the Fates regarding the undertaking. Goats were to be sacrificed and incantations performed, for the purpose of influencing "Erua," and laying the spirits of the dead. The secrets of the future, it is pretended, are infallibly divined by the muscular creepings and twitchings which take place in the flesh of newly-slaughtered animals. Most of the male population went to take part in these proceedings, which, for once, left me pretty much to myself.

CHAPTER XXI.

KILIMA NJARO—SECOND ATTEMPT.

IT was not until the 26th (August) that I could commence a second ascent of the mountain. Muinyi Mbuana, after doing his utmost to poison Mandara's mind against me, to thwart my purposes, and to get me out of the country, returned to Taveta upon hearing of the threatened attack of the Wataita upon Moche. The field was then clear, and Mandara became more reasonable. My guide behaved badly, threatened to leave me, and a great deal else; but in a while he became more tractable. At length, all difficulties were removed, and another party was organized. This time I took only the guide and Tofiki, of my own men; the Wanika were utterly useless, and were left behind, of which they were heartily glad. As guides, Mandara gave me Mtema and a brother of Marondo, Marondo himself having fallen ill. The first made his appearance at seven in the morning, and we set out at once. We called for the other guide on the way, and found him busily engaged preparing for the trip. Standing before his hut, he was receiving at the hands of his wife a thick covering of grease! He was a fine, tall, muscular

fellow, quite a model, and absolutely without clothing ! The scene brought to my mind the meeting of Ulysses with the Princess Nausicaa, on the shores of Phæacia, only that there was less of shame and delicacy, if not more innocence, in this than in the Homeric scene. Our arrival did not disconcert them in the least ; the lubricating process went on till every part had received its due proportion of grease, and the hero shone again. But his wife was murmuring rebellion in his ears all the time. "What," said she, "are you to have for this journey? It is one of danger. You will feel the cold ; let them give you a cloth before you start ! Unless they do so, I would not go if I were you." This was mentioned to me. I would gladly have given a cloth had I had one, but I had not, and explained the arrangement I had made with the mange instead. Nothing more was said, and the man, seizing a bundle of skins, at once led the way.

Making a halt at the border to procure men and food, as we had done before, we continued our way. Our party completed, we numbered a dozen men : myself, Sadi, Tofiki, and nine Wachaga. Crossing the border at eleven a.m., we pursued the path we had taken before till two p.m., when we turned a little more to the left, going almost due north. Our present guide seemed more familiar with the work than Marondo ;

"He knew each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bower from side to side."

The weather was very fine and clear, though in so

dense a forest we scarcely got a glimpse of the sun. On! on! up! up! we urged our way till the sun was fast declining to his rest. The rate at which we walked tried our utmost strength. Reaching the stream which we had crossed on the former occasion, we paused. The guide sank from sheer exhaustion; Tofiki looked fatigued; and I confess I was weary. The stream here was much smaller than at the part where we had met with it before, for this time we had come upon it at a point much higher up the mountain. The water was so cold that I could only drink it in sips; it made my teeth ache. Ascending the steep face of the mountain on the other side of this stream, we encamped in a wood, composed of broom, from twenty to thirty feet in height.

In a few moments the Wachaga put up a long shed, and did everything we asked them to do without a murmur. Without a scrap of clothing they ran about in the cold, and never gave in till the work was done. The air was very sharp and frosty. I, who had clothing, felt this; and it is a wonder to me how the others bore it so well.

I made up for myself an excellent bed of the fine tops of the trees and moss combined, the latter being so abundant on the ground as to yield beneath the feet like a feather bed. Fires were made large enough to roast an ox, still we could keep ourselves warm only on one side. Dividing my blankets between myself and the men, we rolled ourselves up for the night.

The next morning, at 5.30, the thermometer, placed on a log of wood beneath the shed, read $37^{\circ} 30'$. The hoar-frost was as thick on the leaves as I have

ever seen it at home. In a few moments we issued from the forest, when our guides paused and pointed to something directly before them; and there rose Kibó, apparently within an hour's march of us! It was a glorious sight. Not a cloud streaked the ethereal blue above, and in the light of the morning's sun the snow shone with dazzling splendour. I thought of the words of the Psalm which struck Mr. Rebmann when he obtained, in the far distance, his first view of Kilima Njaro, twenty-three years before: "*Praise the Lord. I will praise the Lord with my whole heart. The works of the Lord are great, sought out by all them that have pleasure therein. His works are honourable and glorious, and His righteousness endureth for ever: He hath made His wonderful works to be remembered. The Lord is gracious and full of compassion. He hath showed His people the power of His works, that He may give them the heritage of the heathen.*"

Above the forest we reached an Alpine region of grass-covered hills, with a few patches of moss-draped wood here and there. The grasses were very different from the short, lawn-like turf of the lower regions, being of a bladed and much taller kind, but still abounding in clover, and variegated with flowers. From one root sprang, high above all else, a stem bearing a large pink flower, tall and graceful as the lily. Another plant, much resembling sage in appearance, attracted my attention, and plucking the leaves, I found them highly fragrant. From one of the loftiest elevations in this region I turned to take a retrospect of the country over which we had passed. No wonder that the atmosphere was so clear, for we

were far above the region of the clouds. Down rolled the mountain from our feet till all was hidden, and the eye rested upon illimitable fields of snowy clouds, exhibiting all manner of fantastic shapes, marching in grand array, performing wondrous evolutions, unfolding, expanding, changing their forms and position in endless variety, and displaying the most fascinating charms.

Turning our backs upon this, we resumed our climbing, which, relieved though it was by a slight descent now and again, was toilsome work, and made large demands upon our lungs. Sadi fell far behind, being almost beaten, and unable to carry even his own gun. Height after height was ascended, with occasional pauses, till we reached another vegetable region—one of heath, varied with detached clumps of a wiry kind of grass, many plants with frosty-looking leaves and exceedingly pretty flowers; higher, the steeps were covered with out-cropping rocks, not of granite and felspar, of which all the surrounding mountains are composed, but of pudding-stone or conglomerate, and grey, compact laminated rocks.

At noon we halted upon a rocky ridge directly before the snowy Kibó, in full view of Kimawenzi, and apparently very near to the “eternal snows.” The sun poured his vertical beams upon us, yet the air was so cold and the wind so bleak that the men shivered. Setting up the thermometer upon the point of a spear, the mercury descended in half an hour from 70° (I had carried the thermometer in my pocket) to 57° , and in another half hour to 50° , and this in the full blaze of the noonday sun.

I was struck with the exceeding dryness of the

soil. After encountering, as we had done so recently, the heavy rains of the forest, and walking up to our ankles in the mud of that region, the dryness here was remarkable. No rain could have fallen here lately, for the simple reason that the cloud-level at this season of the year is far below this. However, soon after noon heavy mists came sweeping up the mountain, which ere long obscured everything.

At four p.m. we came to a large overhanging rock, forming a kind of cave, and here our Wachaga advised that we should put up for the night. The rubbish cleared away, a thick bed of heath strewn upon the ground, immense fires made of the roots of the bushes, and we were prepared for another night. The fires blazed furiously, yet they burned without warming us; beard and whiskers were singed off, yet we were cold.

Sadi greatly amused us, he was so nervous. The rocks echoing our every word, he thought there were other beings up on the mountain beside ourselves. All the stories of elves, goblins, ghosts, ghouls, and spirits of all sorts he had ever heard of regarding the occupants of Kilima Njaro, now came home to him and greatly distressed him. When he lay down, he thought he felt the shock of an earthquake. "There!" he exclaimed, starting up; "what was that? The very earth moves! there! there!"

Travelling, like poverty, makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows. That night I lay in the midst of a dozen savages, of whom I knew nothing, and who for many reasons were not a desirable party to sleep with. One of my neighbours woke me up in the middle of the night by tugging at my

blanket, and when I tugged it back he made such pitiful complaints about “mbeho” (cold) and “ku komeka” (dying), that I could not deny him the use of it.

In the middle of the night the mercury sank to 23°, but at dawn it rose to 34°. The morning was extraordinarily clear. The snows, too, how near they appeared to be! There seemed to be but one ridge between us and them, and to all appearance we should reach them in ten minutes. The sunrise that morning was a “flood of glory;” and what a scene lay outspread before us! There was nothing to bound the view but our own weak powers of vision. East, west, and south, all lay before us; the clouds, thousands of feet below us, extending in an illimitable sea of snowy, convolving masses, or, to speak figuratively, like a multitudinous army, waiting in the still morning air till they should receive their marching orders, be marshalled by the winds, or dispersed to their quarters by the monarch of the day. Through the openings in the clouds peeps of the distant mountains and of the plains below were obtained. A little south of east was Bura; farther south, in the misty distance, were the hills of Usambara; nearer were Pare and Ugono; and at the foot of the latter lay the lake Jipe, its whole outline being clearly defined. A little to the north of Jipe a column of smoke indicated the position of Taveta; and north of that, within perpendicular cliffs, was a little blue sheet of water which I knew must be the lake of which I had heard such strange tales. Farther to the south were Kahe, Arusha wa Tini, the mount Sogonoi, and behind Sogonoi other

mountains and hills. To the west was the plain of the Arusha wa Ju, and the mountain Meru pointing to the skies. All other mountains now appeared very insignificant, but Meru was still a grand object. Turning to the north, on the right was the dark, frowning Kimawenzi, and on the left Kibó, which, illumined by the rising sun, shone transplendently : the first looking not unlike L'aiguille du Dru, and the second Jungfrau, of the Alps.

Commencing our toils early, at eight a.m. we reached a heap of rocks, among which grew a solitary tree, where we sat down to rest. Thé Wachaga said this was as far as they dared to go. "We have come," they continued, "farther than any one ever came before, and this is all we can do. There is Kibó very near now ; if you wish to go on, you can do so, and we will wait here till you come back." I expected this. Tofiki, however, though he was feeling the cold severely, declared his determination to go with me to the last. Every encumbrance was now laid aside, for we had our work to do. For a climbing stick I borrowed a spear, while Tofiki relieved a bow of its string, and took that. Now, leaving the rest of the party over the fires which they had kindled in the centre of the group of rocks, where they were well sheltered from the cutting winds, Tofiki and I went on alone.

The higher we ascended the more rocky the steeps became ; but for a while a little heath and various kinds of frosty-looking plants, with pinkish and yellow flowers, remained. The grey rocks, brownish-green heath, and ash-coloured plants gave to this region a peculiarly mottled appearance, striking for

its uniformity and extent. At length the vegetation dwindled down till it disappeared altogether, and there was nothing left but rocks and rocks.

On the extreme verge of vegetation I observed footprints which resembled those of the buffalo, but in such a region this animal could not exist. Footprints of a smaller animal were also seen. But the absence of animal and insect life on the higher parts of the mountain was one of the things which particularly struck me.

Over the rocks we ascended, ridge after ridge, to find that there was yet another. It *was* wearisome work. At length the rocks gave place to clear tracts of loose dry sand, in which we sank up to our ankles, and now we began to find it difficult to respire. It was as if there was no breath in the atmosphere. A distance of twenty or thirty yards exhausted us; my lips were cracking, the veins in my head felt like bursting, my head swam, and, I was going to say, my very wits seemed wandering. Great changes were coming over Tofiki. He could not keep up with me, though I urged him constantly to do so. "Pole, pole (slowly, slowly), Buana," he gasped out, and I slackened my pace. Still he remained behind; he was fast failing. When we paused for breath and rested, he rather fell than sat down. His efforts to speak were mere sputterings. At length he mustered courage to say, "The ascent of this mountain is nothing to me, but I do not want *you* to be beaten. I fear, however, I cannot go much farther." Now, nothing but the sternest necessity could have elicited this confession from him. I did not wish to try him too severely; still, as we were so near the goal, I

cheered him on. I got him from one stage to another, till, falling to the earth and gasping for breath, he stammered out, "Buana, I cannot go on; but if you have strength, try alone, never mind me; I should not like you to be beaten; I will wait here for you. If you come back, well and good; if not, I shall not move from this spot, but shall die here!" and the good, faithful fellow meant every word he said. I would not have sacrificed him for all the "eternal snows" in the world, but I could not give up yet. If I could only reach the snow so as to touch it, I should be content, and it now really seemed within my reach. I paused to take a view of my situation. There was Kimawenzi on my right some miles off, but in appearance very near, almost standing over me in awful majesty. Between myself and it there was nothing but a wind-swept declivity of coarse, dry sand, as clean and as smooth as a sea-beach, but I was not bound thither. A little on my left was the snowy Kibó. I was almost flush with its southern face, and, I believe, quite as high as its snow-line on that side, and higher than the snow lies on its western slopes. The snows which were visible now were those lying on its eastern side, and they were at a much greater altitude than those on the other sides. The snow on the east of Kibó is a thick cap upon the very top, but tending downwards in an irregular line towards the south. At the south-east side of the dome there is a precipice, at the bottom of which is a long tongue of snow, from which the snow-line runs downwards round the dome to the west. It was this patch of snow upon which I had all along fixed my eye, and which I desired to reach. Directly before me was

the ridge which runs between the two summits, but it is not the one that is seen from below. It rises into two mounds in the centre, but is otherwise smooth and regular. The distance between Kibó and Kimawenzi did not appear so great here as it did from our camp at Moche, but this may be due to the rarefaction of the atmosphere.

But how was I to reach the patch of snow? There was the saddle-ridge before me, and the way to it was clear, there being nothing between me and it but a smooth, sandy hollow. Gaining its top, I could pursue my way down hill to the top of the precipice at the bottom of which the patch of snow I was aiming at lay; but would the descent of the precipice be practicable? If not, could I reach the topmost rim? I feared not; for the ascent is so steep and rocky, that to climb it would require ladders and ropes, with which I was not provided. There remained then the direct route to the spot. The ground was almost level, but immense detached rocks encumbered the way and prevented my seeing what was beyond them. However, I determined to take this direction, so bade Tofiki "kua heri" (good-bye), telling him that I should be back with him before long. I went on, but it was hard work, breathing being so difficult that I had to pause at every few steps for breath. The sensations, too, which came over me at the idea of the profound solitude, of standing on heights to which no human being had ever before ascended, were overpowering. The situation was appalling, there was a grandeur and a magnificence about the surroundings which were almost too much for me; instead of exhilarating, they were oppressive.

I had not gone far, however, before I came to a tremendous gulf, dropping almost sheer down between myself and the patch of snow to which I hoped I was making my way. This gulf was all that now remained between myself and it, but what an *all*! The snow was on a level with my eye, but my arm was too short to reach it. My heart sank, but before I had time fairly to scan the position my eyes rested upon snow at my very feet! There it lay upon the rocks below me in shining masses, looking like newly washed and sleeping sheep! Hurrah! I cannot describe the sensations that thrilled my heart at that moment. Hurrah! I thought of Tofiki. Returning a short distance, I called to him at the top of my voice, and in a little while he made his appearance, looking horrified. What had I seen? Strengthless as he was, my cries went through him like an arrow, and gave him new vigour. He expected to find me in the hands of some monster, about to be tossed into some abysmal depth! Reaching the spot where I had seen the snow, he exclaimed, "There is snow! What more do you want, Buana?" "Nothing," I observed; "but we must carry some of it away." It was frozen as hard as the rock itself, but with the spiked end of the spear I carried, I broke off several large masses. Tofiki put them into his blanket, slung them over his shoulders, and away we went down hill in triumph! I made the more haste as my head was so giddy that I was afraid of swooning; Tofiki, too, looked wild and strange; and besides this, as noon was approaching, the mists would soon come sweeping up the mountain and make it difficult for us to find our party. As it was, we followed down our foot-

prints in the sand, and coming to the rocky region, steered our course by the smoke which rose from the fires of our people. Reaching our party, they looked at us enquiringly, as much as to say, "Well, what success?" Tofiki threw down the burden of snow, saying, "There's the white stuff; look at it; Kibó is beaten at last!" When I took the snow and began crunching it, as if it were the greatest delicacy, the men looked at each other as much as to say, "What uganga is the Mzungu up to now?" while some said, "Who ever saw a man eating stones before?" Mtema stared and gaped, looked first at the snow and then at me, but remained dumb with astonishment. "Luma (eat) yourself," I said. He looked afraid, but after a while, putting it to his mouth, he instantly shouted, "Mringa! mringa! (water! water!) Let us take it to the mange!" "Yes," said my guide, "and I shall take some to the coast, where I shall sell it for medicine! Everybody will want a piece of the white stuff that came from Kilima Njaro!" I told them it would melt before we could reach Moche, but they smiled incredulously, saying, "Who ever heard of stones melting?" It was broken up and put into one of the calabashes. Tofiki and I were feeling all right again now; no sooner had we entered the lower stratum of the atmosphere than our strength returned to us, and we felt quite new men.

Now for our rush down the mountain. Down, down, over steepes we should never have thought of ascending, we hurried at headlong and almost dangerous speed till we reached the forest, where, "in thick shelter of black shades embowered," again we spent another night. We did not get much sleep, for

the Wachaga spent the time in singing, and they made the forest ring with their wild music.

Next day, reaching the border, the natives performed a ceremony to disenchant us, and our whole party was christened with a professionally prepared liquor, supposed to possess the potency of neutralizing evil influences, and removing the spell of wicked spirits.

At camp we were very heartily received—the people crowding about us in large numbers to hear the news. None were more curious than the mange. He was very disappointed to hear that the “white matter” was not silver. “But,” said Mtema, emphatically, “it is water, mange! nothing but water, mange! Here it is in the calabash; look at it, mange.”

The stones and plants which we had brought down with us were closely examined; they were quite unknown to the people and greatly astonished them. They left the camp, saying, “The white man is Erua!” (a god.)

CHAPTER XXII.

EASTERN CHAGA AND THE LAKE CHALA.

WE now prepared to leave Chaga. Before doing aught else, however, I had a long talk with the mangle. After repeating all I had said to him regarding my object in coming to Chaga, I asked him to tell me his mind with freedom and candour.

He asked me if I could not bring some mechanics to Chaga to teach his people the useful arts, expressing a very strong wish for such men. He said, "I want you very much to return to Moche, particularly if you can bring some artizans with you. I shall be glad to have my young people taught to read and write. I will give you a plot of land upon which to build a house, and I will build one near you. Come back by all means." I believe he meant every word he said, though his only idea was that the presence of white men in his country would give great importance to it.

True to his character, he said, "I will give you a list of things I am in want of: write them down. I want paints and dyes of all colours; I want tools—saws, planes, a brace and bits, a screw-making machine, etc., etc. I want an iron box, an iron bedstead, a

Kisungu dog; and anything tunu-tunu (smart) that you think will please me you can bring." He intimated also that he would be glad of an organ! He next asked if I had not medicines by which animals could be killed in a few minutes, saying that he was much in want of such things. *He wanted poisons!* I told him that I had no such drugs, and that if I had I would not give them to him upon any consideration whatever. He was somewhat taken a-back by this reply, but put it off by saying he wanted the drugs for some one else.

Lastly, he desired me to give him another lesson in writing; he was anxious to perfect himself in the numerals. He wrote them from memory up to ten, but he would have me write them in the picture-book I had given him up to 100,000, so that he could study them while I was away, promising to master them thoroughly by the time I returned to Chaga. He was full of grand ideas about the halcyon days awaiting him when the Mzungu should come to live at Moche.

In the evening the Wachaga held a great ball, the munge taking a leading part in it. The dance was not indecorous, though noisy. It required a great deal of exertion, and was really hard work. The perspiration ran from all who were engaged in it, and though they endeavoured to keep themselves up to the mark by taking frequent draughts of pombe, they were often obliged to retire from the party, and sit down to rest. The company stood in a circle, now clasping each other's shoulders, leaping in a body, and stamping with great precision; now changing their position, trotting after each other in a circle,

and beating the earth to the tune they were singing ; then facing about again and clasping each other as before. Both men and women took part in it.

Soon after daybreak of the 31st (August) we were ready to leave Moche. Leave-taking, however, occupied some time. Going to the court, we found the mange, surrounded by his soldiery, waiting for us. I expressed a wish to visit eastern Chaga and the lake Chala, and the mange consented. Two men were selected to be my guides to Msai, and two others, who were to go as far as Taveta. At Msai we were to obtain guides for Chala ; and Mandara sent a message to the chief of that place to supply them. In conclusion, the mange repeated all he had previously said regarding his wish for my return to Chaga, reminded me that he had given me a list of things that he greatly needed, and hoped that I should not disregard it. I was next taken to the hut occupied by the ladies, that I might take a formal leave of them. I found them sitting in *such* state ! that is, on the floor ! within an ordinary small, cone-shaped dwelling, thatched down to the ground—filthy, smoky, and as dark as night ! Yet they had not even this residence all to themselves, one half of it being occupied by cattle ; how many I cannot say, for it was too dark to see them distinctly. It was some time before I could make out the ladies, but by degrees the outlines of several developed themselves sufficiently to give me some idea of what they were like. They were not those I had seen before. Their dress was very scant ; for ornaments they had thick, heavy pewter bracelets on their arms, necklaces of small, red beads, and thin iron and copper chain, and anklets of the same

material. Of their personal charms the less said the better. Most of them looked scared. One of them, being in what is termed in civilized society "an interesting condition," had hitherto refused to see me, as she was afraid of the shock such a sight might give her; but she now bore the hideous spectacle with tolerable equanimity, only once or twice gasping for breath. I did not remain with them more than a minute or two. Bidding them farewell, I presented them, in accordance with court etiquette, with a few beads, which they accepted with benign smiles—the first they had bestowed upon me. Then creeping out into the light of day, I left them to enjoy their royalty in their own way. The mange, accompanied by some of his wasoro, saw me to the frontier. "Now then, mange, 'kua heri.'" "Kua heri," he replied. "Come back again; and when you come, mind you bring me something 'tunu-tunu'" (some fine thing).

The road till noon was the same as that passed over on our way to Moche, over elevated ground round Kirua, leaving to our right, at a distance of about an hour's walk from each other, two high, cone-shaped hills, being, however, relatively not more than good-sized bunions upon Kilima Njaro's great toe, the great toe being Kirua itself. Rounding this spur, we turned northwards toward Marango. Night was creeping on apace when we came to a deep trench which divides Marango from the wilderness. There being no bridge over it, we descended it, made our way along the bottom for some distance; but ascending the other side, we soon after got inextricably entangled in a close thicket of thorns. There was no

escape for us that night, and we could not but encamp where we were. It was not a comfortable place; the spot was on the steep side of a hill, and hardly afforded us sufficient room in which to lie at full length. On three sides we were shut in by the jungle, and on the other our way was barred by a steep-banked river. Had we been attacked in such a spot by night, not one of us could have escaped.

At dawn (September 1st) two old men made their appearance and offered to show us the way. They led us back a short distance, then took us down a steep hill-side to a place where the stream was passable. It would indeed have been difficult to have crossed it by night, for as it was it gave us no little trouble. On the other side we were in the district of Marango proper, but we were not allowed to proceed till the mangle had been communicated with. When allowed to go forward, we made our way by a steadily rising path through plantations of plantains, etc., surrounded by thick quick-set hedges of thorns and brambles, the blackberries tempting our fingers everywhere. At nine a.m. we gained the top of a hill covered with a beautiful sward of short, thick grass and clover, and further adorned with many fine trees. On one side of us ran a wall of well-stacked stones, about eight feet high, and enclosing many acres of land. I was told it was raised by a former chief around his palace, another evidence among many of the superiority of the Wachaga, particularly of the former generations, to most East Africans.

After waiting here about half an hour a party of about forty armed men came toward us, and it was intimated to me that the mangle was among them.

I was not introduced to him, and, like Mandara, he did not seem to know how to treat me. Being presently pointed out to me, I broke the ice by saluting him. He returned my salutation, I thought, almost timidly, and sat down at some distance directly in front of us, and gazed at me in silence.

He is a tall, slim young man,—younger than Mandara. His name is Kinabo. In colour he is light brown. He has a pleasant, European-like countenance, of a very different type from that of Mandara, having nothing in it of the latter's audacity and fierceness. He has not a fine face; his nose is too small and concave, and his eyes are small and apparently weak, for he screwed them up and looked under his eyebrows as though the light was too strong for them. He looks a mild, almost meek, good-tempered young man. After gazing at me till he was tired, he took his departure without saying a word.

We were ultimately taken to a square enclosure, surrounded by a fence of rails and boards, and permission was given to encamp. When we had got settled, the man came to have some conversation with me. He wished to see some of the strange things he had heard of, and asked especially for some sugar, of which he had already heard from Mandara's men. He put it to his mouth, smacked his lips, laughed loudly, and then asked for more. When told that it was made from the sugar-cane, he shook his head dubiously, but after thinking a little he admitted that it might be so. The binocular and magnet greatly surprised him. Suddenly he rose and disappeared, but in a little while he sent for me. I found him seated with a few of his friends in a quiet

spot, in far more becoming style than I ever saw Mandara in. He said I was his guest ; I was a great man, and he wished to treat me as such ; would I accept a cow ? I told him I had come to see him as a friend, and would not refuse his hospitality, though I had nothing to give him in return. "No matter, no matter," he returned ; "you are Mandara's friend, and you are welcome here."

Returning to my tent, crowds of people gathered about me, anxious to see the "white elephant." Preaching to them was out of the question, their minds being hopelessly pre-occupied with the prodigy before them. They were unusually clamorous, evidently standing less in awe of their chief than the Moches do of Mandara. Our men happening at this time to be slaughtering the cow which had been presented to us, increased the hubbub. One part of the crowd, overcome by curiosity, stood chattering over me ; the other, hungry as wolves, surrounded the slaughtered beast, thirsting for its blood ; and they drank the warm, crimson fluid as greedily and with as much gusto as the Gallas are wont to do. Not satisfied with the blood, some of them snatched at the meat, at which the mange's brother flew at the crowd with a strong, stout stave, and laid it about him right and left, driving all before him. He and one of my men from Moche were appointed by the mange guardians of the enclosure. In the case of my man there was a little ceremony about his instalment. Presenting his staff to the mange, the latter, by simply touching it, converted it into an official *bâton*, and the bearer into a special constable, with full power to smash as many skulls as he pleased.

We left Marango on September 2nd, at 8.30. For some distance we passed through just such narrow, green-banked lanes as those by which we had entered the place yesterday, emerging from which we entered upon an unoccupied, uncultivated, and more open country. The elevation was far less considerable than that of Moche, and the scenery much less grand. The vegetation was abundant, but less verdant than that of Moche. In an hour we crossed the Huna stream again, at a place where the water came down in a very pretty cascade; and a short distance beyond, through the doorway of a strong stockade, we entered the cultivated portion of Mamba.

By green valleys, over artificial watercourses, through fine gardens and grassy meads, we came, at length, to another stockade, where we were obliged to wait till we received permission to enter. We were not detained long. When we had encamped, the mange made his appearance, and was as awkward and ill at ease as the other chiefs had been. Again I had to break the ice, and having done so, all became free and easy.

The mange of Mamba is called Mlavi. He is about forty-five years of age; is of middle height, rather slim, but has a well-knit frame. He has a good head; high forehead, straight, prominent nose, thin lips, sunken, but not hollow cheeks, and pointed chin, with nothing of the negro about him but his colour, and he is almost black.

He received me cordially, though I had nothing to give him; insisted upon my accepting a cow, and would not be refused. When he left me, five or six of his wives were sent to see me. They were far

more respectable in their appearance than the wives of Mandara, and they behaved with a great deal of modesty and propriety. They appeared to be nice, good-hearted, motherly women. They made the freest remarks upon me, and criticised me from head to foot; my hair they greatly admired, but my moustache and whiskers greatly disgusted them.

Soon after they had taken their leave of me a tremendous uproar broke out. Some one began to roar and rage like an escaped Bedlamite. Stepping outside my tent, I discovered that the madman was the mange. The people who were upon the spot were flying in all directions like sheep among whom a wolf might have suddenly leapt. The mange rushed after them, and none whom he could reach escaped receiving the weight of his staff, with all the force he could add to it, upon their unprotected skulls. Thus vigorously using his truncheon with one hand, and with the other waving his only cloth over his head for a flag, without a scrap of clothing, foaming at the mouth, he strode hither and thither, swearing by the manes of his ancestors to take the lives of all who dared to come in his way. Moyo (the chief's head man) crept up to me and said, "Mzungu! Mzungu! seize his arm! seize his arm—*not his hand, but his arm—here!*" grasping his own forearm to show me how to do it. I did so, when down dropped the staff, and the mange allowed himself to be led like a lamb to my tent. The occasion of all this noise was that he had found several of his wives sitting in conversation with some of his subjects; conduct of which, it seems, he does not approve.

So anxious was the mange for my company, that

he came to see me next morning before the sun had risen, and he was so genial that he condescended to drink a little coffee with me, a thing which Mandara refused to do to the last, fearing, I suppose, black magic.

He had not been with me many minutes before the country was roused by another alarm of war. The mangle ran from the tent, and all the people flew to arms. All was in a state of the utmost consternation; one after another the warriors, armed to the teeth, hurried past the tent, and in half an hour I and my party were left alone. This time, while we prepared to defend the camp if necessary, we remained where we were. After waiting an hour in some anxiety, some men returned to say that it was all a mistake, and the following explanation was given to us. The jungle at one of the approaches to Mamba was observed to be in motion, just as if a large number of men were making their way through it in a stooping position, and something was seen which looked like men so approaching, whereupon the alarm was raised. And it was not until all was ready to receive the assault, that it was discovered that the supposed enemy was nothing worse than a herd of wild boars!

To-day being the Sabbath, I held religious service. I had announced on the preceding day that I should do so, and gave all an invitation to attend. Only a few people, however, presented themselves, not so many by a long way as had crowded round me to see me eat my breakfast.

In the evening we were greatly annoyed by the revelling of the people. Before my tent was a low, long hut, which is ordinarily occupied by the garrison

who guard the stockade. This evening the mange with a drinking party took possession of it, and they drank until they grew crazy. They made the country resound again with their tumultuous mirth. Such shouting, bellowing, growling, groaning, shrieking—it was intolerable. I implored them to go farther away, but they were too drunk to listen to any reasonable request. They continued their riot till long past midnight. Some of Mandara's men, who were of the party, sung a song in praise of their chief, likening him to Kibó, the chorus of the piece being a warning to Mlavi :—

“Mlavi, do the right,
Mandara's like Kibó ;
Do wrong—he'll rise above you
Like the great Kibó.”

We left Mamba on the 4th. The mange came with his ladies to bid me good-bye, all taking leave of me in a very friendly way, and expressing a hope that I should return to their country.

Hence for some distance the country was a succession of hills and dales, in some places cultivated, in others not. Some of the plantations were large, but had been lately deserted on account of the raids of Mandara, and the plantains were ripening to no purpose.

Reaching Msai at noon, we had to wait a couple of hours before the chief made his appearance. His name is Jasimba. He is a young man of about twenty-five years of age. A round, full, pudding-face gives him a very boyish appearance, while a snub nose and dull, though large eyes, give to it an expres-

sion half idiotic. He scarcely looked at me, and sat during the whole of the interview with his eyes fixed upon the ground. When he spoke, it was in tones so low that we could scarcely hear him. After I had explained who I was and had asked for guides to Chala, he said quietly, "I am glad to see the Mzungu, but am sorry to say that I can give him no sort of entertainment. My country has been despoiled, and I am poor. Mandara wishes me to give the Mzungu the road and guides to Chala; this shall be done."

Finding that it would be impossible to reach Chala to-day, we would have remained with Jasimba for the night, but he seemed so anxious to be rid of us, that we pushed farther on.

We had not gone far, however, before we met a party of some eighteen men who forbade us the path. They seemed to have sprung from the ground, and put on a very bold front. "Who are you," they asked, "that you should go where you please in our country? We have seen far too much of strangers lately; and you had better return whence you came." The guide and some of our men looked alarmed, but after some expostulation and explanation the party gave way. They were jealous, we found, of the little water their district supplies, and were unwilling that we should know its whereabouts, but they offered to supply us with it if we would pay for it.

We encamped that night in the bottom of a deep valley, shut in by a dense growth of plantations on every side—a rather gloomy spot. The next morning, at sunrise, we were moving again. Ascending a ridge—the south-eastern spur of Kilima Njaro—remarkable

for the regularity with which it breaks itself up into cone after cone, following each other, one below the other, as if their course had been marked off with a line, and they had been planted for some artificial purpose, we passed Mviti, a small independent state with its own chief, and a little beyond obtained a good view of Chala, the water lying in its deep basin—a sheet of the purest azure. Now making our way round the base of an exceedingly rocky hill, down over wide, grass-grown tracts, crossing innumerable paths made by the rush of animals to and from Lake Jipe; now and then catching a sight of Bura (east), Ngolia (east-by-north), and Kiulu or Kikumbulu (north); now dragging the donkey out of a pitfall, and now clambering out of deep ditches ourselves, we reached Chala at one p.m.

Now, if native accounts were to be credited, I was on charmed ground! If I had only the courage, I was to discover a new race—perhaps the missing link!—beings with whom no mortal such as ourselves had ever communicated; who lived under the water in crystal caves; who fed fairy cows, and kept fairy cocks; yet who were so far human as to use the vulgar utensils belonging to our own prosy life, and to do the same prosy work. I should soon hear the lowing of their oxen, the crowing of their cocks, the thud of their mortars and pestles, and the sound of their grinding mills.

Now for the venture. We had hit the lake upon its north-western corner, where from the distance it had seemed to me to be most accessible. There was a fall in this part of its encircling rim, and I hoped the place might afford a practicable descent to

the water. I was disappointed. I found myself here on the edge of a precipice, the descent of which a glance convinced me was impossible, at least, without such appliances as I could not command. I moved a little farther down the northern side, and I will describe what I saw, and, if you please, what I heard there. I saw a very beautiful sheet of water, though of no great extent, say about three miles in circumference. In colour it was a deep cerulean, as blue as the sea. Thousands of tiny ripples played over its surface, and fell in soft murmurings among the white stones, piled up almost like a wall, or fancy grotto, one above another, round its verge. I listened, but I heard nothing more. The lake is triangular in shape, with the corners, however, rounded off, and the base forming its western side. It is surrounded by an almost circular ridge of hills, rising above the surface of the water to a height of from 150 to 300 feet. Immediately round the water's edge runs a course of white stones; thence rises, for the most part, a perpendicular wall of rock, in the hollows and upon the ledges of which various bushes and trees have found existence; above this wall is a belt of jungle, among the growths of which there were some good-sized trees; then follow grassy slopes to the top of the ridge. The whole formation looks like the crater of an extinct volcano which has been filled with water.

It is one of nature's curiosities. So far as I could see it has neither inlet nor outlet. It is impossible that the water should enter it on any side except that of the north-west; for everywhere else the encircling, unbroken ridge falls on the outside, in

steep declivities, for hundreds of feet to the level of the surrounding plains. The north-west side only is higher than the ridge. On that side there is a small watercourse, or rather gutter, down which a little water may flow into it, at the time of rain, over the cliffs ; but such a supply cannot be sufficient to make up for the year's evaporation ; the idea, then, of its being supplied by springs having their origin in reservoirs situated in the elevated country towards Kilima Njaro is suggested. As there is no outlet, the only way in which it can throw itself off is by evaporation from the surface, and by percolation through the rocks below.

We had been told that no human being had ever descended to the water's edge, indeed that it was impossible for any one to do so ; moreover, that no animal had ever drunk of the waters of Chala. That no human being had ever taken the trouble to descend these cliffs, I could believe ; and as for animals, the ape excepted, it is not likely that, as the river Lumi is so near, and the lake Jipe at no great distance, they would come here to drink ; but in the impossibility of the thing I did not believe. The first sight of the cliffs, however, made me feel dubious, and I almost gave it up. But after awhile we discovered a place where we thought we might make the descent, though it was not easily done. In one place we had to drop ourselves over the face of a rock upon a ledge below, affording not more than twelve inches of footing, from which, if we had overbalanced ourselves in the least, we must have rolled to the bottom. It was effected, however, without accident and soon we had reached the water. The crater-like formation, the sea-blue

colour of the water, the light-coloured stones at the water's edge, suggesting a mineral incrustation of some kind or other, had altogether produced the impression in my mind that I should find the water anything but drinkable. I said to myself, it will be salt, or sulphurous, or some other mineral will render it nauseous. The little lake looked like a miniature Dead Sea. But what if it should prove a reservoir of medicine, such as are found at Cheltenham, Tunbridge, Matlock, Aix-la-Chapelle, and other places; one of Mother Nature's precious mixtures, kept in reserve till now, and destined henceforth to banish disease from the face of the earth. What a great discovery this will be! Only think of sending the inestimable fluid round the world at a guinea a bottle! But all this was doomed "like the baseless fabric of a vision." I tasted the water. It was as clear as crystal, as sweet as the sweetest spring I ever drank of, and as soft as the purest fluid ever distilled from the clouds. I drank deep, for I was thirsty, using the palm of my hand for a cup. We now reascended the cliff, myself taking the lead. In one place I set in motion a large stone; there was no stopping it, and Tofiki was behind. "Tofiki," I shouted, "take care!" Fortunately he had room enough where he was to slip behind a jutting rock, and the stone rushed past him, falling with a bang and a crash upon the rocks below. By giving each other a "leg up," and putting a "leg down" here and there to the last man, we reached the rim again in safety, and the spell which had surrounded Chala for ages was broken;—its mysteries, its fairies, and all its wonders had vanished into thin air. Altogether it is not surprising that this

curious spot should have taken such a hold upon the superstitions of the natives. It is just the place one would fancy for the abode of fairies, nereids and dryads, mermaids and water-nymphs, where each and all, according to their respective habits, might enjoy themselves. A quieter, more private, more romantic spot they could not select; here they might hold their revels and perform all their fantasies to their hearts' content; all under the open canopy of heaven, and yet remain unexposed to vulgar gaze.

We now resumed our march, taking our way round the base of Chala; and in two hours and a half we reached the Lumi, on the banks of which, within "cool, green arcades of tall, o'er-arching sycamores," we encamped.

The next morning, leaving Chala to our right, we pursued our way to Taveta, almost due south. The morning was very fine, and the atmosphere extremely clear, so that we were favoured, as we had not hitherto been, with a view of Kilima Njaro in its entirety. We were now at a distance which enabled us to take the mighty mass within the scope of vision. There it stood among a crowd of hills around its base, like a giant of Brobdignagian proportions among a swarm of Liliputians, lifting its snowy head to the very skies, with a strip of white cloud drifting across it far below its summit. The view was a very different one from that obtained at Moche. The dome-shape of Kibó had vanished, and far less of the snow lying upon its south face was to be seen, what was visible of it now being its eastern side. The top from this position, resembles the circular verge of a crater, the curve at the north side being most distinct and un-

mistakable. North and south the sides fall so as to form sharp angles with the top, very different from the smoothly-rounded curve of east and west, as seen from the south. Kimawenzi, the crag, springs from the east in one long, steep, unbroken line, and presents the same dark and frowning aspect as we have described it to be elsewhere. The saddle between the two summits was no longer visible, but Kimawenzi shot down across Kibó in a sharp descending line till it was lost in the clouds.

Approaching Taveta, we were surprised to hear a great deal of gun-firing going on, but entering the place we met with a caravan of Wasuahili from the Masai country, who had arrived simultaneously with ourselves. They turned out to be acquaintances, and I received from them a very hearty greeting.

We pitched our tent in the old spot, the people of Taveta welcoming me as if they had known me for years. "Our Mzungu! our Mzungu!" they shouted, and again collected in crowds to gape and stare. I was still regarded as a great wonder, and they lionized me as much as ever.

CHAPTER XXIII.

GEOGRAPHY AND ETHNOLOGY AGAIN.

BEFORE proceeding with the narrative, it may be as well to take a bird's-eye view of the country and people we have visited ; also to take a survey, as far as may be possible from the information we have gathered, of the territories and nations beyond.

Of Kilima Njaro we have little more to say ; its leading characteristics have been pointed out, and its "eternal snows" must be regarded now as "eternal verities." We have just a word to say upon one particular. Kilima Njaro has been reported to be exceedingly rich in precious stones—at least in carnelian and agate pebbles—and gold. I can only say that though I kept my eyes open I saw nothing of either. Inquiring for the said valuable "vito," as they are called by the natives, I had placed in my hands a large, red, polished stone-bead, cut into facets, of a kind such as is found distributed over the whole country, especially among the Gallas. Asking the natives whence they obtained them, who bored the holes and cut them into shape, they confessed they did not know, and declared that such

stones were not found in their country. The natives are very fond of these beads, and prize them highly. They were probably introduced into the country in former times by either Arab or Portuguese traders. As to the auriferous treasures of the mountain, the natives averred that gold had often been found; and Kapitau, a Kisuahili mkugenzi, who knows Chaga as well as any one, was prepared to swear upon the Koran that he had seen large masses of gold in the possession of Mamkinga, the former chief of Machame, and that they were now held by that chief's son and successor, Deserua. We do not believe in these things, though we are not prepared to deny them; they are quite possible. It remains, therefore, for future visitors to Kilima Njaro to inquire into these matters further. What if Kilima Njaro should be found to be as rich in diamonds and gold as the newly-discovered fields of South Africa! It is in the same country.

Chaga is the inhabited portion of Kilima Njaro's base, stretching from east to west over its southern slopes. The northern side of the mountain does not appear to be inhabited, though it is probable that the country there will be quite as fine, and the land equally fertile, as on this side. The name Chaga is undoubtedly derived from an obsolete verb "ku aga," meaning like the modern "ku potea," to stray, to get lost. The explanation given by the Wasuahili is, that it was formerly regarded by the coast people as extremely dangerous to go to Chaga; that indeed it was like throwing yourselves away, and the undertaking excited the common exclamation regarding those concerned, "You are going ku cha aga," you are going to be lost; and in the course of time the

expression attached itself to the country, and became its name.

Chaga proper is not of great extent, as it does not cover more than one hundred and fifty square miles. It is divided into numerous states, each having its own chief. It would be tedious to give the names of all, and we therefore forbear. As has been seen, Mandara, of Moche, is the most important chief in the east, and Deserua, of Machame, the most powerful in the west. The chief streams of Chaga are the Lumi, the Gona, the Rau, and the Weriweri, besides which there are a great many smaller ones, which it is not necessary to mention. All these streams flow towards Ugono, the first entering the Lake Jipe, and the rest running into the Ruvu, which issues from the lake, and, flowing towards the coast, becomes the river Pangani. Of the general character of the country and of its scenery enough has already been said. It is extremely picturesque and beautiful; its productiveness is extraordinary; and its climate is not only pleasant, but it is perfectly salubrious. Every kind of climate existing between the equator and the poles is to be found in zone after zone upon the slopes of Kilima Njaro. It is the Canaan of Eastern Africa, for it may be said to flow with milk and honey.

The people belong to the great agricultural family, in language, in physical conformation, and in the pursuits of life; but their isolation from other tribes, and their own peculiar surroundings, have given them many distinguishing characteristics. They are vastly superior to most of the agricultural races with whom we have come in contact, yet, on the other hand, they

are greater barbarians than most. They are in this respect a great anomaly. Mandara has already been largely described. On the one hand, he is the most civilized man I have ever met with among the primitive tribes ; yet, on the other, he is a most debased, brutal, and cruel barbarian ; and he is the model upon which all the young men of Moche form their characters. He has sufficient intelligence to appreciate the advantage of such civilization as has been brought before his notice, yet such is the character of his mind that he cannot help admiring the free, wild, dashing, half-heroic life of the Masai, though it be associated with robbery and bloodshedding. One side of his character he is totally Masai, and as far as he can he imitates them in everything : in dress, in arms, and, I am sorry to say, in their marauding propensities. The Masai are his *beau ideal* of all that is great and heroic, and this is his bane.

To the superiority of the Wachaga in general, their engineering works, the various branches of industry they follow, and the style in which everything is done by them, bear ample testimony. Look at their defensive works ; the deep, broad trenches by which the whole country is surrounded ; the high, thick, stone walls which are found in some places ; and the strong stockades which they build ; all these proclaim them to be a very clever people. As agriculturists they are far ahead of most Africans. Witness their gardens laid out into square beds, the artificial water-courses which traverse the hill-sides everywhere, the flourishing state of their plantations, and the perfection which everything attains under their care. As cattle-keepers they pride themselves upon the superi-

ority of their stock, and they really have some very fine beasts, while for size and fatness their sheep and goats would certainly take the prize in an East African agricultural show. On account of the unsettled state of the country the flocks and herds are not pastured openly upon the hills—except now and then, all are stall-fed. The Wachaga do not keep fowls, and they speak of those useful domestic birds with contempt.

The Wachaga are very able smiths, and they do a large trade with all the surrounding peoples in the articles they manufacture. Spears and swords in various styles, their own and those of the Masai; hoes, daggers, axes, knives, billhooks; iron, brass, and copper chains; a great variety of ornaments in the various metals; bracelets, anklets, ear-rings, collars, finger and toe rings, etc., etc., all are turned out in a very creditable fashion. A double-linked chain I had in my possession took Mandara's eye, and the next day he brought me a capital imitation of it in copper. A swordstick also taking his fancy, he immediately went to work, and had one made like it, with a beautifully polished handle of hippopotamus' tooth, and perfectly fitting sheath, all complete. The forge and tools used by them are of the ordinary kind used in Africa, except that one or two of the latter were to me quite unique.

Another branch of industry in which they excel, is that of making household utensils. Bowls, mugs, platters, trays, eating and drinking vessels in endless variety, are made of wood, carved out of solid blocks, always neatly finished, and in shape displaying great taste. They are also excellent tanners, curriers, and

leather workers, and the various articles of dress worn by the people, capes, girdles, etc., are so prepared as to be as soft as wash-leather, while their sword-sheaths, shields, etc., do them immense credit.

In dress the Moches, at least, are below *par*, particularly the men. Mandara's Masai tastes account for this ; his men, of course, follow him. Nor do the men ornament themselves so elaborately as most tribes; they consider themselves above such nonsense. They twist their hair into strings, wear ornaments in the distended lobes of their ears, and anoint themselves plentifully with oil ; but they pride themselves, especially the young men, in their arms. The latter are various. The Masai spear and shield are favourite weapons ; others carry the less formidable Chaga articles ; some use bows and arrows ; but many bear flint muskets, which Mandara has sense to see are a great terror to the natives, and has sufficient enterprise to utilize. Short-swords, daggers, knives, and clubs make up the Chaga armoury.

The dress of the women is scant, but less indecent than that of the men. They wear leathern girdles, faced with beads, around their loins, and a cape of the same material about their shoulders ; but when they can get it, they prefer a cloth for the latter purpose. They keep their wool short, and are fond of shaving bare triangular patches on either side of the head, over the eyes. They tattoo their cheeks in semicircular and very pretty patterns, under and around the eyes, an operation which is done by the juice of certain plants. They wear collars of very small red and other beads, together with a large quantity of fine copper chain on their arms ; they

wear three or four bracelets of pewter, weighing a couple of pounds each, and their ankles are adorned with circlets of various metals, beads and chain.

The homes of the Wachaga are not of a high order. They do not live in villages or towns, but each family has its own compound, completely surrounded with high, thick, quickset hedges, not easily broken through, and entered only by a small hole, strongly guarded with thick logs. The hut is a loose, round, rather flat-topped framework, thatched with plantain leaves, etc.; the cattle often sharing it with their owners. Like the Wataita, they preserve their grain in large wicker-work baskets, covered with thatch, and looking when finished much like their huts.

Their plantations, flocks and herds, supply them not only with abundance, but a great variety of food. Indian corn, wimbe, vikwa (a kind of potato), pulse, sugar-cane, plantains, milk, flesh, etc., etc., is not a mean supply for Africans. Their peculiarities are that they prefer their meat raw, and do not like salt! They are fond of blood, great lovers of pombe, and they take snuff largely, but these habits are not peculiar to them alone.

The government in Chaga is a royalty, absolute power being vested in the hands of the chief, the succession being hereditary, and following the male line. The chief is supported by the army, which is constituted of all the young men, who are compelled to serve as soldiers. His revenues consist of the proceeds of the toil of his own slaves, and of the compulsory services of the entire people—all his subjects being obliged to work for a certain number

of days upon his plantations ;—a fifty per cent. tax upon all the ivory obtained in the country ; the confiscated property of criminals and others ; the blackmail levied upon traders and visitors ; the trade he does with merchants and the neighbouring tribes ; and the results of his freebooting expeditions ; enough altogether to make him a very wealthy man.

As with all other East African peoples, superstition takes the place of religion, though there may be some difference in the details of that superstition. The Wachaga have some notion of a Divine Being, whom they call Erua, or Eruva (which, by-the-bye, *sounds* like the Hebrew Jehovah), but the word also stands for the sun, and they certainly pay greater attention to the mganga than to the unknown being they call “Erua.” A form of infanticide prevails among them ; at least, *twins* are murdered. Prognostications, as has been seen, are made upon the appearance of the flesh and muscular twitching of slaughtered animals ; great confidence is placed in rain-doctors, sacrifices and magic preparation of herbs, etc., to prevent calamities ; and friendships are formed by the Kiskong’o ceremony, which consists in taking the skin from the head of a goat, making a slit in it, and putting it upon the middle finger in the form of a ring.

Social life in Chaga is pretty much as it is elsewhere in Africa, and marriage is the same, namely, by purchase. The wasoro (soldiers), however, are often so poor that they have not the means to obtain wives, and they are provided by Mandara. *He* can, of course, obtain as many wives as he needs simply by a word of command, and his harem is consequently often overstocked. Of many he speedily becomes weary,

and these he gets rid of by presenting them to his young men, the gift always being regarded by the latter as a great favour. Such is life in Chaga.

The immediate neighbours of the Wachaga are the occupants of the plain at the foot of the mountain, the Wataveta, the Wakahe, and the two Arushas. All these people were originally allied to the Wachaga, as their language, manners, and customs indicate; but their intercourse with the Wakuavi has greatly changed them, and they are now more assimilated to the latter than to the former; but of this enough has been said in the body of the narrative.

North of Kilima Njaro stretches the plains of Kaptei, formerly overrun by the Wakuavi hordes, but now left uninhabited and desolate. North of Kaptei is Kikuyu, the plains lying around the base of the Kenia. The Wakikuyu are a wild, inhospitable race of agriculturists, addicted to plundering caravans, as the experience of Dr. Krapf and all the natives who have travelled there testify. To the east of Kaptei and Kikuyu is Ukambani.

The Kenia, or Kena, as it is sometimes called, is a gigantic mountain, of which Dr. Krapf caught a glimpse, six days to the south of it, and which he reports as being a larger mountain than Kilima Njaro, and also covered with perpetual snow. The testimony of the natives, however, whom I have examined upon the subject, leads me to the conclusion that, while a mighty mountain mass, it is less than Kilima Njaro; and as to its snows, it is said to be spotted rather than covered, as Kilima Njaro is, with snow; and while the latter is called by the Masai, El doinyo Eibor (white mountain), the Kenia is designated by the same

people El doinyo Geri (dappled mountain), indicating a less abundant and uniform distribution of snow. However, it remains for some one to visit and explore that mountain before anything can be spoken of it with absolute certainty, and, if it be anything at all of the same character as its sister mountain, its exploration is of no little importance. North-east of Kenia are the districts of Pore, or Msarara, Lemeru, and Thaiju, all of which are numerousy populated. Due north extend the territories of Burkeneji and Samburu, the latter reaching as far as to the first or second degree of north latitude. From the Wasuahili I met at Taveta, and who had lately been to Reya, I obtained some interesting particulars regarding these regions. Reya is the farthest point north ever reached by the Mombasian caravans. I have laid it down upon the map a little below 1° N. lat., but it may be higher. Here my informants were astonished to find the people acquainted with the Kisuahili tongue, but soon discovered that the country was often visited by caravans from Barawa, so that there would appear to be a well-travelled route between the two places, an important fact; for, if practicable, it would be an exceedingly short cut for any travellers wishing to visit these unknown regions of Africa. Beyond Reya, at no great distance to the north, is the mountain Marasaviti, or El doinyo Eirobi, of Samburu, near to which is the large Samburu lake. North by west of Marasavite, at a distance of about four days, is another great mountain, called Ristian, occupied by a strange people, who keep aloof from other races, and about whom a great deal of mystery hangs. I could get no information of them whatever, except that they

were very singular and exclusive in their habits. The name struck me as if it must be a corruption of Christian, and that here are to be found the lost Christians in whom some people have taken so much interest, the more so as this is the region where I believe Dr. Krapf, who has paid much attention to the subject, would expect to find them. The remark must be taken for what it is worth.

The people of Samburu are exceedingly rich in cattle, and are said to be very kind-hearted and hospitable. They possess large numbers of horses, and are declared to be good riders. Our travellers obtained but little ivory there.

The whole country west of Kilima Njaro and Kenia, far away towards the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, may be said to be in the possession of the Masai and Wakuavi, among whom, however, scattered up and down, are the Wandurobo, a subject race, holding the same relation to the Masai that the Wasania and Wapokomo did towards the Galas. There are also some other tribes living in different parts of this territory, to be found chiefly dwelling in the forest and mountain fastnesses. Approaching the Nyanza, and inhabiting the country along its shores, are many other peoples, of whom the most extraordinary things are told, but of whom we shall have more to say presently. The whole of the country in question, except so far as native information is concerned, is a *terra incognita*; but if half the natives say is to be depended upon, there is no country in Africa deserving greater attention, either from a philanthropic or scientific standpoint. To geographers, particularly at the present time, when

the Nile sources are being discussed with such avidity, it will appear of some importance from the fact that through it lies the direct route to that great inland sea, which, if Captain Speke be correct—and his position is not yet unsettled—is the chief source of that great, mysterious river.

Upon the map illustrating this volume, we have laid down several routes which were described to us by the members of the Kisuahili caravan we met at Taveta, immediately after they had returned from the country, when the particulars were fresh in their minds; and as it will enable us to point out more clearly the striking features, we will follow the route in the remarks we have to make. First, we will take that from Taveta to Njemps, observing that we have forborne to crowd the map with the names of the various stages, for the sake of clearness, and that for the same reason we will do so here.

Proceeding over the north-eastern spurs of Kilima Njaro by Leita Ketok, Ngiri, and Jitini, in about twenty-five days the lake Naivasha is reached, the most remarkable features in the country passed over being the two mountains called El doinyo Erok. At Jitini, which is a small lake, and therefore much resorted to by caravans, another route branches off to Kikuyu and beyond. Naivasha is a large sheet of water, probably supplied from the elevated country towards Kenia. Singular things are reported of it; for instance, that the water is sweet on one side of it, and salt on the other. In its caves, too, is said to exist a monster dragon, which, periodically making its appearance, performs the most dreadful deeds, de-

vouring the people wholesale. The Masai thoroughly believe in it. On the west of the lake rises El doinyo Buri, and on the south the El doinyo Sus, both very large mountains.

From Naivasha, a route branches off to Lekipia, a large district occupied by Wakuavi, where a great deal of ivory is obtained. The road leads through very extensive bamboo forests, and either round or over the mountain Satima. The Wasuahili regard this route with horror, the forests being very large, pathless, ever shrouded in fog and wet, while the mountain is so cold that they generally lose some of their men. Continuing the main route we are following, in six days from Naivasha, over a woody district, they reach the small salt lake Nakuro, and in five days more, through the Kikuavi country, called El Guasu Ngisu, they arrive at Njemps. The Njemps folk are not an important people themselves, but they receive strangers kindly, and as their country is surrounded by more important districts and tribes, the caravans take up their quarters in it, making it the centre at which they carry on their trade. In and around this country are many things of interest. Here rises the El doinyo Buri (the Kilima ja Jioki of Krapf), an active volcano, the only one which is known in the entire continent of Africa. At the bottom of the mountain are many hot, and, indeed, boiling springs, for the water is said to be so hot that meat is quickly cooked in it. The water tastes of sulphur, or soda, or salt, and it probably supplies the Nakuro and another lake near at hand, called Ngare Sukuta (*i.e.*, bitter water) by the Wakuavi. These springs are called in Kikuavi, "engoiyek na buri".

(eyes of smoke), and the Wasuahili say that at night they shine like lamps.

North of Njemps lies the lake Baringo, which has been considered to be intimately connected with the sources of the Nile; suggested by Dr. Krapf in the first instance, and afterwards actually tacked on to the north-east corner of the Victoria Nyanza by Captain Speke. If the information we have received, however, be correct, it is not likely that Baringo will be found to have anything to do with the Nile. According to my authorities, it is not so large as it has been represented to be; indeed, not so large as the Naivasha. Of a northern effluent I could get no information; still it is possible that there may be a stream flowing out of it in that direction. A stream runs into it from the south, called by the name of the country, Njemps, but it is not large, and does not flow, as Dr. Krapf avers of the Nzaraddi, from Kenia. Thinking of the suggestion of Dr. Beke, that Dr. Krapf had mistaken the Nzaraddi for the Tumbiri, I inquired for the latter, but was informed positively that there is no Tumbiri in this direction, and was pointed to the El guasu Niro, which flows from the north side of Kenia, round Msarara, into the lake Lorian, as the Tumbiri. In passing, this river must not be confounded with the Dana, which has its waters from the southern side of the mountain; nor with the Ozi, which does not extend very far inland. We were told by some, that after entering the Lorian, it flows southwards, and joins the Dana, but testimony did not agree on this point; and as there is a large lake east of the Lorian in the Gala country, called Wama, it struck us as not

unlikely that the waters of the former might flow into the latter, and these, perhaps, to the Juba river, and so to the sea.

To return to Baringo. In the south end of that lake are several islands, inhabited by a people called El Toiyo, agriculturists, who live principally on red mtama (Turkish maize) and fish. On the west of the lake are the mountains of Legeyu and Lekamasia, both of which are numerously peopled by agriculturists, and north-west are the Legume, Suku, Elgumar, and Elkoromoyo, all very wild and ferocious peoples.

Now, returning to Taveta, we propose to go over the routes to Ukara and Kavirondo, on the shores of the Nyanza. To both places the road is the same, round the south-west spurs of Kilima Njaro, in a northern direction by Kiraragua to Ndaptuk, and then about due west to Utimi. On this march is crossed, first, what is called the Angaruka, which is a plain covered with "magadi" (nitrate of soda), and then through the district of Ngurumani, so called from the fact that it is largely cultivated with Turkish maize. The route to Ukara then proceeds by Kura, Salek, Sonjo, Nda Sekera, Seru, Ngoroine, Chanacha and Wasua, most of which places are occupied by agricultural tribes. The people of Ukara are also agricultural, but, living on the shores of the Nyanza, they are naturally fishermen too. They are a simple, peaceably-disposed people, though very rude and barbarous. They are very numerous, and live together in large communities. Much has been made of the circumstance that the Nyanza has been called here by the Wasuahili, the "Bahari ya Ukara" (sea

of Ukara), and "Bahari ya Pili" (second sea), and it has been suggested that the terms indicate a new and distinct lake from the Nyanza. Our own impression is that it is a part of the one vast lake, though we are disposed to admit we may be mistaken. However, there is nothing in the above expressions to prove that there are two lakes. What is more natural than that the Wasuahili, coming upon the Nyanza in this place, should apply to it the name of the locality in which it is found?—that part of it would still be the Bahari of Ukara, though the lake might extend itself into other lands. But it is suggested that "Bahari ya Pili" distinctly separates it from another one, and that the other one must be the Nyanza. But the truth is, the first sea, in the mind of the Msuahili traveller, would naturally be the Indian Ocean; his notion, when coming upon a broad expanse like that of the Nyanza, being that he had crossed the continent, and had reached the western sea; not indeed, in his estimation, the Atlantic, because the Msuahili does not know it under that name, but only under what is here called "Bahari ya Pili," which amounts to the same thing. That is the impression which has always been made upon my mind by the expression "Bahari ya Pili," when used by the Wasuahili, and I am satisfied that that is what they mean.

The route to Kavirondo from Utimi proceeds in a more northerly course; first almost due north for three days to Mosiro, then in a more westerly direction, over open plains for several days; and then through the forests of Mau na Erok (Black Mau) to the Ngare Davash (Broad River), a wide stream, as

the name indicates, which flows through the forest of Mau, between Lumbua and Sotik, and through Ndara Serian towards the Nyanza. If this be true, here is one of the feeders of the great lake which supplies the Nile, and bearing out the suggestion made by Dr. Krapf many years ago, that that lake might receive part of its waters from the "marshes of Mau." Two days beyond Ngare Davash is Ndare Modoni; two more, Kosova; and two beyond that is Kavirondo, where we come upon the Nyanza again.

The people of Kavirondo are numerous, and are divided into many clans, occupying the country stretching northwards along the shores of the Nyanza, some of which are mentioned on the map. They are a very different people from any we have yet described. They are spoken of as a fine race physically, but very barbarous, both sexes equally ignoring dress. At the same time they make and wear hats, which the Wasuahili say resemble those worn by the Wazungu. They are great in farming, cattle-feeding, and fishing. They make good boats of boards, put together with wooden pegs, and caulked with bark and grass. Great smokers, they make excellent pipes, a specimen of which I obtained. It is a large bowl, cut out of soft white stone, and in shape, and style, and finish it would not disgrace a European manufacturer. The people of Mnioro are clever musicians, and make a great variety of wind and stringed instruments, flutes, banjos, etc. Of the Kakumegas, especially, it is said that they are very fond of birds as food, and they have an ingenious method of obtaining them in large quantities. Poles of miwale and other soft wood, in which a large number

of small holes are made, are planted about their huts, a number of birds' nests are procured and attached to these poles, the owners of the nests following and taking possession of them; other birds then come and build in the remaining holes, and in this way they are brought together in large flocks; so that whenever the natives wish to dine on birds, they have them at hand. Of the people of Sumeki and other places it is said that they have no huts, but dwell in caves; some of which are so large as to afford accommodation for hundreds of families. Unlike most East Africans, some of these clans, as those of Kavaras and Kavaren, do not circumcise.

There are many things about these people—for instance, their musical proclivities—that suggest that they are allied to the tribes at the north of the Nyanza; but this is especially so of their language, which seems to belong to an entirely different family from that spoken by either the pastoral or agricultural races of this part of the continent. Captain Speke gives only a few words of the Gani dialect, two of them being “pi” (water) and “wingé” (to know), and these are the very words which are used by the Wakavirondo for the same things.

The country along the shores of the Nyanza is reported to be very fine, open, level tracts of meadow land, backed with forest, well watered with numerous streams, and richly stocked with wild animals of every description, the elephant being very numerous. It is on the latter account that the Kisuahili caravans go to Kavirondo, ivory being abundant and cheap.

But of all the peoples living in this country, the Masai and Wakuavi are most remarkable. They

call themselves "Orloikob" (possessors of the soil). They are the Greeks and Trojans of Eastern Africa, and are the terror and admiration of most of her tribes. They have already been partially described, and their exploits have been constantly referred to in the course of the narrative. Physically they are a splendid people; and for energy, intrepidity, and dash, they are without their equals in Africa; but they are cruel and remorseless to the last degree. They sweep over this land like a hurricane, carrying devastation and death everywhere. Believing that heaven has designed all cattle for them, they pounce upon it wherever it is to be found, and fight like demons to become its possessors. No tribe having cattle is safe; at any time they are liable, not only to be robbed of it all, but butchered for the crime of breeding and holding it.

Both Masai and Wakuavi are republican in government, but they are much influenced by a recognised sorcerer-chief, called Leiboni. The whole of the young men, called El Moran, constitute the army, while the more advanced in life remain at home to protect the women, children, and flocks. Their arms are a huge spear, the blade nearly two feet long; an oval shield, made of buffalo hide, large enough to cover the whole person; and a club, often made out of a rhinoceros' horn, a weapon which they throw with marvellous precision, and with which they do great execution. For a battle-field they prefer an open plain, and avoid forests and mountains; and they do not attack purely agricultural peoples; hence, in different parts of their own country are found tribes in the hills and forests who follow these

pursuits unmolested, though even such peoples are liable to exactions, as in the case of the Wandurobo, Wamau, El Konono, and others, who are regarded as subject races.

It is fortunate for the other tribes that the Masai and Wakuavi are at variance, and have been so for many generations. Many of the weaker tribes of Wakuavi have had to succumb to the Masai, but the former are still sufficiently strong in many places to maintain their ground, and terrible are the conflicts which sometimes take place between (to speak figuratively) these lions and tigers. I could fill chapters with the stories related of their doughty deeds; and who knows but that at some future day they may be collected into a grand African epic! Were the two peoples united, nothing could stand before them.

It is to be hoped that ere long the whole of these interesting regions will be explored, and that at no distant date the missionary and merchant may teach these people the arts of civilized life, and the principles of religion; so that where all is now war, destitution, degradation, and pollution; peace, social comfort, general prosperity, and virtue may prevail.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BURA, NDARA, AND—THE JOURNEY'S END.

FROM the 6th to the 19th of September we remained in Taveta. My object in staying so long was to make as close an acquaintance with the people as possible, to collect information regarding them and their surroundings, and to preach to them the gospel. From the Wasuahili I learned much regarding the Masai, and of the tribes beyond them, as well as of the countries in which these people dwell.

Our life in Taveta was of a truly gipsy kind, but it was not altogether unpleasant. By day I was surrounded by people of all kinds, who came to see me, and with whom I had some interesting intercourse. At sunset the people returned to their homes, leaving us to spend our evenings in our own way. The presence of the Wasuahili made our camp a large, sometimes lively, and occasionally a very noisy one. Generally speaking, several hours were spent in chat and story-telling, which was all very novel and sometimes highly amusing to me. Our camp at night made up a strange scene. Fifty fires, each surrounded by a group of savages, shimmering upon the ground ; many dark, ill-defined figures moving hither and

thither ; huge trees stretching their long and crooked arms overhead, now invisible, and now lit up with the fitful blaze ; impenetrable darkness around ; the heavy sougling of the wind through the forest ; the rumbling growl of the lion in the distance ; the gruff grunt of the leopard ; and the gloomy howling of hyænas, were a combination of sights and sounds not, perhaps, the most pleasant, but certainly not without a spice of the romantic. I never really believed in the laughing of the hyæna till I heard it in these forests. A donkey belonging to the Wasuahili died, and was dragged aside into the forest. At night the hyænas gathered together and held carnival over the carcase. Laugh ! these scavengers do laugh ! laugh in peals of horrid, brutal, fiendish cachinnation, but the effect upon the human being is to make his flesh creep.

One evening, as we sat talking over our camp fires, either one of these animals or a leopard sprang into our midst. Great was the scuffle that ensued, every man springing to his feet and seizing whatever came first—a bow, a spear, a gun, a fire-brand ; but before anything could be done the brute was off again, disappearing almost as suddenly as he came.

The next evening we set a gun-trap for hyænas, and before long the roar of the gun was heard. We went to see what had happened. An immense male hyæna had taken his quietus, the charge having entered his mouth, and he lay before us as still as a stone. The Wanika said, “ We shall have to hold a makanga (funeral ceremony) over this ; but the Wataveta, less respectful to the brute, heaped all manner of imprecations upon it for scratching up

the graves of their relatives and devouring their bodies.

A male child being born during my stay at Taveta, was called Mzungu, and I was entreated by the parents to pay him a visit. I did so, and was asked if I could not tell the child's fortune, or at least if I would not make some charm to keep it from evil; and the poor people were very disappointed when they found that I could do nothing for them in this way.

My delay at Taveta made me acquainted with the proceedings of the Wasuahili in regard to the slave trade. M. Mbuana, I found, had a large establishment of slaves in the place, and he was constantly receiving supplies from Mandara and the other chiefs of Chaga. Kapitau (the mkugenzi of the Wasuahili) had not been in Taveta a day before he sent a messenger to Mandara, with the present of a gun, requesting in return a "mzijana mzuri" (a fine girl), and Kapitau himself informed me afterwards that Mandara asked him to take fifty women to be sold in Mombasa for gunpowder, offering him five of the number as commission!

The large number of strangers at Taveta, after a few days, had a wonderful effect upon the price of provisions; and towards the close of my stay everything had gone up to a frightful pitch. This compelled a resort to the wilderness, whence a few things were brought in, a bull-calf rhinoceros being bagged upon one occasion, and we all feasted upon rhinoceros' flesh; but it was not to my liking. The liver of this animal, roasted in the fire, will keep for weeks, and is, on this account, as well as for its flavour, much

prized by the natives. The skin, three quarters of an inch thick, which when roasted looks like a piece of cocoa-nut, and eats something like it, is much relished.

But it was not flesh-meat that my men regarded as food. They would devour a whole cow between them in two days, and then complain of hunger. They never thought they had a meal unless they had had sima (stiff porridge of Indian corn or maize). On the other hand there was a great demand among the Tavetas for flesh, and they would not part with their grain except in exchange for it. I was under the necessity, therefore, of purchasing a cow, slaughtering it, and setting up a butcher's shop. The cow cost me more than \$15, yet all that we could make of it in sale was about \$1 worth of Indian corn. Yet the latter was of far more use to me than the cow would have been, and the above was the only method of procuring it.

But this was ruinous ; and as my cash was spent, a longer stay in Taveta, had I wished it, would have been impracticable ; therefore, on the morning of the 19th, we left its sylvan shades.

The people gathered about us in large numbers when we left, and wished us a prosperous journey. M. Mbuana, while expressing a hope that he might meet with us again, told us for our encouragement, that the wilderness we had to travel was infested with lions, and, Allahu Akbar ! was on this account very dangerous. Now for Bura, Ndara, and—home.

We had entered Taveta from the south ; now our way was toward the east. Clearing the forest in an hour, we stood upon the edge of the wilderness we had

to travel—an immense barren tract, constituting a large part of Eastern Africa, over which the inhabited districts are scattered like little islands in a sea of waste. Encountering a party of hunters on the way, but not a single lion, after four and a half hours' easy sauntering we reached Lanjora, where we found a camping place already prepared for us—a good thick hedge of thorns, and a nice shake-down of straw to sleep upon. Lanjora is a spring which has its rise here and runs towards the lake Jipe, but loses itself in the soil before it reaches that lake. The water is only slightly brackish, albeit the soil on either hand glistens with crystals of salt. Animals of all sorts resort hither for drink; and even the elephant and rhinoceros find sufficient water and mud here to drink at and wallow in, though the channel is choked up to a great extent by rushes and flags. It is a much-frequented camping ground, as it is a very acceptable break upon the waterless desert between Bura and Taveta.

We had not been in camp long before Beram, who had been a little beyond its limits, came back to inform us, with bated breath, that we were being watched by men from behind the bushes on all sides. Sadi and Tofiki were sent out to reconnoitre, while the rest of us prepared for defence. In a moment or two, however, our men returned, leading by the hand a man, who was introduced to me as the cousin of Maina, the chief of Gnambua. He was accompanied by a large party of Buras, who, though they look savage enough, proved a peaceable party; for, after begging for everything we had, they took their departure, and no harm was done. Nothing worse occurred during the night than the distant growl-

ings of lions, and the visit of a rhinoceros, which for a long time seemed disposed to upset our party.

The next morning, as soon as it was light, we continued our way. The land rose and fell in long, easy waves and troughs, and was overrun by every kind of wild animal. In the morning we stood to gaze upon an immense rhinoceros, which allowed us to approach him within a very short distance. Suddenly, however, as if he liked not the look of us, he turned and set off at a brisk trot, amazing me with the ease and grace with which he bore off his vast bulk upon his short, stiff legs. In the afternoon, coming quite unsuspectingly upon a thicket, a large hyæna started from it at my very feet. The brute was so near me that I might have touched him if he had stood; but the cowardly creature ran away before me with his tail between his legs, like a whipped cur. At five p.m., in full view of Bura, we turned aside and camped.

On the following day we ought to have reached Gnambua, but through the stupidity of our guide we unfortunately went astray, came upon the mountains far too much to the north, got into difficulties in the jungle, and, weary, hungry, thirsty, many out of temper, and most dispirited, we had to spend another night in the wilderness. Our water was spent, yet most of the men complained bitterly of thirst. There was a stream at no great distance, and thither some of the more courageous of the party proceeded to get water for themselves and the rest. On the way they met with some Buras, who for some time opposed them, insisting that they had no right to the water of the country; but who, upon the promise of a present,

allowed them to go on their way, and at midnight they returned with their full calabashes, much to the joy of us all.

Next morning we made our way along the mountain side to its southern end, rounding which we found ourselves between a pair of ridges, which form a deep recess, in the back of which are situated Gnambua and Muasagnombe; the former being the district over which Maina is chief, and the latter the village in which the chief resides. Marching up into the recess, a distance of two miles, we were shown to a partially cleared spot, surrounded by a jungle of bare thorns, and here we had to pitch our tent.

Nowhere did we create a greater sensation than at Bura. The people looked at me aghast; some of the gentler sex who met us in the way retreated many yards from the path, held their breath, and looked indescribable things, at length giving expression to their astonishment in inarticulate utterances, such as it would be absurd to try to represent. Then "Muzungu! Muzungu! Muzungu!" rang from all sides of the mountain. Taking my usual wash after a march, the whiteness of my neck and arms excited a burst of wonder, two or three women literally going off into fits at the sight! They began to dance and scream as if they were demented, so much so that we were obliged to have them removed.

About an hour after my arrival, Maina, the mfumo (chief), made his appearance. A large crowd had gathered about me, at which he pretended to be annoyed, and with much affected wrath he shouted, "Out upon you, ye Wataita! What are you doing? Do you wish to suffocate the stranger? He is a

great man, and not to be looked upon by the like of you. Let him alone! Make way! make way! Begone! begone!" He menaced them with his stick, but without much effect. The crowd moved aside carelessly, but even the younger people turned round and laughed at the old man.

The next morning we gave the chief our small present, which appeared to please him; yet, African like, he begged for something more. I tried to explain to him my missionary character; but after listening to a few words, he proposed to break up the palaver, the subject evidently being distasteful to him.

On Sunday I made some further attempts to preach the gospel, but neither Maina nor the people came to listen to me. On the 25th I should have left Bura, but I consented to remain that day by the earnest entreaty of the chief, who said he wished to see more of me, etc., etc. Instead, however, of favouring me with his company, he gave himself up to drinking the whole day, and I did not catch a sight of him. In the evening I sent a messenger to say that I should leave without fail on the morrow.

Early on the following morning we accordingly packed up. Just as we were about to leave, some one was heard calling to the guide from the jungle. It was Maina, who had come to see us off, but was ashamed to show himself, yet presently ventured into our presence. Poor old man! he is almost in his dotage. Expressing my displeasure at the manner in which he had treated me, he begged me not to be angry, said he wished to part with me in peace, and asked if I would not visit Bura again. He then called

for water for the purpose of performing the ceremony of "ku hassa ndia" (clearing the road), which consists of sundry incantations and the squirting of water over you from the mouth of the operator, a ceremony which I asked the old man to dispense with. The chief then wished me a pleasant journey, a fair path without thorns, protection against wild animals and savage men, and bade me farewell.

We took our way across the hollow, towards the termination of the eastern ridge, which rose before us in a perpendicular wall of granite, presenting a laminated appearance as of distinct layers of the various constituents of this species of rock. Ascending the lower spur, we obtained a good view of the country east and west—the summits of Kilima Njaro appearing above the end of Bura's opposite ridge. A little beyond, our progress was stopped in an unexpected way. A party of Buras were returning from the Usambara wars with a large booty of cattle and women. They wound their way up from the south to the very path we were following, while their wives and sisters, observing their approach from the mountain heights, came down the steeps to meet them, and it so happened that the two parties rushed, with screams of delight on the part of the women, into each other's arms, directly in our way. Then followed a scene of great excitement and tumult; men and women joining in a mad dance of triumph. Pausing till they had grown a little calmer, we made towards them, when, confronting us, they demanded what right we had to pass through their country without permission. They were not Maina's people, and they would not allow us to pass without paying toll, the

more so that we had brought dry weather with us! But finding that we had nothing to give them, they allowed us to continue our march.

We now descended to the Matate stream, and continued our course over arid undulations, now through open tracts, and now through close jungle of euphorbia, etc., by paths rough with felspathic rocks, till evening; when, in full view of Mount Ndara, we turned aside and encamped in a thicket. Our first view of the mountain was a fine sight. It is a long, straight, lofty range, with grassy steeps, woods and ravines, precipitous cliffs and extremely verdant heights; and when we came upon it, the whole mass was on fire in the ruddy glow of the setting sun, the effect being heightened by the various colours of the vegetation, soil, and rocks. But gradually the shadows crept up from the base to the top, and it then assumed a more sombre aspect, till all was lost in the gloom of night.

By nine o'clock next morning we reached the cultivated district at the foot of the mountain, when we were again startled by the sound of the native horn. The Ndara bands were returning from the wars, and the people rushed down from the mountain to meet them as at Bura.

We made our way around the south end of the mountain, over a very rough path, cut up into deep ditches by the rush of water down the mountain, and encumbered by outcropping masses and boulders of granite, felspar, and quartz, to the Bendari (mart) on the east side. It is called Mkinduni (among the sycamores) from the fact that these trees grow there, and is situated within a crescent of wider, though not

of such sublime proportions as those of Kisigau and Bura.

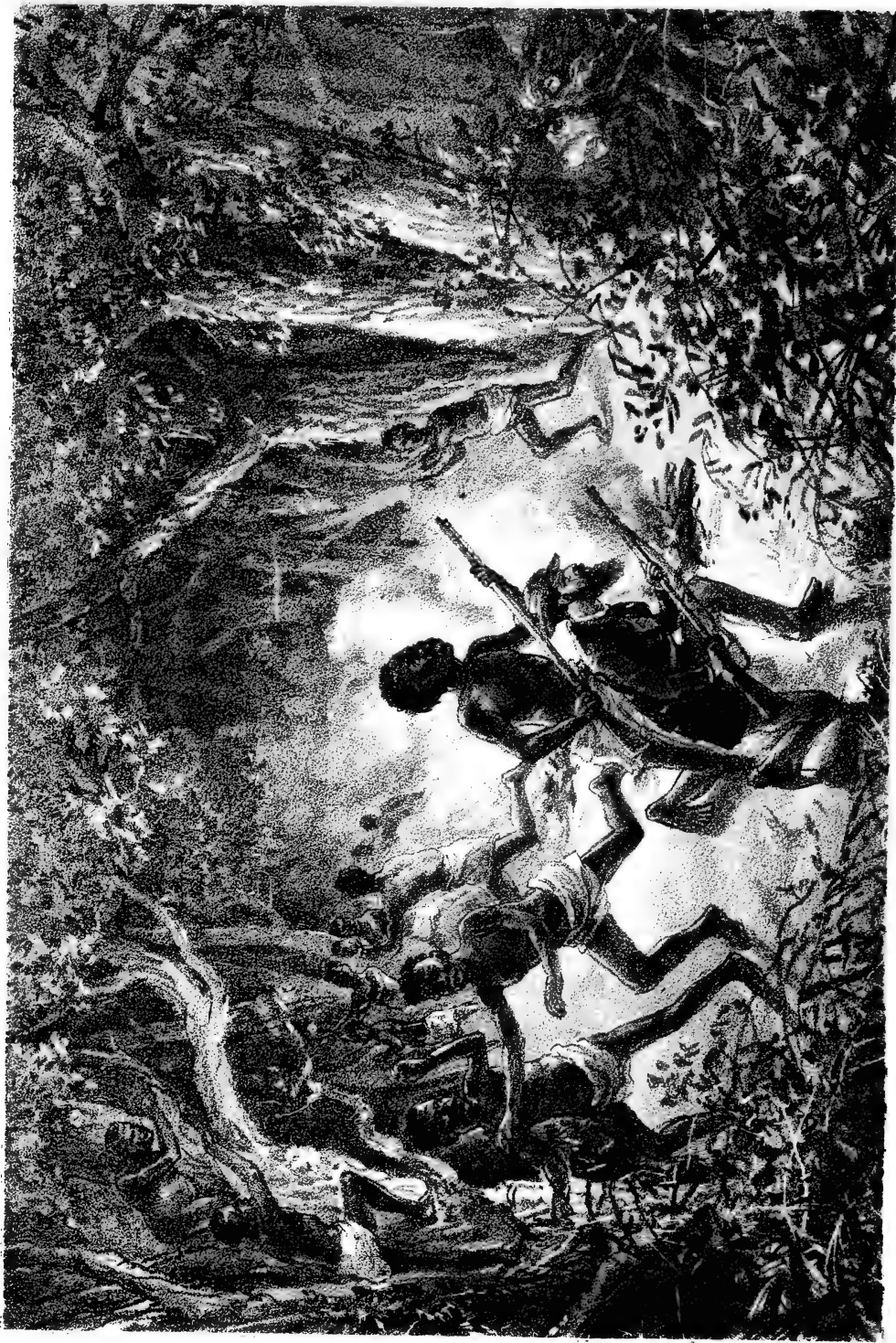
The Ndaras manifested less curiosity than any people we had yet met with, though they visited us in considerable numbers. They brought sugar-cane, beans, dried cassada, sweet potatoes, gourds, etc., for sale ; but they were hard merchants, and demanded very high prices for their goods. This is accounted for by the fact that this is the rendezvous of all caravans to and from Ukambani, with whom the people do a good deal of business, and practice makes them sharp traders.

I held palaver with the chief and elders of the tribe, but fear I did not succeed in enlightening them as to my character or purpose. They were more than ordinarily indifferent, unapprehensive, and dull.

We left Ndara on the evening of the 29th of September ; the route I had decided upon being that of Buchuma, Silaloni, and Geriama. It was a waterless tract, and we were now in the height of the hot season, wherefore we determined to travel by night so as to avoid the heat of the sun—a course which a number of Ndaras, who wished to accompany us, strongly advised us to take, observing that the country we had to travel was a “bara ya tisha” (frightful desert),—a waste, howling wilderness.

Having travelled from 9.30 p.m. to 1.30, the men complained of cold and fatigue, and asked for a halt. Permission given, down went the loads, wood was gathered, fires were kindled, the men lay down, and were soon overpowered with sleep. It was a strange sight, and I could not help thinking my situation somewhat peculiar. We were in the midst of a wide

wilderness in the dead of night ; around me about thirty half-nude, swarthy savages were lying, to all appearance dead ; the fires blazed fitfully, and threw a lurid light over their prostrate forms ; the trees, dimly discerned, looked like grim goblins watching over us ; whilst dense darkness and profound silence reigned around, and I—I was acting sentinel. But before long sleep overcame me, and for awhile I was oblivious of everything. When I awoke, feeling uncomfortably cold, I sat over the fires to warm myself. I sat till an intolerable sense of gloom oppressed me, when, just as I was thinking of rousing the men, a tremendous roar broke the stillness of the night ; *a lion was within a few paces of us !* It was so near and so sudden, that I started as if I had been shot. There was something in that deep growl that went through and through me. Tofiki was up in an instant. Seizing our guns and peering into the Cimmerian darkness, we tried to make out the brute's form, or at least a pair of glaring eyes, between which we might drop a bullet to some purpose. We looked in vain ; nothing but the dim, shadowy outline of a shaggy mane could we see, and it was no use to fire in uncertainty—to have done so would possibly have infuriated the animal and brought him upon us. Yet he could see us, though we could not see him,—an advantage which was not pleasant to contemplate. Again he growled more terribly than before, still we could make out nothing distinctly. A third growl roused the whole party. All sprang to their feet, terrified out of all presence of mind, shouting "Simba ! Simba !" (lion ! lion !) flying to the trees, ascending them like so many monkeys, and perching themselves



Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

A MIDNIGHT SURPRISE

(From a Sketch)

among the higher boughs. But the next time the growl was heard it was at a distance ; the shouting of the men and the scuffling which took place having frightened the brute off ; and now, like the distant rumbling of thunder, the dread sound died away till all was as silent as before.

We reached Buchuma at dawn, finding, as we suspected, not a drop of water in the large natural tanks which make this ungurunga one of the most important watering-places in this part of the country. The weather being cloudy, we continued our way for some time by day, but the sun eventually coming out, we hid away in the jungles till the afternoon, then marching till evening we halted again till the moon should rise. As soon as the moon was up we set off once more, hoping to reach Silaloni by noon of the following day. It proved to be a most trying march. The men lost heart and hung behind ; and it was not until two p.m. that I, with only three of the party attending me, reached the end of our journey. Arrived, we blew off our guns as an encouragement to any of the party who might be sufficiently near to hear them, but it was not till some time after dark that the last man came in.

Silaloni is an ungurunga consisting of two very large tanks in a bed of sandstone ; and, as we afterwards discovered, is the water supply of a very large district. The country properly belongs to the Walangulo, some of whom came to us and claimed jifu (black mail), but it is being encroached upon by the Wageriama.

Just as we were thinking of lying down for the night, our ears were assaulted by the cries of a party who bounced into the camp as though they were going to

drive all before them. Armed with bows and arrows, they looked formidable enough, and they stormed at us in the most frantic fashion. One of the party, flourishing his weapons, addressed his comrades in the most fiery tones thus :—"Here's a pretty out ! What are the Wajomba (Wasuahili) doing here ? What right have they to come and fire off their guns at Silaloni ? Is this to be endured ? Yonder water belongs to the Wageriama, the Walungulo, the Wataita, and the Wakamba ; but the Wajomba have no right here. They must know this." Then turning to the Wataita of our party, he continued, "What right have you to bring the Wajomba here ? What——"

Here I stepped forward and interposed with, "Neither the Wataita nor the Wajomba have anything to do with the matter ; if you have anything to say, address yourself to me." The blusterer stood as though he had been struck with a thunder-bolt, he had not expected to see a *white man*, and he changed his tone at once. He did not know that a Mzungu was present. What was he to do with a Mzungu ? "You," he said, "are a great man, and you must come to my village and spend the night there." Finding that he could not move me, he said, "Then you must give me your coat, that I may take that home with me ; *for I must have the smell of you in my hut.*" The coat was given to him, and away he went with it in triumph ; but it was brought back early on the following morning, and thrown at my feet.

On the 3rd of October we proceeded to Dindindi, in the Geriama country, where I was detained till the 10th. Nowhere was I received with greater heartiness or treated with greater kindness than at this place.

My arrival in the country at this time was on one account most opportune, as it enabled me to take an influential and successful part in an attempt which was being made to effect a reconciliation between the Wageriama and the Warabai. These tribes had been at variance for many years, each had been wreaking its vengeance upon the other in every possible way, burning down each other's villages, murdering each other's people, and perpetrating now and again the most unheard-of atrocities upon each other. Many attempts had been made to reconcile them without success, and now another endeavour was being made. The great obstacle in the way of a settlement of the matter was the determined opposition of an old man called Hunda, brother of Fungo, chief of the Wage-riama. Everybody else was in favour of peace, but Hunda would not hear of it, and, being a man of great influence, nothing could be done without his consent. For three months a party of Arabs had been in Geriama trying to influence this man favourably, but he stoutly refused to yield. Before I had been in the place many days, however, the old man exhibited such a deference to me that it was thought he would listen to me on the peace question. The Arabs accordingly applied to me, asking me to use what influence I had with the old man, and I readily promised to do my best in such a cause.

As soon as an opportunity therefore presented itself, I broached the subject to Hunda, asking him why he so strongly objected to a peace. In reply he delivered a long and really eloquent speech upon the subject. The quarrel had arisen through the murder of Hunda's son by some of the Warabai. He said :

"My son went on a friendly errand to Rabai, and he was cruelly murdered there : they cut his throat in cold blood just as they would cut the throat of a kuku (fowl). It was a grievous wrong, and I want some tangible acknowledgment of it on the part of the Warabai, and until they give it I cannot accept a peace."

I admitted that those who had been guilty of such a deed deserved to be punished, but I reminded the old man that the innocent were being made to suffer for the guilty by the way he was seeking revenge,—his own tribe's people as well as the Warabai, and that the guilt of both was being increased without the least advantage being gained by either. I concluded by saying : "Hunda, you are an old man ; it is bad to go down to the grave with hatred in one's heart, and to leave one's children the legacy of a war. Hear the advice of one who wishes you well, and end your days in peace." We talked the matter over again and again, the old man for a long time insisting upon kora (compensation). At length, moved by his obstinacy, I turned my back upon him, saying it was clear to me that he was a supremely selfish man, and was only anxious to make a profit out of the murder of his son ! At last he yielded. He said : "It is true that all the Wageriama and Warabai want peace ; I only am against it. But the Mzungu wishes me to give up my opposition. The Mzungu is a man of God (mutu wa Mulungu), God hears him, and whom God hears we respect (ogoha—fear, respect) ; I will do as he wishes me to do. I will consent to peace ; if I have not a *needle* given me in compensation, this quarrel shall be settled."

He was very anxious that I should stay in the

country till the matter could be concluded; but as there were a great many preliminaries yet, which would take many days' palaver to get over, I decided to proceed to Ribe, promising that, as soon as they were ready, I would make a special trip to Geriama to complete the arrangement, if they wished me to do so.

On the morning of the 10th of October, therefore, I left Geriama, and on the afternoon of the same day I was upon the Mission Station, which we had left three months before. Great was the delight of the people to see us back again. It had been reported that we had all been murdered; so much greater, therefore, was the pleasure of seeing us safe and sound again. The Wanika were received by their friends with shouts and songs of rejoicing. Wives, sisters, mothers, fathers, brothers—all turned out to bid the wanderers welcome.

About a fortnight afterwards a deputation from Geriama came to the Station to say it had been arranged that the Wageriama and the Warabai should meet for the purpose of concluding the peace, and begging me to go over to unite the parties.

I found the Wageriama gathered together in large numbers, holding a parliament beneath the trees in one of their kayas. Great speeches were made, which elicited thunders of applause, from which it was quite evident to me that the people were in earnest. It having been arranged that the parties should meet upon a spot on the border between the two territories, when the speechifying was over, we set out for the place. Presently the two peoples came in sight of each other, when, as if mutually smitten with fear, both suddenly halted. It was the first time they had

met, except to shed each other's blood, for more than ten years. No wonder then that they should pause. Gradually approaching each other, they at length stood face to face, at a distance apart of only some twenty yards. Both sides were well armed; both were prepared for war if necessary! It was a critical moment; an injudicious word uttered on either side might have led to blows, when, what a scene of carnage might have ensued! Both parties knelt upon the ground, grasping their arms more firmly, and looking at each other as if they knew not what to do. The Arabs paced up and down between them in the utmost state of excitement, calling frantically upon Allah and Muhammad, greatly afraid that something dreadful would happen, but utterly at a loss how to act. They looked to me imploringly, as if they wished me to take the initiative; so, approaching the Warabai, I made a speech which broke the ice. Other speeches followed on both sides. Then two of the elders, one from each side, coming to the centre and shaking hands, the whole of the two parties sprang to their feet, rushed together, grasped each other's hands, called each other fathers and sons, friends and brothers, laughing and crying almost in a breath, and inviting each other home. Many of the Wageriama supped with the Warabai, and *vice versâ*, while I returned to the Mission Station, thanking God that almost my last act in Africa should have been that of uniting in amity two tribes who had so long sought as their chief gratification to imbrue their hands in each other's blood.

“GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH
PEACE AND GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.”

CHAPTER XXV.

EAST AFRICAN SLAVERY.

DURING the past year the attention of the British public has been called to the question of East African slavery, and the system was found to have attained such a frightful magnitude, and to be attended with such horrors, that a large amount of indignation was excited in regard to it, and both platform and press denounced it in the strongest terms. True to her character, policy, and traditions, England no sooner saw the evil, than she began to bestir herself, and to set about bringing it to an end. An able, sympathetic, uncompromising foe to the system was appointed to investigate the matter, and to deal its death-blow. Sir Bartle Frere sailed to the Indian Ocean, where the evil prevailed, visited Zanzibar, Muscat, and other places engaged in the traffic, and negotiated treaties with the Sultans of those places, by which those rulers consented to abolish the traffic in human flesh. The information that this had been accomplished was hailed with delight, a pæan of triumph rang from one end of England to the other, and the people of this country are now congratulating themselves that the monster evil is at an end, and

are dismissing the subject from their thoughts. For ourselves we heartily wish we could join in this ; but our knowledge of the traffic and those concerned in it, the utter want of confidence we feel in the mere signing of anti-slavery treaties by Muhammadan princes, and the fact that, while the *foreign* traffic is prohibited by the new treaty, slavery is still allowed to exist in Africa, prevents our participating as fully as we could wish, in the exultation felt by our countrymen in this last achievement of British diplomacy against the slave-trade in Eastern Africa. That a grand stride in the right direction has been made ; that Sir Bartle Frere has done all that a man of consummate abilities and implacable hatred to slavery could do under the circumstances ; that, indeed, everything has been done which, *diplomatically considered*, it *may be deemed right* for the British government to do, we are prepared to admit ; but that East African slavery has been destroyed—that the question has been *finally settled*, we venture to say is not the case. The evil still lives, “cabined, cribbed, confined,” it is true ; but there it is—a purulent imposthume, over which a healthy skin appears to have grown, but which is certain sooner or later to break out again, and to give us as much, if not more, trouble than ever. This must be so in the very nature of things, and it will be so till the disease has been probed to the very core, and that core has been torn out by its roots. It is not a pleasant thing to be told that there is more fighting to do after we have doffed our armour, the song of victory has been sung, and we are receiving the congratulations of our friends ; but it is our duty to do so in the present instance, *for slavery is still*

preying at the heart of Africa. It is important to keep the knowledge of this fact alive, and it is therefore that we feel called upon to write this chapter. It will be sufficient, however, under present circumstances, and for the present purpose, to place the main facts and the leading features of the system before the reader, without entering into the innumerable details associated therewith.

We will first call attention to the source of supply. The tract of country drawn upon in order to meet the demands of the trade is enormous, embracing in its widest extent quite one-fourth of the entire African continent; that is to say, all the territories enclosed, on the one hand, by the Indian Ocean, the Red Sea, and a part of the Mediterranean; and, on the other, by the course of the Nile, a line running behind or west of the Nyanza and Tanganika lakes, reaching as far south as the lake Nyassa, with the Zambezi as its southern boundary. But the East African slave-trade proper receives its supplies from a portion of this immense tract, which may be divided into three parts: first, the southern district, or all the regions between Kiloa, the Zambezi, and the lake Nyassa; secondly, a central one, or all the lands lying between Zanzibar and the Tanganika; and, thirdly, a northern one, the countries between Mombasa and Barawa, and the shores of the Victoria Nyanza. The tribes occupying this area are innumerable, and need not be repeated. All are not equally involved, simply because they are not all equally accessible. The extent to which any of them become the victims of the traffic depends greatly upon such contingencies as war and famine; for no well-to-do, peace-enjoying people would

consent to sell each other into bondage; *even Africans are not sufficiently degraded for that.* By far the largest number of slaves are obtained from the southern region, from the Wamakua, Wangindo, Waiau, and Wanyassa tribes; but almost all the rest send supplies at some time or other, more or less.

Now a word or two as to the markets to which the slaves are conveyed. These are both home and foreign. All the towns and villages upon the east coast are supplied with slaves from the interior; and at most of the larger towns—Kilua, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Malinde, Lamu, etc.—slaves were sold in 1872 in the public market-places; but Sir B. Frere's treaty, we believe, has put an end to this for the time. The foreign markets were Madagascar, the Comoro islands, Arabia, and Persia, the two latter, it must be observed, *in spite of treaties forbidding the traffic to those countries!*

The great extent to which the traffic was being carried on has now become a matter of public notoriety; all that Dr. Livingstone and others had said having been more than confirmed by the letters of the correspondents who accompanied Sir B. Frere, and by the reports of Sir B. Frere himself. Zanzibar alone imported about 20,000 slaves annually; a brisk trade was being carried on between Mozambique and Madagascar; many thousands were conveyed to the Persian Gulf; and if to them we add the Red Sea and the Nile or Egyptian trade, it has been estimated that the number of slaves brought to the market would amount to something like 70,000 annually! But there is a matter of great importance which must not be overlooked in the consideration

of this question ; it is a fact, established upon unquestionable data, that for every slave brought to the market, at least four others have to pay the penalty of death ; for only one in five persons survives the terrible ordeal of the slave-making process ! Seventy thousand slaves, therefore, brought to the market, represent no fewer than 350,000 victims ! Dr. Livingstone's estimate regarding the Zambezi traffic was that only one in ten survived !

As to the origin of slavery in Eastern Africa there can be no doubt that it is indigenous, and has existed among the natives from the earliest ages. It seems to have arisen among them as it arose among the early Hebrews, as a kind of penal institution, intended as a punishment for, and as a means of obtaining indemnification and compensation from criminals, debtors, prisoners of war, etc. ; but the *modern traffic* has been developed by foreigners, chiefly by the Arabs, who have so long been supreme upon the East Coast, and whose religion teaches them to regard all "unbelieving" races as having been intended to become their slaves. Enquiries have been made whether the slave traffic has given rise to the feuds which prevail among the tribes of the interior, or whether the traffic has arisen out of those feuds. Neither, we should say, would be the exact truth. To charge all African quarrels upon the slave traffic would be wrong ; for Africans are but men at best, and are the subjects of such passions as would lead them often enough into quarrels, even if slavery did not exist ; and, being barbarians, it would not be wonderful if these quarrels were pretty frequent. On the other hand, the constitution of Arabian society

creates a necessity for the importation of a large slave-element from some quarter or other, and to this requirement the state of things in Africa is highly favourable. Taking advantage, therefore, of the barbarism and unsettled condition of Africa, the Arabs have drawn upon her for slaves, and have done their utmost to perpetuate and increase that disquietude which they find to be so advantageous to them. These are not speculations, but plain matters of fact.

The two great engines which keep the traffic in motion are *war* and *famine*. In times of peace and prosperity slaves are not easily obtained, so bows and arrows, spears and shields, powder and shot, are brought into use; the desirable state of destitution and want is brought about; captives are made; and a brisk trade immediately springs up. This was the case with the Gallas in 1868, and the same kind of thing has been seen going on in Taita, Chaga, etc. For further confirmation of this we may refer to the information supplied by Dr. Livingstone regarding the regions about the Zambezi. There is no species of fraud and rascality that is not resorted to for the sake of procuring human chattels for the market. Kidnapping is extensively carried on, so much so that it is considered unsafe in Unika for the women and children to go any distance from home unprotected at the season when the grass is tall and abundant. It is common for the Wasuahili to lay baits, in order to tempt the Wanika to steal; when, if the bait be taken, the dupe is seized and sold. Or a man may be caught picking up a piece of cassada from the plantation of a Msuahili—a very venial offence; but this is made the pretext for selling him. Again, others are wheedled

into contracting debts, for which afterwards, at the very moment when least able to discharge them, they, their children, or their friends, are taken to be turned into beasts of burden, for a period which terminates with no sabbatic year, or even a year of jubilee. The debt incurred by the unfortunate and overreached victim of cupidity, avarice and tyranny, is beyond liquidation ; he must work to the bare bone himself, and breed a family to carry on the toil when he is quite used up !

With regard to slaves obtained in the far interior, the march to the coast is one of the most terrible things connected with the traffic. To men performing the journey willingly, with substantial rations and no burden to carry, it is severe ; but for those who are being forcibly conveyed from their homes and all they hold dear, their necks galling and jolted almost to dislocation in the prong of the rough branch by which they are secured ; with heavy chains on their hands ; backs smarting under frequent blows, loins lank with starvation, and tongues withered with thirst ; with burdens upon their heads, and still heavier ones on their hearts ; for women similarly situated, but with the addition of children alternately tugging vainly at their breasts and screaming on their hips ; for children, unused as they are to such long walks, hungry, footsore, and worn ;—for *such* the journey to the coast must be the horror of horrors. Before the march has been continued many days a man grows sick, and is soon unable to move ; the lash no longer starts him ; he sinks helplessly to the earth ; curses fall thick upon him ; he is quickly unyoked ; and, leaving him there to die, the gang proceeds. A little farther

on a woman becomes so weak and emaciated that she cannot continue the march, so her child being taken from her arms, and committed to the charge of another before her eyes, *she* is disconnected, and, with the coarsest abuse for interrupting the march of the sublime *cortège*, (?) she, too, is left behind. Or a mother, by dint of an almighty love for her child, holds out with superhuman strength; she *will not give way*; but, unable to supply the child with the necessary nutriment, the little one dies; *he* becomes a useless incumbrance, and despite the mother's shrieks and the hot, scalding tears that course their way down her swarthy cheeks, he is torn from her arms, and is tossed aside into the tall grass as if he were a dog. At night the hyænas make a meal of all three!

Next come the terrors of the middle passage, upon which it is not necessary to dwell at any length, after the descriptions given by Captains Sullivan and Colomb. All that was said by Sir T. Fowell Buxton in his masterly work upon this phase of the subject, in regard to the western traffic, is equally true of this in the east. Slaves are packed in the miserable native craft like herrings in a barrel, and are treated worse than if they were brutes. I have seen vessels in the harbours so crowded—the people standing—as to appear like an immovable mass; the sailors having literally to elbow their way from stem to stern. Think of such a freight of men, women, and children in such a vessel for days, and often for a whole month, at sea! Think of them packed away in the hold, half starved, disease rife among them, rolling in filth, writhing in pain, and actually dying together in

heaps! Many a wretched man has sought deliverance from his misery by throwing himself into the sea; while others, becoming troublesome through sickness, etc., have been remorselessly pitched headlong to the same fate. What matters it that they were not quite dead! They *would* have died; and they were but slaves! Think of what happens even through English endeavour to rescue them. As the slaver holds on her course, on some fine morning those on board see something like smoke on the distant horizon. They tremble, for there is no mistaking that smoke. Presently a steamer looms into view. It is one of the dreaded British cruisers! She is on the course of the slaver, and those on board the latter know that it is all over with them. "Muzungu! Muzungu!" The slaves are told that the fiery white man is after them, "on blood and slaughter bent;" that they will all be cut to pieces, flayed and disjointed alive; and that after that they will all be roasted and devoured. This is enough for the slave-dealer's purpose; the whole cargo becomes frantic; and before they can be rescued many of them have leapt overboard! Those that remain are so terror-stricken, that, deaf to all assurances of kind intentions on the part of their deliverers, they refuse to be removed, and have to be conveyed by main force to the cruiser!

But should the slave not be captured, his after course may be indicated under three heads: the *custom-house*, the *market*, and the *mill*—the mill, at which he grinds for the Philistines, and at which the Philistines grind him.

Once, when at the custom-house at Malindi, I

witnessed the following altercation between the customs-master and a Msuahili:—"You shan't have them," shouted the zeti (customs-master, a Banian and British subject). "Why not? I *will* have them! Zeti, are you mad!" returned the Msuahili. "Bring the duty, then," demanded the zeti, "and they are yours." What *were* they? Emerging from the pen in which they had been retained, were two young girls, hanging down their heads in deepest shame, and were about to move off. "Stop!" bawled the zeti again, "these are not common slaves; they are suria" (concubines), and he made a larger claim. The Msuahili protested. But the guards were called, and the girls were pushed back into the pen as if they had been sheep. So tender girls, that ought to be taken care of and trained for a useful position in life, were bundled and tossed about like animals by these *amiable purchasers* and *tender officials*! To avoid paying the tax upon useless material, cargoes were often sorted upon arrival at port; and, instead of being passed through the custom-house and taken care of, those who were *thought not likely to live* were *left upon the beach to die*!

The market has already been briefly described in the chapter on Zanzibar, and we need only say further that the same kind of thing was carried on in every town of the least consideration, and that in every village and hamlet something was done in the trade in human flesh. Wherever we went, the unnatural and revolting spectacle of men bargaining with each other for God's image—shockingly defaced, it is true, but quite as much so on the side of the buyer as on that of the slave—met our view. In some

places, when bidding in the market grows dull, the slaves were led in gangs and hawked round town, every passenger being invited to examine and purchase, and the goods offered for sale at every hut door ! I have met such processions in the streets ; I have seen them stopped ; I have witnessed the examinations, and heard the conversations which have taken place ; but I will not particularize ; it outrages all decency—it is monstrous.

We now come to the *mill*. The majority of slaves are put to the cultivation of the soil ; those imported full-grown are scarcely fit for anything else. But the youthful portion of the imports are turned to account in a variety of ways. After all the coarser of both sexes have been sent to the plantations : of the males, some are put to the various trades, some to household occupations, others become porters, and some petty traders : of the females, all the better-looking become masuria (concubines), others are made market-women of, and others household servants, cooks, hewers of wood, drawers of water, etc.

The life of the agricultural slave is one of great hardship. With short-handled hoe, backs bent from “early morn to dewy eve,” beneath a vertical sun, the women often with a child slung at their hips, their allowance of food a small measure (about a pint) of Turkish maize, and a small piece of salt-fish as a relish, they continue their weary toil, though, it must be admitted, without much complaint. Feeling a sheer inability to struggle against their fate, they submit as a sheep does to the slaughter ; and when asked how they like their lot, they reply, “What can we do ? we are slaves ;” not unfrequently adding,

“God has so ordained it.” Nothing could be more abject ; and it is this that some people would call contentment with their lot. Slavery crushes the soul out of a man, turns him into a speechless, uncomplaining brute ; and they who have caused it cry, “Behold the useful and happy being we have evolved out of that independent, discontented, turbulent creature called man !” while others of us can see nothing but a miserable wreck of all that was intended to be noble.

Slaves, it may be admitted, are not so hard driven in East Africa as they were, say, in America ; simply because there is less pressure in the one case than in the other. In Africa life is so simple, the requirements of it are so meagre, and the value of labour is so small, that there is no need for that severe straining of nerve and sinew which the requirements of western civilization render imperative. So also it may be confessed that slaves are often treated with humanity, upon the same principle that many men treat their horses kindly ; they are *money*, and, moreover, *machines*, which it is necessary to keep in pretty good repair that they may do the work required of them.

Nevertheless, there is a strong case to be made out against African slavery ; its effects upon master and slave, upon the country and commerce, being eminently injurious.

The first thing that slavery does against its victim is to rob him of his manhood, and it is this fact that works all the mischief. Slavery assumes a proprietorship which is the prerogative of the Divine Being alone ; and that is practical atheism. Surely this is crime enough. Slavery violates all the most

sacred feelings of the human breast, and breaks down every hallowed institution it may meet in its destructive course. *Marriage* and *home life* it utterly condemns ; one of its earliest enormities being to break up the family circle, and scatter the members of it to the winds. What right have these people to love each other ? Marriage set aside, and family bonds snapped asunder, followed by a life of extreme hardship, the heart grows so callous, that the purer feelings of human nature die out ; and without “ natural affection ” the door to unbridled license is thrown open ; and thus a social condition is established, the evils of which it would take many pages to describe, and dark indeed would those pages be !

Then there is the reflex influence which slavery exerts upon the slave-owners, hanging like a millstone about their necks, and dragging them down to its own degradation. It makes them arrogant, pitiless, licentious, voluptuous, and effeminate to the last degree. Developing all the worst passions, it hardens the heart, and leads to a low estimate of human life. Suppose a man beats his slave to death : what of it ? may he not do what he will with his own ? Or he kills the slave of another : what then ? he pays the slave’s price, twenty or thirty dollars, and the matter is at an end ! The following account, taken from the lips of a slave, will illustrate this part of the subject. “ I am a Mgindo. I don’t know anything of my early life. The first I remember of myself is, that when very young I was with my father at Kiloa. I think it likely I was brought to the coast on my mother’s back, when quite an infant, of course in connection with a slave caravan. At length my father

and I were bought by an Arab, who put us on board a vessel with the view of bringing us to Zanzibar. Our new master was accompanied by a young lad, his son. When fairly out to sea, the wind blowing briskly and the waves running high, the lad commanded my father in a very unbecoming way to do something for him. My father said, 'Why do you ask an old man to do this? You are but a child, and there is my boy at your service.' Thereupon the lad struck my father in the face, who in turn gave the former a push. The vessel lurching just as this happened, and having no bulwarks, the boy unfortunately fell overboard and disappeared like a stone; and, as we were flying at a high speed, it was impossible to rescue him. The father cursed and stormed dreadfully, and turning to the sailors, and pointing to my father, he shouted, 'Seize that slave, and cut his throat instantly.' My father was bound to the side of the vessel, and then, while I gazed stupefied, they slaughtered him as they might have done a sheep, and pitched his body into the sea. I made a rush to follow him, but was seized and thrown like an empty bag into the hold, where I lay insensible till I was taken out of the vessel and put ashore at Zanzibar."

Here is a case in which slavery was the cause of both a sad misfortune and a dreadful crime, and in which by a strange metamorphosis the misfortune would be made a crime, and the crime an act of justice. Wherever this story might be told among slave-holders, I will venture to state that not a single expression of commiseration would be excited for the unfortunate slave, while the greatest sympathy would





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SLAVE-FLOGGING AT MALINDE

(From a Sketch.)

be manifested for the *real* criminal, and all tongues would justify the bloody deed.

Then the social and judicial tyranny and cruelty to which slavery gives rise is fearful. The instruments by which household discipline is maintained, are the stick, fetters, manacles, chains, the kongo (an iron collar with a long beam attached, which the slave has to trail after him wherever he may go), and the stocks; and they are not unfrequently used. As an illustration of judicial cruelty, we give the following fact. One morning a Msania came to our tent in a very excited state, exclaiming, "Oh, white man! white man! do go to the market-place, they will kill the man! they will kill the man! Do go and help him if you can!" As the Msania was not likely to have been so affected about a little matter, we thought there must be something very bad going on, and we went to the market-place. Arrived there, this is what we saw. A man almost nude was slung up by his hands to the flagstaff several feet above the ground, with nothing else to support him and to keep him from swinging about but a piece of coir-rope around his waist. His back was severely bruised, was bleeding fast, and he was gasping for breath. Seeing us, he groaned out, "Oh, Waunguana! Waunguana!" (Oh, gentlemen! gentlemen!) in piteous appeal to us. I shall never forget it. A noisy crowd was standing around, among which were a large number of Belooch soldiers. These men were in their glory, and were gloating over their victim. It was their especial privilege to lay on the stick; and they had already been practising their brutalities, though the beating was suspended upon our appearance. Armed with heavy

sticks of "mtogue," as tough and supple as a piece of gutta-percha, they had been exercising all their muscular power in beating that wretched man, one by one parading up and down before the panting man, and carrying out the programme thus : "Son of a dog! etc., etc., behold this stick, how lithe and tough ; just the thing for thy back,—I'll teach you ! Take that, that, and that ! It smarts does it ? Good, you shall have more by-and-by ; but I *must* breathe." Moved by the cruel scene, we interceded for the poor man, and he was for the time released ; but, as we afterwards learned, we had no sooner left the town than he was rebound and flogged to death ! It should be observed that the man had been guilty of some petty theft. Such is slavery in East Africa.

It must be a source of great satisfaction to all interested in the welfare of Africa, that England has done what she has to limit and suppress the abomination. The new treaty stipulates, first, that the traffic by sea shall entirely cease ; second, that the public markets in the dominion of Sayid Barghash be entirely closed ; third, that the Sultan engages to protect all liberated slaves ; and, fourth, that all Indian, British protected subjects be prohibited from possessing slaves. To secure the object of the treaty, the annual tribute of \$40,000 per annum, due from Zanzibar to Muscat, is to be remitted, England engaging to pay the amount while the Sultan of Zanzibar keeps the treaty ; the number of our cruisers is to be increased ; and, by way of encouraging legitimate commerce, England is taxing herself to the extent of £26,000 per annum, in order to subsidize the Zanzibar mails ; that is to say, if the famous "Zanzibar Con-

tract" be maintained. The cost of keeping up our cruising squadron in the Indian Ocean, we believe, amounts to from £70,000 to £100,000 per annum ; so that the total annual expense to which England is cheerfully submitting in order to destroy East African slavery, rises to something like £134,000 per year ! How long this is to last cannot be told ; but if it should not end before East African slavery is destroyed, we fear it will continue a very long time.

We have a deep appreciation for the spirit our noble country has displayed in the action she has taken against slavery ; at the same time we cannot close our eyes to the fact that *slavery still exists on the coast of Africa*. We cannot but regret, after all that has been done, that the least fragment of the system should remain. England deserves to have succeeded better ; slavery ought to have been entirely abolished ; and, but for an over-cautious policy and a long-winded diplomacy, we cannot help thinking that this might have been done.

The effect of the present measures will be to check the traffic for a time, and some of its more palpable horrors (the market, etc.) will disappear ; but we greatly fear it will break out again ere long. Slaves will still be brought down from all parts of the interior to the coast ; and, forbidden a passage by sea, they will be taken from town to town overland. Exportation from the coast prohibited, they will in time become so numerous that their prices will be much lower ; and many a man, who has now to work for his own living, will become a slave proprietor, and will live upon the toil of his slaves. Moreover, it should be observed, that while slaves will depreciate

in value in Africa, the want of supply will increase their price in such countries as Arabia ; and the greater the difference between the two, the stronger will be the inducement to open up the trade again ; and we have no doubt but that ere long it will be revived. It was in *spite of treaties and cruisers* that the late traffic had gained such flourishing dimensions ; yet these are all we have to trust to now ; and we cannot help the conviction that while the people interested in the traffic and the conditions surrounding them remain the same, the evil will be resuscitated. You might as well build a dam across the mouth of all the rivers to prevent the flow of their waters into the sea, as to stop the exportation of slaves, while slaves are to be found upon the coast, and such temptation to export them exists. In the one case, the water would continue to flow and rise till it overtopped the barrier, and swept all before it ; the only remedy would be to dry up the sources. So of slavery.

We have a long-standing conviction that the only effectual way of destroying East African slavery would be to establish on the East Coast a colony analogous to Sierra Leone ; in connection with which, while the freedom of the people is secured to them, they could be educated in the arts of civilized life, and, above all, be taught the elevating principles of the religion of Jesus Christ. We are bound to take care of, and properly educate, those whom we voluntarily liberate, and make our *protégés* ; but hitherto this is a work which has been sadly neglected. It would indeed be a grand thing if Mombasa—the advantages of which, for such a purpose, Sir Bartle Frere fully

recognises—could be made the scene of such a colony as that of which we write. It is the great *desideratum* for Eastern Africa. Would that the English Government had seen its way to have undertaken such a work !

We are glad to see that liberated slaves are not to be transported from their own country, even to be educated. The condition of liberated slaves in the Mauritius, at Seychelles, Bombay, Aden, and other places, was far from satisfactory. From personal intercourse I found that these freed people feel their exile more than they did their original slavery. Neither will foreign establishments for the education of Africans meet the case. The African is not a plant that requires to be forced unnaturally ; for, so treated, he speedily runs to seed, and then withers and dies. He should be kept upon his own soil, supplied with good, wholesome manure, carefully tended and well pruned down, and then something useful, if not great, may be made out of him. *Africa for the Africans, and Africans for Africa*, should be the motto of all who wish well for this country and people. The capabilities of the country are great, and its resources need to be developed ; and this can only be done by keeping her people within her, and teaching them how to live and labour for her welfare. Missionaries of the right stamp are wanted, and we are glad to find that Sir Bartle Frere recommends the government of this country to assist in every possible way missionary societies to do the work which they alone can do.

In conclusion, we cannot help quoting the weighty words with which Sir Bartle Frere closes his report

to the government. He says : " I would recommend, as far as possible, taking advantage of non-official, and especially missionary, enterprise, giving every aid and encouragement, in the latter case, to render the establishment effective for the industrial training of the liberated Africans.

" Alfreds and Charlemagnes are not to be got by official indent, but they are sure to appear when men trained as members of great civilized communities are brought in contact with masses of uncivilized men, tractable, teachable, and strong to labour, under any other conditions than those of the slave and his driver.

" More especially, I believe, the men required will be found when they are attracted, not by mere worldly motives, by love of gain or adventure, but by the religious zeal which civilized the forests of the north, and which now supplies more or less of motive to all but the outcasts of society in every community of the civilized world in which the constructive faculty is still active."

CHAPTER XXVI.

CONCLUSION—THE LIVINGSTONE EXPEDITION— HOME.

A LONG life in Eastern Africa cannot but have an injurious effect upon the constitution of an European, and for some time we had been made to *feel* this. In 1868, after a five years' residence upon the coast, a long succession of fevers, dysentery which had become chronic, and other complaints, had gone far to undermine an originally sound, strong, and wiry constitution ; and, had it been possible, it would have been prudent *then* to have returned to England for a change. But duty before privilege ; we had work to do, and we remained to do it. Having great faith in the force of will and the advantage of activity, we resolved we would not give in, and, if possible, went to work with greater energy than ever. This, if it did not greatly improve us, kept us from sinking any lower than we were. But the trip to Kilima Njaro, the new scenes we witnessed, the excitement of adventure, and the delicious climate we enjoyed, notwithstanding many severities and hardships, did us a great deal of good. Still, to complete the work of restoration, it was important that we should not

remain longer than was absolutely necessary in the malarious jungles of the lowlands ; and after a while, the way opening up, we determined to return to the "old country."

Accordingly, learning that the "Abydos" was expected at Zanzibar, whence she would proceed to England almost immediately, we wrote to the agents, and bespoke a passage in her. Leaving Mombasa, therefore, on the 11th of March, 1872, we sailed for Zanzibar ; the trip, which with a favourable wind ought not to take more than a day and a half, occupying us from Monday to Friday—five days—on account of the change which had already taken place in the monsoon. We were under the necessity of tacking, and of following the bights and bays ; moreover, we only travelled by day, as we were always dropping anchor, or *went down to the bottom* ourselves in the evening, in order to spend the night in quietude and safety. The following will explain this. We remember a native telling an incredible story about a "big swim" he had once effected across a wide gulf. In the middle of his relation he was stopped by a common-place man with the question, "What did you do, my brother, when you got tired?" "Do?" replied the other, in ineffable contempt, "do? why, *I went down to the bottom and rested, to be sure.*" Strange as the preceding may appear, this is what *we* really did ; for, sailing among the shallows, when the tide receded we were dropped to the bottom, where we remained to sleep till we were borne off by the rising of the waters. We reached Zanzibar on the 15th. On the following Sunday, 17th, the "Abydos" steamed into port. I could not help feeling somewhat

excited. The whole gulf between Africa and England was suddenly bridged over. Here was the vessel which was to take me home, and in less than two months I should tread the soil of fatherland once more! But before I had time to contemplate this, I learned that the "Abydos" had brought out a party of three young men, who had been commissioned to organize and conduct an expedition for the search and relief of Dr. Livingstone; and ere long I discovered to my surprise and almost dismay that I was to be invited to join the party. An official communication informed me that, at the request of the Royal Geographical Society, leave of absence had been granted me by our own Society, in order that I might join the expedition, provided I thought well to do so. Now after my long life in Africa, considering the state of my health, and the many objects I had in returning to England, nothing but a matter of the utmost importance could have induced me to entertain a proposition of returning at that time into the interior of Africa. A search for Dr. Livingstone, however, was a matter of such great significance, that, from the first, I inclined towards the expedition. In such an undertaking it appeared to me that, if we succeeded, we should be serving, not only Dr. Livingstone himself, but the cause of Africa, and, indeed, of humanity at large. As to the work itself, it was what I had begun to feel quite at home in; and as for its dangers, my previous life in Africa had made me utterly indifferent to them; indeed, I did not regard them as being at all serious. But I hesitated to give in my immediate adhesion, because I knew nothing of the men who were to be my companions. Two or

three years in the heart of Africa, with unsuitable associates, would be no small trial, especially as misunderstandings would be liable to ruin the object of the expedition. Finding, however, that the gentlemen of the party were disposed to meet my views as far as they could, I accepted a position among them, and immediately went to work with hearty good will to make the needful preparations. Among other things it devolved on me to make a trip from Zanzibar to Mombasa, in order to secure the services of a number of men to act as guards upon the expedition; and in connection with this trip I narrowly escaped two imminent perils. As the journey could not have been made by a sailing vessel, on account of the monsoon, the Sultan kindly lent us a small steamer, the "Dara Salaam," for the purpose. We left port early on Thursday, reaching Mombasa the following morning. Having completed our business, we left Mombasa again on the following Wednesday for Zanzibar. For a short cut, and to have avoided danger, our proper course would have been to have run out to sea, clear of the headlands, and then to have stood straight for port. This course the captain (a German) and I wished to have pursued. But we had taken on board the Governor of Mombasa and suite, who, on account of an unusually heavy swell upon the sea, and wishing to spend a quiet night, overruled that we should hug the coast, and pick our way along the channels among the shallows. All went on well till about midnight, when, just as I had lain down in the cabin, and had begun to doze, the little steamer thumped hard upon a bank. I sprang upon deck, where an indescribable scene

of confusion prevailed. The Arabs and Wasuahili were frantic with despair, all raising their hands to heaven, calling upon Allah and Muhammad, and repeating whole chapters of the Koran in a single breath. The captain shouted in snatches of German, English, and Kisuahili ; none of which were properly understood. Again and again the little vessel thumped upon the bank, and we had given ourselves up for lost. So, after all, I was to end my career ; and to life in Africa and home I was to bid a long farewell. But no ; with steam still up, the vessel's keel ground hard upon the bank, and she slid over it into deeper water. "Stop her !" Then down went the anchor, and we lay to till the morning, when, with the light, we picked our way out among the shallows, and stood out to sea. Reaching the island of Zanzibar, we were surprised to find the vegetation presenting a most extraordinary aspect ; it looked as though it had been blasted by lightning ; the whole surface of the channel, too, was bestrewn with broken timber, and lower down we passed several vessels totally wrecked. It was growing dark, and we could see nothing distinctly. By the time we had gained the harbour and had dropped anchor, it was quite dark ; yet we could see that there was no shipping in the harbour. When we left, there were from 150 to 200 native craft, of all kinds ; the whole of the Sultan's fleet, and several foreign vessels, among which were the "Lobelia," the "Adele Oswald," and the "Abydos." While wondering what had taken place, a boat came alongside us, and a voice was heard. "Is Mr. New here ? is Mr. New here ?" It was Captain Cummings of the "Abydos." "Where have you been

to? we never expected to see you again. Why, last Monday we had one of the most terrific hurricanes here that ever howled, either here or in any part of the world. Everything is smashed up; nothing of all you left here remains but my ship. There lies the 'Lobelia' on her beam ends, and the 'Adele Oswald' has gone down with all hands. The whole of the Sultan's fleet is destroyed, and nothing remains to him but this steamer!" I was put ashore, and received a most hearty welcome from my friends; for most of them had taken it for granted that I had gone down. Had I started a little later, returned earlier, or had I not gone quite so far, I must have been lost; our little steamer could not have lived five minutes in such a storm! To a gracious Providence we record our gratitude.

Preparations for the expedition went forward, till, all being ready, our party crossed the channel to Bagamoyo, on the mainland, intending to proceed to the interior forthwith. But here we met with several forerunners from Mr. Stanley, from whom we learned that the dashing correspondent had met with Dr. Livingstone at Ujiji, had relieved his wants, and that the two gentlemen, having been together to the north end of lake Tanganika, had seen the river Ruzizi running into the lake, thereby settling the question as to the Tanganika's connection with the sources of the Nile. Lieutenants Dawson and Henn now, both declaring that the work they had undertaken had already been done, expressed their intention to give up the expedition. I was asked if I should be willing to take charge of a mere relief expedition, and expressed my readiness to do so. Lieutenant Dawson

returning to Zanzibar to consult with Dr. Kirk, two days afterwards I received letters from each of those gentlemen, in which I was offered the charge of the expedition. Lieutenant Henn, however, now changed his mind, and insisted upon proceeding himself; whereupon I wrote to Dr. Kirk, saying that I would have unhesitatingly accepted the expedition, but that Lieutenant Henn, having changed his mind, insisting upon a prior claim, and declaring it to be his intention to assume the command, I wished that to be done which was most to the interest of the expedition. The command being placed in Lieutenant Henn's hands, for reasons which those best able to judge have fully justified, I felt obliged to retire. Upon Mr. Stanley's arrival upon the coast a few days after, however, Lieutenant Henn again threw it up. Still feeling that it would be wrong to allow the expedition to fall through, and being anxious to serve it, I now volunteered to take it in hand; but by this time complications and misunderstandings, with which I had absolutely nothing to do, had arisen, which prevented my offer from being accepted, and I was compelled to retire again. I was about to make another effort to save the expedition, when I found that everything had been made over to Mr. Stanley, and the matter was past remedy.

Intelligence of the expedition's failure having reached England, a great deal of disappointment, amounting in some cases almost to indignation, was felt, and much misapprehension arose. This was natural, and what I had fully anticipated. In self-defence, therefore, I thought it prudent to prepare a concise account of the whole matter; and this I

did at an early date, when the facts were fresh in my mind, and before I could be biassed by the heat of discussion. The account was published *in extenso* in the *Times* newspaper of July 27th, 1872. The accuracy of the statements it contained was questioned ; but, as the *Times* afterwards admitted in a leading article, fuller information only confirmed my account. A similar letter was at the same time addressed to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society ; but feeling that it was impossible to do justice to myself in such communications, I expressed a wish to appear before the Council, in order that I might enter more fully into the details of the case. The desired interview, however, was not at first granted, and the Society published its first report without having heard my explanation. Thereupon the *Times* launched its thunderbolts at the head of the expedition party ; when I came in for as severe a castigation and condemnation as the rest. I felt the injustice, and I wrote to Sir H. Rawlinson, the president of the Society, complaining that I was being condemned without having been heard, and respectfully asking for fair play. A committee was convened, before which I was allowed to appear and make my statement. The result was, that in the next and final report of the Society upon the subject, I was exonerated from all blame ; furthermore, the committee expressed their perfect confidence in me. The words of the report are as follows : “ *With regard, however, to the Rev. Mr. New, who was engaged by Lieut. Dawson at Zanzibar, they feel bound to say, that having heard from him a full explanation of the circumstances under which he acted, they acquit him of all blame, and*

place it on record that he has in no way forfeited their confidence."

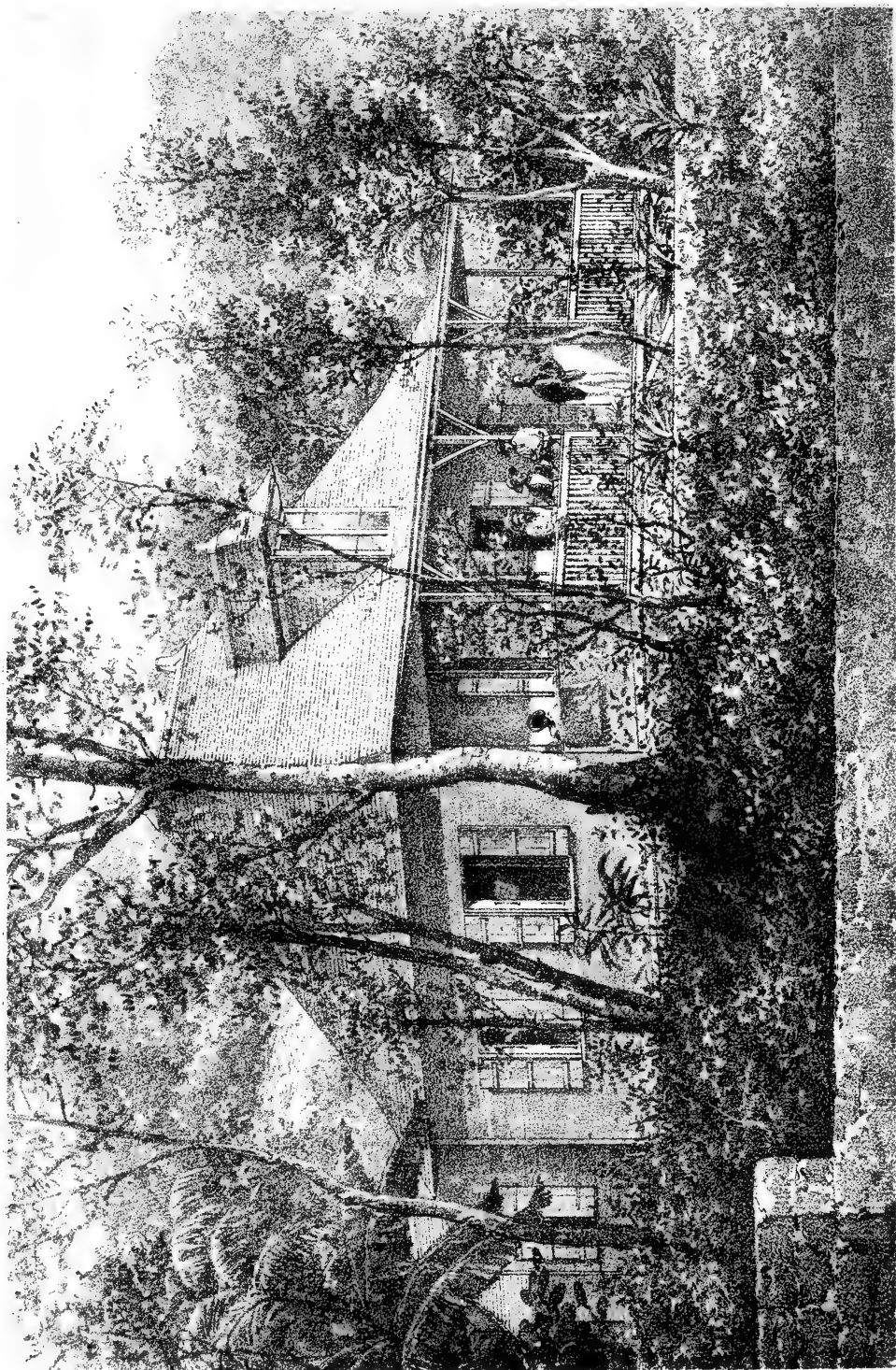
This unqualified exculpation, together with the emphatic declaration of confidence, while I felt it was no more than my due, was perfectly satisfactory to me, the more so that it was universally accepted by the press.

Subsequently, however, the matter was discussed, somewhat unfavourably to myself, by Mr. Stanley, in the latter part of his book. It is but just to say that Mr. Stanley sent me word to the effect that he was writing a "friendly criticism" upon myself, in which he was "conscientiously" saying some things that he feared might "offend me;" and offering to show me what he had written before it went to press. But I was unable to look at the sheets, and did not care to suggest any alteration; so Mr. Stanley *unburdened his conscience* without being in any way shackled by me.

It is too late in the day to enter into this matter at length; but in justice to myself an explanation or two is necessary. I am much obliged to Mr. Stanley for his "friendly criticism," and for the complimentary terms in which he has written of me; but, as he has already designated me *too candid*, he will not be surprised to hear that I do not feel over-flattered. Of his "*conscientious* criticisms" I do not complain; I am not aware that they have harmed me; and I am certainly far from being offended by them. At the same time Mr. Stanley must know that he has hardly treated me fairly. My letter, a portion of which he quotes and criticises, was written at his request, after he had heard the particulars *viva voce*, and had

approved them. They are in substance the same as those contained in my letter to the *Times*—a letter which was written almost solely at Mr. Stanley's earnest entreaty ; which he read and endorsed (and he was well able to judge of the matter from his knowledge of the facts) as soon as written ; and which he was so anxious to get published, that he not only sealed and posted it, but paid the postage of it himself. I was surprised, therefore, at the manner in which he felt himself, from simple "conscientiousness," compelled to review the subject. Moreover, instead of quoting my letter—if he quoted at all—in full, he breaks it off at a point where the most important fact to me in the whole affair was coming out ; and this I cannot but regard as a *wee* want of that candour of which he considers me to be somewhat overcharged. But Mr. Stanley's whole argument is eminently illogical, inasmuch as the sole object of it is to *blame me for not doing that* which he avers *it was unnecessary for any one to do*, and *which he justifies every one concerned in it for abandoning*. Of Mr. Stanley's energy, determination, perseverance, endurance, tact, and pluck, I have the highest opinion ; but I do not think him an angel, or a genius, or that paragon of a hero which the English people made him believe himself to be. Yet I do not wish to disparage him in any way, and for that reason I abstain from any further animadversion upon him. Moreover, the expression of any unfavourable opinion would, at least, *look* like retaliation—a feeling which I am very far from entertaining towards him. Whatever might be said, the great fact would remain, that he did his work well ; and it might be urged against





"LIVINGSTONE LODGE", SEYCHELLES
(From a Photograph)

Vincent Brooks Day & Son, Lith.

all detraction, *he discovered and relieved Livingstone* "for a' that."

The expedition having broken down, I was able to turn my face once more towards home. Several arrangements for leaving Zanzibar having fallen through, the steamer "Africa" was eventually engaged by a party of four of us to take us to the Seychelles, in the hope of catching at that place the June mail from Mauritius. We left Zanzibar on Wednesday, May 29th. The "Africa," however, failed us. Rolling and pitching night and day, and lumbering along at a most wearisome speed, with nothing to interest us but the incessant splashing of the wide watery waste, and the occasional appearance of porpoises, "boobies," and sharks, it was not till the 7th of June that we sighted the island to which we were bound ; and when we went on shore we were chagrined to learn that the mail had left on the preceding day. The next opportunity for leaving the island would occur in a month, and during that period, therefore, we were compelled to remain there. Hiring a pretty little wood house, on the outskirts of the town, and making an arrangement with the coloured proprietress of the "Royal Hotel" to supply our table, we yielded ourselves up to a month's holiday, exploring the island and town, picking up here and there a new idea, and on the whole thoroughly enjoying ourselves. We were a party of four ; Mr. Stanley, Mr. Oswell Livingstone, Captain Morgan, and myself. Our house, a picture of which we give as a specimen of Seychelles architecture and scenery, we called "Livingstone Lodge."

The Seychelles are a group of very picturesque

islands, rising, like fairy lands, from almost the centre of the Indian Ocean. The chief of them are the Amirantes, Silhouette, St. Ann's, Pralin, and Mahe, the latter being by far the largest, and the one on which we made our stay. It is a charming place, both as regards its climate and scenery. Cloud-capped hills, rising to the height of 3,000 or 4,000 feet; bold rocks, and perpendicular cliffs; smoothly rounded hills, clad with verdure; grassy slopes, dark woods, fine plantations of cocoa-nut palms, luxuriant orchards of every description of tropical fruit, and thriving gardens; gulfs and bays, beached with silvery sand, and fringed with foliage of emerald and golden hues; bluff headlands, dashing waves, snowy surf, an all-encircling sea, and ever-glowing sun, in every variety of relation, combination, and contrast; altogether make up some of the most enchanting scenery to be found anywhere; amid which one might revel for months; of which *we* certainly did not weary, and which made our life at Mahe a really delightful episode to me.

The town is called Victoria. It is built within a recess at the foot of the mountain, being in front only slightly raised above the level of the sea, but rising behind, in some places, a short way up the mountain's side. A good road or promenade follows the course of the bay in front, and the streets are laid out at right angles to this. An elevated road or pier was being carried out over the muddy flats to the sea, a work which, when complete, will be a great acquisition to the place, as the approach to the town will be greatly facilitated thereby. For this and other improvements the town will be indebted chiefly to the

energy and enterprise of Commissioner Franklin. The houses, which are principally of wood, are small square buildings, surrounded with verandahs, and looking very neat and pretty. There is a small Protestant Church, but a much larger Roman Catholic Chapel, the latter, by comparison, being quite an imposing-looking edifice. The other public buildings are, the hotels, hospitals, the police station, the post office, and the government house. The streets, roads, and everything else are kept in good repair, and the place, while novel and picturesque, wears an aspect of quiet and cleanly respectability.

The population is composed almost entirely of French creoles, who speak a French patois. There are a few foreigners—officials, individuals whom chance and accident have thrown here, runaway sailors, etc. A great many liberated slaves have been taken to Mahe, of whom we are obliged to say, that theirs is at best a very unenviable lot. Many of them work upon the roads, and others are bound as apprentices to the people of the place. Their education totally uncared for, treated with supercilious contempt by the semi-civilized creoles, and above all bitterly feeling their exile, we regard their condition as being as bad, if not worse, than their original slavery.

The prevailing religion of Mahe is Roman Catholicism, Protestantism being professed by very few indeed. There is a fine field of labour here for any Protestant Missionary Society, who might feel itself in a position to undertake a protestant mission. With a fair field, and no favour, an able, earnest worker might do an immense amount of good. The government of the place was in the hands of a Commissioner,

who was responsible to the government of Mauritius ; but there was some talk at the time we were there, of making an alteration in these matters, and of constituting the Seychelles a distinct government.

On Thursday, July 4th, we left Mahe in the "Danube" of the "Messageries Maritimes" line ; sighted Cape Guardafui on the 9th ; went ashore at Aden on the 11th, and on the same day exchanged our vessel for the splendid ship "Mei-Kong," from China. On the 17th we reached Suez, and passed through the canal on the following day, to Port Said. Next sighting Crete, we made our way between Italy and Sicily, on the evening of the 21st ; Regium on the one hand, Messina on the other, both lit up for the night, and presenting a very striking appearance ; then running between Sardinia and Corsica, Charybdis and Scylla, we dropped anchor before Marseilles on the night of the 23rd. Next day, up the magnificent valley of the Rhone, amid the most gorgeous scenery, we reached Lyons in the evening ; Paris early next morning ; then on to Boulogne and Calais by noon. Hurrah ! There are the chalk cliffs of Dover ! Hurrah ! The channel is crossed ; we are in the train, and, while it is yet day, we are on the flags of mighty London. Presently, looking upon the face of our joyful mother—though we find many other faces are missing—we feel ourselves—AT HOME.

THE END.

APPENDIX I.

DURING my stay in Chaga I made a small collection of plants, which I hoped might prove of some service to botanical science. Most of my specimens, however, came to grief; but those obtained from the highest zone of vegetation, and therefore, perhaps, the most valuable of them, were fortunately preserved, and they were sent through Dr. Kirk to Dr. Hooker, of the Royal Gardens, Kew. In the report of the Gardens for the year 1872, under the heading "Herbarium," the plants are alluded to in the following terms: "Among the more valuable presentations are the Rev. C. New's plants, collected on the Alpine zone of Kilima Njaro, the only hitherto visited snow-clad mountain in equatorial Africa, which possess remarkable interest, as the flora of the Alpine zone of Africa was previously wholly unknown. A notice of it is being prepared for immediate publication." At my request Dr. Hooker has kindly forwarded me a list of the plants, accompanied by the following letter:—

"Jan. 17th, 1873.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I must thank you very much for the interesting collection of plants from Kilima Njaro, collected by you, and which we have received through Dr. Kirk. I enclose a rough list of approximate determinations of their names by

Professor Oliver. I shall be happy, however, to communicate a notice of them myself to our Linnæan Society, if that would be agreeable to you.

“ Believe me,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ JOS. D. HOOKER.

“ Rev. C. NEW.”

The following is the list of the plants collected :—

(Those from the last zone of vegetation are marked thus *.)

Impatiens Walleriana, H. & C., or species closely related.

Hibiscus gossypinus. Thbg.

Triumfetta pilosa. Roxb.

Hypericum lanceolatum Lam (?) var. *foliis argentioribus* (leafy specimens only).

Dissotis eximia (?) Lond. (bad specimen).

Adenocarpus mannii. H. & C. (2 forms).

Tephrosia sp. nor. (near *T. tinctoria* Pers. and *T. reptans*; J. G. Baker).

Rubus pinnatus. Willd. (no inflorescence).

Conyza Schimperi. Sch. Bip.

Bothriocline Schimperi. O. & H. var. *tomentosa*.

Conyza Newii. O. & H. sp. ror.

* *Helichrysum Abyssinicum*. Sch. Bip.

* *Helichrysum* sp.

Helichrysum cymosum. Leos. (*H. chrysocomum* Sch.)

* *Helichrysum* sp. (not describable).

* *Helichrysum*, near *H. sordescens*, D.C. (not describable).

* *Helichrysum Newii*. O. & H. (near *H. retortum*, Thbg.).

* *Helichrysum adenocarpum*. D. C. var. *Alpinum*.

* *Senecio* sp.

* *Artemisia*, an *A. Afra* Jacq ?

* *Ericineka* (?) sp. (no flower).

* *Blæria spicata* (?) Hochst.

Pentas sp. (1).

——— sp. (2).

Mæsa lanceolata. Forsk.

* *Labiata* (without flowers), an *Tinneæ* ?

Asclepiadea gen. nod. *Periplocæarum*.

* *Bartsia* aff. *B. decurvæ* and *longifloræ*. Hochst. (without flowers).

Lantana sp.

Lantana Kisi. Rich.

Plumbago Zeylanica, L.

Justicia (*Adhatoda*) cf. *J. plicata*, Vahl. (scraps).

Cyathula globulifera. Mog.

Protea? an aff. *P. Abyssinica.* Willd. (?) (leaves).

* *Gladiolus* (*Antholyza*) *Abyssinica.* Bonpl.

Cyperus flabelliformis. Rottb.

* *Cyperacea* (?) (leaves).

* *Dubia* (closely appressed linear acute leaves).

* ——— (facies of *Haloragis*).

Pteris quadriaurita. Retz.

Pteris flabellata. Thbg.

Pteris Aquilina. L.

Adiantum Capillus-Veneris. L.

Nephrodium cicutarium. Baker.

Dr. Hooker's paper has been read before the Linnæan Society, and also before the British Association at Bradford. As we presume it will be published in due course in the Linnæan Transactions, we may refer those interested in the subject to the paper itself, whenever it may appear, for further information.

APPENDIX II.

A Table showing the variations in the dialects and languages spoken by some of the tribes inhabiting the regions laid down on the map.

ENGLISH.	KISUAHILI.	KINIKA.	KITAITA.	KICHAGA.	KIPOKOMO.	GALLA.*	MASAI.†	KAVIRONDO.
Bad	vibaya	vii	wazamii	kiwiwi	msuka	hama, hamtu	torono	
Chief	sheikh, mkuu	shaha	mfuma	mange	heiyu, moti	eleboni	
Child	mtoto	muhoho	mana mtini	mana	ojole	engerai	gueno
Cold	beredi	peho	mbeho	mbeho	peho	damotsha	engijavi	
Come, imp.	ndoo	nzoo	choo	koi	bi
Cows	gnombe	gnombe	gnombe	mbe	gnombe	lawon	engishu	diung
Earth	nti	tsi	wanda	nzi	lafa	engob	
Eat	la	ria	je	luma	ja	yat	
Elephant	ndovu	nzovu	njovu	njovu	nzovu	arba	eldome	lietsh
Father	baba	baba	baba	abo	vava	
Fire	moto	moho	modo	moho	ibida	engimo	martsh
Food	chakula	chakuria	muvo	chakuja	sagale	endaa	charm korn
Go	enenda	enenda	gende	tonga	enda	ben	
Goat	mbuzi	mbuzi	mburi	mburu	pee	ree	engine	diel
God	mungu	mulungu	mulungu	erua	mungo	waka	engai	
Good	ngema	vidso	waboie	banana	jema	dansa, midaga	sedai	
Hen	kuku	kuku	nguku	nguku	kuku	luku	engosek	
Hill	kilima	kirima	kirema	kirema	muina mdodo	tulu	eldoinyo	
House	niumba	niumba	niumba	mba	niumba	mina	engaji	dalo
Lion	simba	tsimba	simba	shimba	simba	neka	elng'atun	

APPENDIX II.—(continued).

ENGLISH.	KISUAHLI.	KINIKA.	KITAITA.	KICHAGA.	KIPOKOMO!	GALLA.*	MASAL.†	KAVIRONDO.
Man	mtu	mutu	mundu	msoro	mntu	enama	eldung'ani	chak
Milk	maziwa	mazia	maziwa	anan	ule	dwe
Moon	muezi	muezi	muezi	mueri	muezi	jii	elavi	
Mother	mama	mayo	mama	ayo, hada	yeyo	
Plantation	shamba	munda	mbuva	kondi	oru	enguruma	
Rain	mvua	mvula	mbua	mbua	mvuya	boke	engai	
River	mtu	muho	mueda	mfongo	dzana	galana	elguasu	kula
Sand	mtanga	mitsanga	ndoie	teru	mitsanga	biya	enderit	
Sheep	kondo	gnonzi	gnondi	chondi	hola	engere	rombo
Shield	ngao	ngao	wonta	elong'o	
Sky	mbingu	mulungu	waka	engiwe engai	
Slave	mtumoa	msunia	msumba	muhumoa	boitsha	osing'a	
Snake	nioka	nioka	tshoka	tshoka	nioka	borfa	olasurai	
Spear	fumo	fumo	fumo	worana	embere	tong'o
Soul	roho	moyo	moyo	motsho	lubu	eldau	
Stars	niota	nienyezi	nienyeri	nioha	urji	logir	
Stone	mawe	madiawe	mawe	mawe	dakatsha	osoit	
Sun	jua	dsua	eruva	erua	dsua	adu	engolong	chega
Tree	mti	muhi	mudi	mudi	muhi	muka	eljani	yen
Water	maji	madi	machi	mringa	madi	bisan	ngare	pi
Wind	upepo	upeho	rufuto	harfa	engijapi	
Woman	mke	muke	mandu muka	mka	muke	miti, nadien	endangile	

* Spoken by the Galla tribes, the Wata, and largely by the Wapokomo.

† Spoken by the Masai, Wakuavi, Wataveta, Waausha, Wandurobo, etc., etc.

APPENDIX III.

Thermometrical notes, showing the variations of temperature from the Sea-board up to the line of Perpetual Snow.

PLACE.	DATE.	TIME.	FAHR. THER.	REMARKS.
	1871			
Muache - - -	July 15	6 a.m.	68°	Cloudy.
On the road - -	" 15	12 m.	84°	In shade of trees.
Muandoni - - -	" 16	"	85°	Tent-shade.
Kisigau - - -	" 23	6 a.m.	66 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	" "
Rukanga - - -	" 25	"	67 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	" "
Matate - - -	" 26	"	64°	Clear weather.
"	" 26	2 p.m.	75°	In deep shade of trees.
Mgnaroni - - -	" 28	5.30 a.m.	49°	{ Clear, calm weather ; heavy dew ; sensibly cold.
Camp - - -	" 29	6 a.m.	57 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	Cloudy weather.
Lake Jipe - - -	" 29	"	58°	Quiet air ; light clouds.
Taveta - - -	Aug. 1	5.30 a.m.	60°	Ther. under tent ; still air.
"	" 1	1 p.m.	84°	Sunny, with light clouds occasionally.
"	" 2	6 a.m.	66°	Cloudy night ; dull heavy morning.
"	" 2	12 m.	75°	Heavy mists, with drizzling rain.
"	" 3	6 a.m.	65°	Still air ; light clouds.
"	" 3	12 m.	83°	Ther. in tent-shade ; sky clear.
"	" 4	5.30 a.m.	68°	Cloudy.
"	" 4	7 p.m.	73 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	Still air and clear sky.
Before Kirua - -	" 5	6 p.m.	71 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	Very cloudy all day.
"	" 6	5.30 a.m.	66°	{ Ther. five feet above ground, hung on tree ; cloudy.
Moche - - -	" 8	6 a.m.	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	2,000 feet above plateau.
"	" 8	4 p.m.	74°	Cloudy.
"	" 8	6.30 p.m.	72°	Dark clouds and still air.
"	" 9	6 a.m.	62°	Foggy ; still air.
"	" 9	12 m.	86°	Ther. in tent ; still air.
"	" 9	4 p.m.	82 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	" "
"	" 10	6 a.m.	64°	Light clouds ; still air.
"	" 10	6.30 p.m.	70°	" "
"	" 11	6 a.m.	62°	Dark wane-clouds about.
"	" 11	12 m.	83°	Cumuli rolling overhead.
"	" 11	6 p.m.	62°	Heavy rains over Ugono.
"	" 12	7 a.m.	64 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	Cloudy.
"	" 12	12 m.	73°	"
"	" 12	6 p.m.	69°	"
"	" 14	7 a.m.	63°	"
"	" 14	8 p.m.	69°	"
Higher border } of Moche - }	" 15	2 p.m.	68°	{ Ther. hung on tree five feet high, in deep and ample shade.
"	" 15	6 p.m.	63 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	Ditto.
"	" 16	6 a.m.	36 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	Ditto.
Msudu, or forest-	" 17	6.30 a.m.	49°	{ Region of clouds ; thick fog ; very wet ; Ther. near fire.
"	" 17	5.30 a.m.	51°	
"	" 18	3.30 a.m.	48°	
Camp at Moche -	" 27	6 p.m.	65°	Cloudy, with little rain.
Msudu - - -	" 27	5.30 p.m.	37 $\frac{1}{2}$ °	Second ascent of mountain ; clear weather
"	" 27	1 p.m.	50°	Ther. on spear-point in the sun.
Camp - - -	" 27	6 p.m.	33°	Clear sky.
"	" 27	12 m.	23°	{ Midnight ; next morning reached the Perpetual Snow.

Our notes of the return, which we do not think it necessary to give, correspond exactly with these.





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